



**DELHI UNIVERSITY**  
**LIBRARY**





**THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC  
WORKS OF SIR CHARLES SEDLEY**



*Portrait of a Lady said to be  
Katherine Sedley Countess of Dorchester*



Portrait of a Lady said to be  
Katherine Sedley Countess of Orchester

---

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,  
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

# CONTENTS

## THE PLAYS (*continued*)

	PAGE
BELLAMIRA, OR THE MISTRESS: A Comedy . . . .	1
Editor's Preface to Bellamira or the Mistress . .	3
Author's Preface to the Reader . . . .	5
Prologue to Bellamira or the Mistress . . . .	7
Is it not strange to see in such an Age	
Bellamira, or the Mistress . . . . .	9
Epilogue to Bellamira or the Mistress . . . .	97
Like a young Wench that cou'd not well forbear,	
AN ESSAY ON ENTERTAINMENTS . . . . .	98

## APPENDIX

### WORKS ASCRIBED TO SEDLEY ON DOUBTFUL AUTHORITY

THE GRUMBLER: A Comedy of Three Acts . . . .	103
Editor's Preface to the Grumbler . . . .	105
The Grumbler . . . . .	107

### POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

*From Kemp's Collection, 1672.*

XCIV. Distich . . . . .	142
Although no Art the Fire of Love can tame,	
XCV. The Painted Apples that Adorn, . . . .	142
<i>From Stephens's Miscellany Poems, 1685.</i>	
XCVI. Upon the Slighting of his Friends Love . . . .	142
Love guides my hand, and shews me what to write,	



*From Poetical Recreations, 1688.*

	PAGE
XCVII. Upon a Gentlewomans Refusal of a Letter Not hear my <i>Message</i> , but the <i>Bearer</i> shun 'l	144
XCVIII. Song. The <i>Prodigal's</i> Resolution. . . .	145
I am a lusty lively Lad,	
XCIX. Song. The <i>Doubtfull Lover</i> Resolv'd. . . .	146
Fain wou'd I <i>Love</i> , but that I fear,	
C. Song The Cavalier's Catch	147
Did you see this <i>Cup of Liquor</i> ,	
CI. Song . . . . .	147
<i>Evadne</i> , I must tell you so,	

*From Buckingham's Miscellaneous Works, 1704*

CII The Royal Knotter . . . . .	148
Ah happy People ye must thrive	
CIII. Advice to Lovers . . . . .	148
<i>Damon</i> , if thou wilt believe me,	
CIV. Against his Mistress's Cruelty . . . .	149
Love, How unequal are thy Laws,	
CV. The Petition . . . . .	150
Oh <i>Lycidas</i> , why thus alone	

*From the Diverting Post, 1704.*

CVI. By Sir Charles Sidley. Written Extempore	150
The Noble Man, why he's a thing	

*From Poems on State Affairs, 1705*

CVII. In Aesop's Tales an honest Wretch we find,	151
--	-----

*From Briscoe's Edition of 1707.*

CVIII. On the Happy Corydon and Phillis . . .	151
Young <i>Coridon</i> and <i>Phyllis</i> ,	
CIX. On a Lady that did not love Apples . . .	152
Happy our Race; and blessed all Mankind,	
CX. On Fruition . . . . .	152
None, but a Muse in Love, can tell	

*From Briscoe's Edition of 1722.*

CXI. To Celinda . . . . .	153
<i>Celinda</i> , think not by Disdain,	

	PAGE
CXII. A Song . . . . .	153
Prithee tell me, faithless Swain,	
CXIII. Cupid's Return . . . . .	154
Welcome, thrice welcome to my frozen Heart,	
THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL	
The Preface . . . . .	155
CXIV. The First Pastoral . . . . .	156
You <i>T&lt;ity&gt;rus</i> ' in the cool refreshing Shade	
CXV. The Second Pastoral . . . . .	159
The fair <i>Alexis</i> was his Master's Joy,	
CXVI. The Third Pastoral. . . . .	161
Tell me, <i>Dametas</i> ! whose'n Sheep these are :	
CXVII. The Fourth Pastoral . . . . .	167
<i>Sicilian</i> Muses ! yet a higher Strain,	
CXVIII. The Fifth Pastoral . . . . .	170
Oh <i>Mopsus</i> ' since thus luckily we meet,	
CXIX. The Sixth Pastoral . . . . .	174
My Muse first sported with <i>Sicilian</i> Strains,	
CXX. The Seventh Pastoral. . . . .	177
<i>Daphnis</i> by Chance his Seat reposing took	
CXXI. The Eighth Pastoral . . . . .	180
Sad <i>Damon's</i> and <i>Alph(e)sibæus</i> Muse,	
CXXII. The Ninth Pastoral . . . . .	184
Whither away, my Friend ! ho ! <i>Mærus</i> ! ho !	
CXXIII. The Tenth Pastoral . . . . .	187
Oh <i>Arethusa</i> ! this my last Work aid,	
CXXIV. A <i>Pindarique</i> Ode. Written in a Garden .	190
Blest Shade ! where I securely stay,	
CXXV. The Fall . . . . .	192
As <i>Chloe</i> o'er the Meadow past,	
CXXVI. To <i>Phyllis</i> . who slighted him . . . . .	193
Since you no longer will be kind,	
CXXVII. <i>Sophonis</i> 's Answer to a Coxcomb . . . . .	194
Satisfy your self, fond Youth,	
CXXVIII. To <i>Clarissa</i> , upon dirtying her Lodgings .	194
Dust from my earthy Surface fell,	

# Contents

viii

	PAGE
CXXIX. <i>A Lady, asking the Author's Opinion of two Gentlemen . . . . .</i>	195
<i>With decent Carriage, and an artful Stile,</i>	
CXXX. Song . . . . .	195
<i>Unveil, divinely Fair, your Eyes,</i>	
CXXXI. Song . . . . .	196
<i>Since Wine, Love, Musick, present are,</i>	
CXXXII. Song . . . . .	196
<i>Young Strephon, who thro' ev'ry Grove,</i>	
CXXXIII. Song . . . . .	196
<i>Why flies Clarissa from her Swain,</i>	
CXXXIV. The Minouet. A Song . . . . .	197
<i>My lovely Charmer, will you Dance</i>	
CXXXV. The Toper. A Song . . . . .	197
<i>Let's Tope and be Merry,</i>	
CXXXVI. <i>Venus and Adonis : or the Amour of Venus</i>	198
<i>In Ida's Grove a secret Place there lies,</i>	
EXPLANATORY NOTES . . . . .	208
TEXTUAL NOTES . . . . .	227
BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORKS BY OR ASCRIBED TO SIR CHARLES SEDLEY . . . . .	233
INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . . . .	263

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

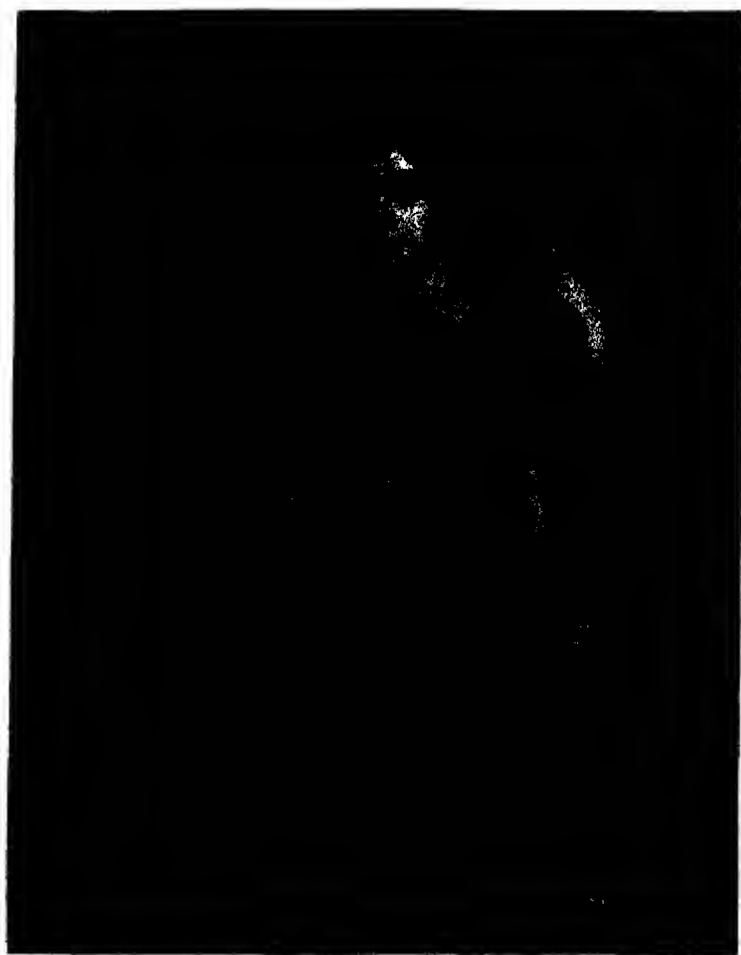
PORTRAIT OF A LADY SAID TO BE KATHERINE SEDLEY, COUNTESS  
OF DORCHESTER . . . . . *Frontispiece*

*(After a painting by Kneller, formerly in the Portmore-Dawkins Collection,  
reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. M. Knodler and Co of New  
York)*

BARBARA PALMER, DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND . . . *Facing page 1*

*(After a painting by Lely at Hampton Court, reproduced by gracious  
permission of H.M. the King)*





*Barbara Palmer*  
*Duchess of Cleveland*

BELLAMIRA,  
OR THE  
MISTRESS,  
A Comedy :

As it is Acted by Their Majesties Servants.

---

Written by the Honourable  
Sir *C H A R L E S S E D L E Y* Baronet.

---

Licensed, *May 24.* 1687.

*Reg. L'Estrange.*

---

L O N D O N

Printed by *D Mallet*, for *L. C.* and *Timothy Goodwin*, at the  
Maiden-Head over against *St. Dunstons Church*  
in *Fleet-Street.* 1 6 8 7.



## EDITOR'S PREFACE

*Source and Analogues.* The main source of this play, as the author himself tells us in his preface, is "The Eunuch" of Terence, the third of that author's comedies, first acted in Rome in 161 B.C. and translated, according to Terence's own prologue, from a lost comedy of the same name by Menander. Sedley's play is not a translation but a clever rehandling of the story of "The Eunuch" in terms of Restoration life. For a detailed account of how this rehandling is carried out see "Sir Charles Sedley," pp. 266-276. Sedley's chief departures from his original are the substitution of the jovial toper Merryman for the cunning valet Parmeno, the introduction of the character of Thisbe, Merryman's pretty ward, who has no counterpart in Terence's play, a considerable development of the part of Isabella (Terence's Pamphila), and the dexterous use of a number of suggestions from the Falstaff scenes of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." Falstaff's character is divided between Merryman and Dangerfield, the latter receiving his cowardice and braggadocio, the former his conviviality and charm. The names Merryman and Cunningham are apparently borrowed from Thomas Betterton's comedy "The Amorous Widow" (acted c. 1670, published 1706), and the bare hint of the contrast between Thisbe's fat and thin lovers may, as Genest points out, have been provided by James Howard's "All Mistaken" (acted 1667, published 1672), where the same situation is used in a much cruder manner. According to Genest ("Some Account of the English Stage," I. 455), Bellamira is a portrait of Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, whom she resembles in her beauty, licentiousness and rapacity. The escape of Cunningham in a boat from her bedchamber narrated in Act I. scene ii is said by Genest to be founded on a similar adventure of Colonel Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough), who once took his leave from the Duchess in this way.

*Topography* We may notice that the scene of fashionable life has shifted westward since the date of "The Mulberry Garden." We hear no more of Coleby's or St. James's Park, but one scene is laid in Knightsbridge and another in Kensington.

*Stage History* "Bellamira" was probably staged for the first time at the King's House in Drury Lane on May 12 (O.S.), 1687. It is certain that King James II witnessed a performance on that night (Warrant cited in Allardyce Nicoll's "Restoration Drama," p. 313). No record of the cast has survived. The play was staged by the united company formed out of the old King's and Duke's Companies in 1682.



This Company, which acted at the King's House in Drury Lane, was the only theatrical Company in London till 1695. Its chief members were Betterton, Mountford, Underhill, Gillow, Griffin and Anthony Leigh, and among the actresses Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Mountford, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mrs. Leigh. Mrs. Barry took most of the leading female parts (*e g.* Porcia in the "Soldier's Fortune," Leonora in "Sir Courtly Nice," etc.), and it is highly probable that she "created" the character of Bellamira.

## THE PREFACE TO THE READER

I know very well the danger of Writing in [1  
such an age where the best Wits Chose rather to  
be lookers on, then expose their stock of reputation  
to Publick censure. Nor did I design any to my self  
by this Play: It was originally *Menanders* in the [5  
Greek, *Terence's* in the Latin; whose great names  
gave me a Curiosity to try how I cou'd make it run  
in English: A Friend came to my Chamber as I  
was upon the first Act, he seem'd to approve my  
design: I told him I found it extream easie to go [10  
through with: And that if he cou'd get it Acted  
under his own or anothers Name, I wou'd finish it  
for him: But for I know not what reasons he cou'd  
not do it; and I was oblig'd to own it my self, or my  
friend had lost his third day. The whole Play [15  
runs upon a Rape committed by a Lover under the  
disguise of an Eunuch, and an indulgent Keeper,  
govern'd and Jilted by his Imperious Mistress, which  
parts were so essential that they cou'd not be omitted,  
nor well fitted to our Stage without some [20  
expressions or Metaphors, which by persons of a  
ticklish imagination, or over-quick sense that way,  
seem'd too lascivious for modest Ears; I confess after  
the Plays I have seen lately Crowded by that fair Sex:  
the exception did not a little surprise me; And [25  
this suddain change of theirs made me call to mind our  
English weather, where in the same day a man shall  
Sweat in Crape, and wish for a Campaign Coat three  
hours after. I am very unhappy that the Ice that has  
borne so many Coaches and Carts, shou'd break [30  
with my Wheel barrow: I confess to have taken my  
Idea of Poetry more from the *Latin* than the *French*:

and had rather be accus'd of some Irregularities, than  
tire my Reader or Audience with a smooth even stream  
of insipid words and accidents; such as one can [35  
neither like nor find fault with. But Reader between  
what will not please, and what will not pass at this  
time; there is so little left to be said on this or any  
other Subject, that I will keep thee no longer at the  
Door. Go in and Judge for thy self, see what [40  
the Modesty of this year takes offence at, and I am  
confident thou wilt with me congratulate the happy  
change. And yet absolve both the Poet and the  
Translator from any unpresidented indecency. [44

## PROLOGUE

*Is it not strange to see in such an Age*  
*The Pulpit get the better of the Stage?*  
*Not through Rebellion as in former days,*  
*But Zeal for Sermons and neglect for Plays.*  
*Here's as good Ogling yet, and fewer spies.* 5  
*For Godly Parents watch with whites of Eyes.*  
*Here Gallants do but pay us for your Room,*  
*Bring if you please, your own brisk wit from home.*  
*Proclaim your drunken fray's three benches round*  
*What Claps y'have met with, and what punks are* } 10  
*found*  
*Who are the Bully-rocks: and who gives ground.* }  
*We take all in good part, and never rage:*  
*Tho the shrill Put be louder than the Stage.*  
*There you must sit demure, without a word:*  
*Nor Perruque comb'd, nor Pocket tortoise stir'd* } 15  
*Here you may give the Lye, or draw your Sword.*  
*Be low'd and senseless, huff, dumbfound, and roar;*  
*Till all the Lady's and some gallants scowre.*  
*What free born subject, or true English heart,*  
*Wou'd with such Rights and Priviledges part?* 20  
*When our two houses did divide the Town,*  
*Each Faction zealously maintain'd their own,* }  
*We liv'd on those that came to cry us down.*  
*Our Emulation did improve your sport:*  
*Now you come hither but to make your Court:* 25  
*Or from adjacent Coffee Houses throng*  
*At our fourth All for a new Dance or Song.*  
*To set all right we yet could make a shift:*  
*Had we a few good Livings in our gift.*  
*Your hearts are ours, and let whoever preach* 30  
*The young and fair will practice what we teach.*  
*Our Play old virtuous Rome the Eunuch nam'd*  
*But modest London the lewd title damn'd.*  
*Our Author try'd his own and cou'd not hit:*  
*He now presents you with some Forraign Wit.* 35

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

*Merryman.*  
*Keepwell.*  
*Lionel. –*  
*Eustace.*  
*Cunningham.*  
*Dangerfield.*  
*Smoothly.*  
*Pisquil.*

*Bellamira.*  
*Isabella.*  
*Thisbe.*  
*Silence.*  
*Betty.*

Bullies.  
Bayliffs.  
Linkboyes.

# BELLAMIRA, OR THE MISTRESS

## ACT I. SCENE I

〈*Outside Bellamira's House.*〉

*Merriman and Keepwell.*

*Merry.* I ever told you, this Woman wou'd be the ruine of you : all must go to make her fine, and every New Gown you give, gets you a new Rival.

*Keepw.* Thou thinkst all Mony thrown away, that is not spent in a Tavern : thou hast no tast of Love, [5 scarce any remains of Lust, or thou would'st never Rail at so Divine a Creature as my *Bellamira*.

*Merry.* You are resolved to go to her again ; notwithstanding the damn'd trick she serv'd you with the Sea Captain and your noble resolution to the [10 contrary ? I'll see her hang'd first ! No, tho she beg it a thousand times, and with a thousand tears, I'll n'e'r go near her !

*Keepw.* Did I say such bug-words ?

*Merry.* Yes, and a great deal more. [15

*Keepw.* 'Twas when I was in my Altitudes, what ? Rebell against my Lawful Sovereign *Bellamira* ! I'll go to her tho, and shew her I am not such a Cully as she takes me for.

*Merry.* Have a care what you do. If you [20 once begin and don't go through with her, you settle her Empire for ever ; and when she finds her own strength, that you are not able to leave her, she will use it like a Tyrant : And tho you be the injur'd party, after six kind words and a false tear or two, you [25 must make your peace with a Present of *China* or a *French Petticoat*.

*Keep.* These are sad Truths ; but when my *Bell.* frowns I had rather be in a Sea-Fight for the time, I'll say that for her, tho 'tis soon over. I gave her [30 but a dozen pair of *Marshal* Gloves, and she was in the purest Humour all day ! We took the Air in the afternoon, Sup't and went to Bed together.

*Merry.* That was a gawdy day indeed, but I fear you'll give so long, till you have nothing left. [35

*Keepw.* I had rather give a little Mony, than I, ye, Flatter and Forswear my self as the Gallants of the Town do : I love to go to Sleep with a good Conscience.

*Merry.* And rise with ne'r a Penny in your [40 Pocket ; if she lov'd you she would not be so expensive.

*Keepw.* 'Tis all to please me. Before I knew her she wore a Gown six months ; and had but one poor Point of her own making.

*Merry.* Matters are well mended with her [45 indeed since that time.

*Keepw.* I had the most to do to make her accept of an Imbroider'd Toylet.

*Merry.* How so ?

*Keepw.* She said 'twas Mony thrown away. [50

*Merry.* And wou'd have it in Guineas, I warrant.

*Keepw.* Thou art a Witch, she cares not a Farthing for Fine Cloaths ; and but for fear the Women of the Town shou'd get me from her wou'd not dress her self in a Month. [55

*Merry.* You are too indulgent a Keeper : the poor Sinners of the Town complain of you ; you raise the Market upon 'em.

*Keepw.* Why what wou'd a man do ?

*Merry.* Let one Nail drive out another : [60 Take me a fresh Wench, a Bottle of Wine or two, and go hear some Scandal at the Rose— But here she comes, who with one Look will confound all our Devices.

*Enter Bellamira.*

*Bella.* Oh, my dear *Keepwell*! I am afraid [65  
thou art Jealous of me, because I did not let thee in  
sooner; the news of it put me into such Fits, all our  
Maids were too few to hold me.

*Keep.* The news of what?

*Bella.* Of a Duel I was told thou hadst [70  
fought: there was no body to run to the Door; but  
thou saw'st there was no man with me.

*Keep.* I saw no man indeed, but am much mistaken  
if I did not hear one leap out of your low Window  
into a Boat. [75

*Bella.* This Summer one or other is leaping into  
the River all night long.

*Keep.* Oh, that you lov'd like me; or I like you!

*Bell.* Why my dear *Keepwell*?

*Keep.* Why, then you'd never use me thus, [80  
or if you did, it wou'd not thus afflict me: my heart  
is as full of Jealousie as an Egg full of meat.

*Bell.* I swear by all thats good there is no man  
on Earth so welcome to these Arms, as thy dear self.

*Keepw.* Why did not you let me in sooner [85  
hen?

*Bell.* I was just rising out of a Bath, and I will  
be seen naked by no man Living.

*Merry.* Kind Soul! first she was in Fits for fear  
you were hurt; but now she was coming out [90  
of a Bath, and cou'd not in modesty let you in.

*Keepw.* She fell into Fits just as she came out  
of her Bath.

*Bell.* I have alwaies your good word: But I had  
rather you shou'd say any thing of me, than kill [95  
my dear *Keepwell* with Drinking. But now I'll tell  
you the business I came about: Can your Drunken  
Friend keep a Secret?

*Merry.* If it be a Truth; but it prove a Lye, a  
Flam, a Wheadle, 'twill out: I shall tell it the [100  
next man I meet.



*Bell.* My Father was a Merchant, and Breaking here in Town, my Mother went to *Jamaica*, and took me with her.

*Merry.* This may be kept secret. [105]

*Bell.* There a Person of Quality fell in Love with her, and amongst other Presents, gave her the finest Girl I ever saw, stoln out of *England* by some Kidnappers.

*Keep.* What are they? [110]

*Bell.* Rogues that make a Trade of Stealing Children and Selling them.

*Merry.* Was she a Gentlewoman?

*Bell.* She said so, and she seem'd so.

*Keep.* Not so pretty as thou art I warrant [115]  
her.

*Bell.* Her Father and Mother were Dead; her Brothers name she told us; my Mother bred her as if she had been her own Child, so that most people thought us Sisters; I came back with a Friend, [120]  
the only Person I had then a Concern with, who gave me all I have.

*Merry.* These are two Whiskers!

*Bell.* Why so?

*Merry.* Because you were never true to one [125]  
Man: nor did he give you all you have; my Friend here having presented you with two thousand Pound at least.

*Bell.* Will you let me go on with my Story? My Mother left this pretty Creature *Isabella* [130]  
almost grown a Woman, to an Uncle of mine, for some Mony that she ow'd him, and cou'd not otherwise pay: He thinking she might yeild a good Price, carries her over into *Spain*, and there Sells her to one *Dangerfield*, who buys her and puts her to wait [135]  
on his Sister: he is now in *England*, and offers her me.

*Merry.* Did he know that she was formerly your Companion?

*Bell.* Not in the least; but since hearing of my

L. 1. 140.

concern with you, he seeks all the excuses he [140  
can, not to perform his Promise; and says that he  
knows as soon as I have her he shall be slighted, and  
you received; for he has heard how dearly I Love  
thee.

*Keepw.* All the Town knows there is no [145  
Love lost. Is this all?

*Bell.* No, I have a small request to thee my Dear.

*Merry.* Now for a Coach, new Bed, or the Payment  
of an old Debt.

*Bell.* You are mistaken Sir; cou'd I help it [150  
I wou'd not put my dear *Keepwell* to the Charge of  
one of your Drunken Clubs in a Year.

*Merry.* You spend it him in Coach-hire, Puppy-  
water and Paint, every day of your Life.

*Bell.* Peace, thou moving Dropsie, that [155  
wadlest with Fat, worse than a Goose with Egg.

*Merry.* No man that had to do with you, e're  
lost his Shape; Fluxing and Sweating are great  
Preservatives.

*Keep.* This is rudeness and not Wit; come [160  
thou art my best Companion and she my dearest  
Mistress. As our modern Poet has it;

"If not in Friendship, live at least in Peace.<">

What is it thou woud'st Command?

*Bell.* Command! only a trifling Suit I [165  
have.

*Keep.* It must be a strange one if I refuse it; Is  
it in my power?

*Bell.* It is.

*Keep.* Then speak and be sure to obtain it, [170  
as if thou ask'dst it of thy self. I have not given thee  
any thing all this day.

*Bell.* 'Tis no Mony matter: there are many  
Reasons why I wou'd have this *Isabella* from *Danger-*  
*field*: First because we were bred together like [175  
Sisters, and of all the World I love her next thy dear  
self; and if I cou'd restore her to her Friends, who I hear

are very considerable, I doubt not of a good Reward :  
so that I shall never need trouble thee for any thing  
more. [180

*Merry.* This is a good Wheadle.

*Keep.* But how will you get her? You say  
*Dangerfield* repents him of his promise.

*Bell.* 'Tis but thy going into the Country for a  
day or two, and I shall easily perswade that [185  
swaggering Fool out of her. You don't answer me.

*Keep.* What shou'd I answer thee, thou worst of  
Women?

*Merry.* She wou'd only lie with this roaring  
Rascal a Night or two, while you are in the [190  
Countrie: can you have the heart to deny her?

*Keep.* If I deny her, she'll be outrageous; and if  
I do not, I shall have Elks horns at my return. I  
understand you<:)> *Isabella* and you were bred up  
like Sisters, you wou'd restore her to her [195  
Friends, and so *Dangerfield* must be received, and I  
banish'd; and why? but that you love him better  
than ever you did me, and are affraid this Young  
Wench should get the Lusty Stallion from you.

*Bell.* She loves me so, she wou'd not be my [200  
Rival, tho' in thee, young, kind, and handsome as  
thou art.

*Keep.* Is this Souldier then the only Man that  
made a considerable Present? When has my Bounty  
fail'd? Did not you ask the other Day a *Black-* [205  
*amoor*, and then an *Eunuch*, out of a meer Humour  
because Princes use 'em, and straight I pawn'd a  
Ring to buy 'em for you? I should not urge my  
Bounty, did I not find that you forget it. There was  
a Settlement drawing too. [210

*Bell.* Nay, rather than you shall take it ill, I will  
Renounce this *Isabella*, the dear Companion of my  
Youth, for ever, and all the World beside.

*Keep.* Did not you say you cou'd renounce this  
*Isabella*, and all the World for me? [215

L. 1 216.

*Merry.* Yes, rather than lose your Settlement.

*Bell.* I did; and will, my Dear! I can go into a *Cloyster*, since I have lost my power with you, I care not for the rest, I'll to a *Monastery*, and there I'll Pray for you. [220

*Keep.* I scorn to be out-done in Kindness: I will go into the Country for a day or two, and let *Dangerfield* do his worst. Go into a *Monastery*! I had rather hold the Door my self.

*Merry.* When she's a *Nun* I'll be a *Fryer*: [225  
They all say as much.

*Keep.* But, if she shou'd, where shou'd I have such another Dear Pretty, Sweet Rogue?

*Merry.* There are hundreds as fine Women to be had, by the day, by the week, or how you will. [230

*Keep.* 'Tis not the first time she has threatened to go into a *Monastery*, upon discontents between us: I was forced to give her a New Bed, the last Summer, and Plate for her Chamber, or I had lost her.

*Bell.* 'Tis but two days, and I am thine for [235  
ever.

*Keep.* Hang two days among Friends.

*Bell.* 'Tis I shall be the greatest Sufferer, who must endure the Man I loath, and part with him I love. Besides, this *Dangerfield* is such a [240  
troublesome quarrelsome Fellow, I shou'd never have one Minutes quiet, if you were in Town together, for fear of some mischief or other.

*Keep.* Nay, there wou'd be Bloud-shed every hour, that's certain; I never cou'd endure a [245  
Rival in my Life.

*Bell.* I know thou art both brave and jealous, that makes me so affraid for thee: If he shou'd Kill thee, poor Dear, he has nothing to lose, and wou'd easily get his Pardon; but should'st thou Kill [250  
him, all the world can't save thee, thou hast been such a Whig. Besides, I am too honest a Woman to have any interest at Court.

*Keep.* It shall never come to that, I'll away into the Country, and as it happens have a little [255 business there; I shall come up so vigorous, and so Loving; we'll have a Sack-Posset, and go to Bed together, tho' it be at Noon-day: But see, my Friend, the Blackamore and Eunuch be deliver'd to *Bellamira* in my absence. [260

*Merry.* <(Aside)> I will carry them my self, and try what Mettle *Bellamira* is made of in his absence: she is the prettiest Wench in the Town, and his Present will make me welcome.

*Keep.* For two long Days and tedious [265 Nights, Farewel.

*Bell.* I fear my *Keepwell*, thou think'st me one of those little Creatures of the Town; but I have told thee nothing but the Truth: nor is there Man on Earth I wou'd prefer to thee. All I do, is [270 meerly in compassion to pretty *Isabella*, in hope to restore her to her Brother, whom by some Tokens she gave me, I think I have found, and am this Night to Treat with.

*Keep.* Farewel, my dearest *Bellamira*, I am [275 gone.

*Bell.* Well, now I see thou dost deserve my Love.

<SCENE II. A Street.>

*Enter Cuningham and Euſtace.*

*Cun.* Yonder's *Merryman*, Fat, Smooth, and looks Young ſtill; a very *Bacchus* Incarnate.

*Merry.* I ſwallow more Wine, than Pills or Dyet-drink, ſit up till Three, and drink my three Bottles.

*Cun.* I met the pretty'ſt Creature in New [5 *Spring-Garden*! her Gloves right Maſhal, her Petticoat of the New Rich Indian Stuffs, her Fan Colambor: Angel-water was the worſt Sent about her. I am ſure ſhe was of Quality.

I. II. 10.

*Merry.* And I warrant, you think she came [10  
to meet you there?

*Cun.* Not so: She came to take her Fortune  
among the Young Fellows of the Town, and Chance  
threw her upon me; I have found she lies in the  
Mall. [15

*Merry.* There are Whores of all sorts: but if she  
had lain in an Alley, you might have more hope of her.

*Cun.* Have not you the best Wine and Tobacco,  
where you come?

*Merry.* Yes, that I have. [20

*Cun.* Why then shou'd you not think, a Man  
that makes it his business, as I do, may have the finest  
Women?

*Merry.* I pay 'em well, and get custom to Taverns  
where I go; a Wench may starve that has had [25  
to do with you; no Man will venture upon her, who  
has any Reverence for his Nose: Nor have you  
anything to give 'em but the Pox.

*Cun.* You can do as little to a Woman as I can  
give: And for your soundness, if Palsie, Gout, [30  
and Dropsie may be called so, your drunken impotence  
is the reason of it.

*Eust.* Will this Quarrel never be at end? *Cuning-*  
*ham* is the Darling of the Ladies, and *Merriman* the  
delight of all good Fellows. Whats become of [35  
our Old Friend *Keepwel*?

*Merry.* We have lost him: He was once an honest  
well humor'd Fellow, tho' he had never much Wit,  
but since his Acquaintance with *Bellamira*.

*Eust.* What, she that was so well known at [40  
*Jamaica*?

*Merry.* That's true, but he won't believe it: She  
has perswaded him 'twas an Elder Sister: she is  
handsomer, and he more in Love with her than ever.  
You know how miserable he was. [45

*Eust.* He always grudg'd his Club, if it came to  
above half a Crown.

*Merry.* How plain he went ?

*Eust.* He bought all his Cloaths of a Whole sale Man. [50

*Merry.* Now there's no Taylor curious enough for him.

*Cun.* 'Tis a great change, but I cannot blame him ; she is a delicate Creature, and I was one of the first that Debauch'd her. [55

*Eust.* I thought you wou'd not have confess'd so much Age.

*Cun.* I mean I was one of the first had her, after she came over : she Lov'd me dearly, poor Rogue, but I was not able to maintain her. [60

*Merry.* One man may as well satisfie, as maintain her ; she is the most expensive Jade I ever knew ; she has run *Keepwell* a thousand Pound in Debt within this Twelve-month : I have been at a woful parting between them. [65

*Cun.* He has not turn'd her off I hope ? For I go and Sup there sometimes, upon the old account. She is one of my Piz Allez.

*Merry.* No ; she has turn'd him off for two days : he has left an Eunuch in Town, which I am to [70 present her for him anon.

*Cun.* I'll tell you a Secret ; I had like to have been surprized there by *Keepwell* himself e'ne now ; we were just got to Bed together.

*Eust.* And how got you off ? [75

*Cun.* She made him Knock half an hour at the Door, whil'st I leapt out of one of her lower Windows into a Boat that waited for me<.> But *Merriman*, you must say nothing upon honour, now you are trusted. [80

*Merry.* Not I, I have told him of thy lying with her and Forty others, an hundred times, and he will never believe me ; he is the most incorrigible Cully, I begin to be of her side.

*Cun.* I will drink a Bottle more with thee at [85

I. II. 86.

Night for that: A Man of honour shou'd always take the Ladies parts.

*Eust.* What made you run away? I thought you had been allowed to visit.

*Cun.* I am so, but not in my Shirt and Night- [90  
Gown, as I was with her. She was just out of a Bath,  
the Sweetest, Whitest, Plumpest, Kindest Rogue.

*Eust.* 'Twas a Damn'd disappointment.

*Cun.* Not quite, I took my leave of her like a Gentleman. [95

*Merry.* I wonder *Keepwell* continues sound, coming after thee in this manner.

*Cun.* There was a Plague in Sixty Six, but what is that to *London* now? there was a Fire too: but it is since new Built, and more beautiful than [100  
ever; are not you Sober now, tho' you were Drunk  
last Night?

*Merry.* Not quite.

*Cun.* A Dish of Coffee or two will make you so, and do you think there's no Redemption in [105  
other Cafes? When they were first acquainted, I  
Writ all his Billet doux for him, for *Keepwell* you  
know has nothing but the Purse and Dotage of a  
good Lover; he wou'd give me now and then five  
Guineas for a Song for her, which I let her know [110  
was mine; when I saw her next, we Laught at the  
poor Fool together.

*Merry.* I'll say that for him, he is fitted with a Friend and a Mistress.

*Cun.* You know he is but a dull silly Fellow. [115

*Merry.* And therefore you may very honestly pretend Friendship, borrow his Money and lye with his Mistress.

*Cun.* A Pious Citizen that goes to Church twice a day, will play the Knave in a Bargain; a [120  
Lawyer take your Fee, and for a good Sum of Mony,  
be absent when your Cause is try'd; a Parson Marry  
you to a great Fortune without a Licence; We are



all Rogues in our way, and I confess Woman is my weak side; And yonder goes an odd Fellow, [125 with a very pretty Wench: what a Toss she has with her head, and a jett with her breech?

Merry. 'Slight, 'tis *Smoothly*, *Dangerfield's* man, carrying that pretty Creature to *Bellamira*, for a Present from his Master. [130

Cun. She has as good a Face as *Bellamira* herself.

Eustace's Man brings him a Note.

Eust. *Smallwit*, *Wildman*, and *Lyonel*, have sent their excuses, and cannot Dine.

Merry. Let's give the House something, and Dine there to Morrow: I am invited to a Venison [135 Party, and a dozen bottles among Four.

Cun. I have some Ladies to Entertain at *Knightsbridge*; and hate a nasty Tavern.

Eust. Since you are all provided for, I'll shift, for my self. [Exeunt. [140

<SCENE III. A Room in *Bellamira's* House.>

Enter *Bellamira* and *Thisbe*.

Bell. He's gon, and we are free as Mountain Air.]

This. You have absolute Dominion over him; but to make him accessary to his own disgrace, was such a Masterpiece!

Bell. Now will he entertain a better opinion of [5 me than ever: he'll think I do nothing without his consent, since I once ask'd him it, and in so nice a Point.

This. What said *Merryman*, my sweet Guardian?

Bell. All he cou'd, you must take him off [10 for me.

This. I am but his second Inclination; a Drawer in a good Tavern has more Interest in him, than I.

I m 14.

*Bell.* But *Keepwell* is the Loyaleſt Cully! nothing will make him Mutiny. [15

*This.* Sure you think he can read in no Book but his own, or you durſt never use him ſo.

*Bell.* There are few of thoſe Clerks now-adays: this is a Learned Age. When ſaw you *Cunningham*?

*This.* He comes ſometimes and profeſſes his [20 Love and Soundneſs to me.

*Bell.* Believe him in neither, they ſay he's a falſe Fellow.

*This.* I heard he was formerly a great Servant of yours. [25

*Bell.* What a Lying World this is! I never ſaw him in my Life.

*This.* That's ſtrange and live about this Town.

*Bell.* Is he handsome? Black? or Fair?

*This.* Between both. [30

*Bell.* Has he much Wit?

*This.* As if you did not know!

*Bell.* I ſwear, not I.

*This.* Jilting Devil! I'd not know him ſo well for a Thouſand Pound but 'tis the Trick of moſt [35 of 'em; tho they own Twenty, they will forſwear ſome one.

*Bell.* Oh, that I had thy Youth, and Beauty!

*This.* You have enough of both, conſidering your Judgment and Experience. [40

*Bell.* We Women are eaſieſt deceived, when we are moſt worth it: (Cunning and Wrinkles come together.)

*This.* You have no reaſon to complain; all the young Fellows that come out of *France*, pay [45 Tribute to you, as certainly as to the Groom-Porter: I wonder *Keepwell* is never told of it.

*Bell.* He has been told it a hundred times: Two or three Stories that the Authors have not been able to make out, have don me great Service; and [50 ſo confirm'd my Empire.

*This.* But you are in continual fear.

*Bell.* I have broke him of all his Censorious Acquaintance.

*This.* That was a great Point gain'd; but [55 how?

*Bell.* I tell him such a one will Cheat him, another will bring him into Quarrels, a third speaks ill of him behind his Back, a fourth is abnoxious to the great ones, and will hinder his Preferment: So [60 that I have scarce left him one Friend that will tell him a true word.

*This.* You are a great Politician.

*Bell.* There goes more to our Trade, than a good Face: I have known many of these unthinking [65 Butterflies, Debauch'd, Pox'd, and in Goal, the same Summer: Let's up into my Chamber; I must set my self out for *Dangerfield* <, > he'll be here anon.

*This.* Will you use the Paint was sent in by the French Woman this Morning? [70

*Bell.* By all means: Lying and Painting are sure Baits to Catch a Fool with.

*This.* What sort of Fellow is that *Dangerfield*?

*Bell.* A *Beau Garcon* of Fifty, with a Blew Chin, stiff Beard, and so forth.—Loves the Old [75 Fashion'd Greasy way of giving Treats, will Dance Country Dances till he Sweat like a Running Footman; tires himself first, and then makes Love. —

*This.* They say he has been Handsome.

*Bell.* 'Twas so long ago every Body has [80 forgot it, but himself: He is a pretender to Wit; but his is worse than none: as a Country Scraper is worse than no Musick at all.

*This.* And yet this Fellow for a little Mony.

*Bell.* No, for a great deal of Mony. I will [85 make the Presents he gives me, thy Baits to Catch others with: fine Cloaths and rich Furniture, are great Provocatives to those that don't pay for 'em, which are the Men for our Turn.

I III 90

*This.* Like the Gentlemen that live in Town, [90  
you have your pleasure in one place, and receive your  
Rent from an other: 'tis the way to have your Tene-  
ment thrown into your Hands.

*Bell.* *Keepwell* has taken a Lease for Life, and laid  
out so much in Improvements, that I am secure [95  
of him; and for the rest, they shall pay me as they  
are Able.

*This.* My Guardian and I have now and then a  
small Quarrel, about my keeping you so much Com-  
pany. [100

*Bell.* What, *Merryman*? I thought he had made  
Love to you.

*This.* He dos sometimes.

*Bell.* He has then forfeited his Charter and ought  
to Talk no more like a Guardian. [105

*This.* Perhaps he dos not like it as a Lover.

*Bell.* Does he not see that we Govern the Town?  
have Power and Plenty follow us? we Visit, Dance,  
Play at Cards, go to Hide-Park, St. *James's*, and  
Sup together, and are a World among our [110  
Selves.

*This.* But like the Inhabitants of the other World,  
you neither Marry, nor are given in Marriage; and  
he wou'd have me fit for a Husband.

*Bell.* Get Mony enough and you can never [115  
want a Husband. A Husband is a good Bit to Close  
ones Stomach with, when Love's Feast is over. Who  
wou'd begin a Meal with Cheese? Come into my  
Chamber, and I will instruct thee farther in these  
Mysteries. [120

ACT II. SCENE I

⟨Outside Bellamira's House.⟩

*Keepwell, and Merryman.*

*Merry.* What, not gon yet? hovering like a Ghost, about your Treasure?

*Keep.* I stay'd to see how my Presents took: you have deliver'd 'em, I hope, what says my *Bellamira*?

*Merry.* The Meat's hardly out of my Mouth, [5  
and I am for no Exercise upon a full Stomach: 'tis too far to walk yet.

*Keep.* Take a Coach.

*Merry.* That's as bad as the Rack, to a Man of my Intemperate, and Voracious Appetite: I am [10  
so full I should spill Terse at every jolt. We drank Gallons a piece.

*Keep.* You are Drunk then.

*Merry.* No, Sober enough to be your Worship's Pimp, and diliver your Humane Gelding to [15  
*Bellamira*.

*Keep.* But will you go about it Instantly, and make hast?

*Merry.* Survey my Bulk: it was not built for hast; [20  
'Tis the slow product of Tuns of Claret, Chines  
of Beef, Ven'son-Pastyes, and so-forth.

*Keep.* Now you are in this humor, you will talk some Wit to her and spoil all.

*Merry.* I'll be there, before you are half a Mile out of Town, and say the sweetest things of you! [25

*Keep.* Thou think'st I cannot leave my *Bellamira*, now it comes to the Point.

*Merry.* I am somewhat doubtful.

*Keep.* Yes if it were for three days, now I am resolv'd. [30

*Merry.* What, a whole three days! Thou hast a Heart of Iron.

II. 1. 33.

*Keep.* Cou'd you be Sober so long ?*Merry.* Yes to save the Nation, or so.*Keep.* Nothing less serve the turn ? [35*Merry.* Yes or to oblige Mrs. *Thisbe*, my Charge.*Keep.* Thou hast always Wine and Women in thy Head together : a sure sign thou are but an indifferent Tilter—Well, I am in hast, be sure you go, and omit nothing that may endear my small [40 Present to her. [Exit.*Merry.* He's gon ; but here comes our Rival's Servant, with that Beautiful young Creature, again : It seems *Bellamira* was not at home. I'll step aside and observe her. [45*Enter Smoothly, and Isabella.**Smooth.* There is as much difference between Man and Man, as between Man and Beast : This Fool my Master gives away this pretty young Creature, to a stale Wench, I am but a Servant, and must obey ; but were I to chuse, [50*Isa.* Peace, Impudence ; were I to chuse, I'd chuse a Halter before either of you.*Smooth.* I was not always thus a Servant, as you see me, I am a Gentleman, and once had an Estate, but now 'tis gon, must live on others, as others [55 did on me.*Isa.* Perhaps so.*Smooth.* I now am fain to Lye, and Flatter for my Bread, shift for my Cloaths, and humor every Idle Coxcomb to get a Piece or two : Does my [60 Patron lose ? [Fortune favours Fools} Does he Win ? sweet is his hand, and happy are his Servants. Is he Dwarfish ? his Strength is the more compact : Is he Tall ? such the first Monarch's were, when Kingdoms went by Choice : Is he Ugly, and Witty which [65 must ever be ? such *Ovid* was, whom *Julia* so priz'd : Is he Hansom ? such was *Adonis*, whom fair *Venus* Lov'd.

*Isa.* And were you never Cudgel'd, for this  
nauseous Flattery? [70

*Smooth.* There are a sort of Men who think themselves the first in all kinds, and are the last; these I get acquainted with: nor do I attempt to please'em with my Wit, but win their hearts an easier way, by Applauding theirs. If any of 'em tell an old [75  
Tale, that I have Read in Print, straight I never heard any thing so well, and listen to it as if it were my Fathers last Will and Testament. Does he offer at a Jest? I dye with Laughing, before his Mouth opens. Does he walk Home, without taking [80  
Cold? he is hardy and fit to be a General.

*Isa.* You are a fine Rogue all this while! And what else?

*Smooth.* In short, I say as they say, deny what they deny, like what they like, and if they [85  
dispraise it again, I am ready to do so too; and find my account very well in it; while those Fops, that are fond of shewing their own Wit, are hated by all my Customers; who are the onely Men there's any thing to be gotten by. [90

*Merry.* This is a notable Fellow; and if he finds Men Fools, is enough to make 'em Mad.

*Isa.* Were I a Man, I had rather dye than sell my words, and prostitute my Voice to every Fool.

*Smooth.* Don't Lawyers, Physitians, and [95  
Courtiers, when they take Mony for a good Turn, sell their words? There was a blunt Comrade of mine of your mind; but I found him the other day all in Rags, not a Penny in his Pocket, nor a Friend to help him: I have nothing, and yet want [100  
nothing; strong and able; other Mens Meat, and Drink, and Wives serve my Turn.

*Isa.* Leave your Prating, and move forward.

*Smooth.* Sure you are some disguis'd Princess, you take upon you so. [105

*Isa.* What I am I know not, and am only sure I am miserable.

*Smooth.* What's here <—> my Rivals Friend *Merryman*, before *Bellamira's* Door? I knew him when I was last in Town. Your most Humble [110  
Servant Worthy Sir.

*Merry.* Yours, honest *Smoothly*.

*Smooth.* Will you not go in?

*Merry.* I have no business at present.

*Smooth.* You may be welcome, for your [115  
Friend *Keepwell's* sake. Do you see nothing here you wou'd not see?

*Merry.* Nothing but thy self.

*Smooth.* You keep your old blunt way; but, look you what here is! Look you what here is! [120  
What will not *Bellamira* do for such a Bribe?

*Merry.* Every Dog has his day.

*Smooth.* Let me not keep you here, you were going some where else.

*Merry.* Not I. [125

*Smooth.* Pray then, will you Introduce me to Madam *Bellamira*?

*Merry.* You need not fear admittance, with such a Present.

*Smooth.* But perhaps you stand here, to see [130  
that no man brings any Message from *Dangerfield*.

*Merry.* You are pleasant! but if I did I'de Cudgel you farther off.

*Smooth.* He is Angry, and the Fat Fool is Stout: I'll not provoke him. [135

*Exeunt Smooth, and Isabella.*

*Merry.* Yonder's *Lionel*, *Keepwell's* younger Brother, he comes in haſt, and ſeem's to have ſome-thing in his Head.

*Enter Lionel.*

*Lionel.* I am undone! ruin'd! I have loſt the ſight of this Pretty Creature, and ſhall never [140  
find her more! which way ſhall I go? whom ſhall I enquire of? what ſhall I do, to have a Glimps of her? I have only this comfort; where e're ſhe is,



she is too Beautiful to be long Conceal'd. From henceforth, I blot all former Faces out of my heart: I am tir'd with these daily Beauties of the Town, whom we see Painted and Patch'd in the Afternoon in the Play house, in the Evening at the Park, and at Night in the Drawing room; so that we have half enjoy'd 'em before we speak to 'em (>) [145

*Merry.* Lost! Undone! Beautiful! I am sure I heard these words plain: he is in Love, and after the manner of that sort of Madmen is talking to himself, of his Mistress; If he be we shall have fine work; there are Ten *Keepwells* in that *Lionel*: [155 he'l commit Rapes, Burglaries, Fire houses, or any thing, but he'l have her; and for Mony, he'l throw it away like Dirt. I pity his poor Father; but he Grudg'd his Mony for honest Terse, and so he's right enough serv'd. [160

*Lion.* Eternal Palsies on that *Cunningham's* Hands, may he never be able to put his Dice into the Box; but when he does may he throw out for ever. May he Win of Beggars and lose to Bullies, and dote on Whores as Rotten as himself. But I was mad [165 to mind him: how I envy yon' *Merryman*, whose sluggish Blood moves in an even stream, and never knows these Storms!

*Merry.* What's the matter? you look as if you were Drunk. [170

*Lion.* I am worse; I am mad; I am any thing; I am in Love.

*Merry.* How *Keepwell* will Laugh at you! But with whom?

*Lion.* Not with a stale Wench, like him; [175 nor any of the little Tinsel, short Liv'd Beauties of the Town, squeez'd into shape by Taylors, and starv'd into it by their Mothers.

*Merry.* How then?

*Lion.* A new turn of a Face, unknown till [180 now to Nature's self, in all her Numberless Varieties.

*Merry.* 'Tis wond'rous ; you are Mau'd ; Cupid has shot you with a Blunderbus.

*Lion.* What Eyes ! Teeth, white——

*Merry.* As a new Tobacco-pipe<.> [185

*Lion.* Peace Prophane Wretch, thou art not fit to mingle in these Mysterics. Her own Complexion ; her Body solid and full of Juice ; the Noblest Fabrick of unstinted Nature !

*Merry.* Her Age ? [190

*Lion.* Seventeen.

*Merry.* I have drunk excellent Hockamore of that Age.

*Lion.* Damn thy dull Hockamore and thy base Jaded Pallat, that affects it ; Cou'd I but get [195 this Divine Creature into my hands, by Fraud, Force, Price, Prayer, any way so that I enjoy her, I care not.

*Merry.* Who is she ? she may be a Person of Quality, and you may bring an old house upon your head<.> [200

*Lion.* 'Tis but a Duel or two that way ; and if her Relations be Numerous, we'll Fight Six to Six, and make an end on't.

*Merry.* What Country Woman is she ?

*Lion.* I know not. [205

*Merry.* Where does she live ?

*Lion.* I can't tell<.>

*Merry.* We are upon a very cold Scent : where did you see her ?

*Lion.* In the Street ; with a Servant behind [210 her.

*Merry.* How come you to lose her ?

*Lion.* That's it I was Cursing at, as I met you : Nor do I think there is a Man whom all the Stars conspire against like me. What Crime have I [215 committed, to be thus Plagu'd ?

*Merry.* The Stars are Pretty Twinkling Rogues, that light us home, when we are Drunk sometimes, but neither care for you, nor me, nor any man.

*Lyon.* You know *Cunningham*?

[220

*Merry.* Intimately: a good honest Fellow; a little too much a Servant to the Ladies, given to Gaming.

*Lion.* Pox of his Character!

*Merry.* The Pox is part of his Character [225 indeed, but I had forgot that.

*Lyon.* Will you not let me go on with my Story? This Fellow meets me in the nick of time, while I was following this Divine Creature, pulls me aside, and tells me I must be his Second; I go with [230 him, we Fight, Disarm our Men, but when I came back the Bird was flown: nor cou'd I learn any News of her.

*Merry.* That's very unlucky.

*Lion.* 'Twas a Disaster never to be re- [235 cover'd, a Total over-throw to all my happiness: I had not seen him neither these six Months.

*Merry.* Why did you not refuse him?

*Lion.* He's a Malicious Fellow, and wou'd have told the whole Town of it, if I had; it was [240 Impossible. I lost her in this Street.

*Merry.* Are you sure of that? I'll be Sober a Twelve Month, if this be not the very young Woman *Dangerfield* presented this Afternoon, to *Bellamira*, your Brothers Mistress. [245

*Lion.* There was a Man follow'd her.

*Merry.* The very same: and that was his Servant Smoothly

*Lion.* You know her then?

*Merry.* Not I; but I know whither she [250 went<.)

*Lion.* Dost know where she is, my Dear *Merryman*?

*Merry.* Don't I tell you she was presented to *Bellamira* by *Dangerfield*, your Brother's Rival? [255

*Lion.* A Mighty Prince this *Dangerfield*, that is able to make such a Present: My Brother will have a hard time on't.

II. 1. 259.

*Merry.* You wou'd say so indeed, if you saw his Present. [260]

*Lion.* What is it?

*Merry.* An Eunuch.

*Lion.* What, that Illfavour'd Fellow he bought yesterday, that looks like an old Woman or a Ginney Ape? [265]

*Merry.* The same.

*Lion.* He that carries him will be kick'd out of Doors with his Present.

*Merry.* I hope not so; for I have promis'd to diliver him. [270]

*Lion.* I did not know *Bellamira* was our Neighbour.

*Merr.* She is lately come hither.

*Lion.* Is she very handsome?

*Merr.* She is well.

*Lion.* Not comparable to mine. [275]

*Merr.* That's your fancy: Of Children Mistresses, and Religions our own are still the best.

*Lion.* But is there no way to come at her? Thou usest to be good at a dead lift: I'll Fire the house and then at least I shall see her again. [280]

*Merr.* Violent waies are to be us'd at last: I'll see what I can do for you.

*Lion.* Oh happy Eunuch! that art to live in the same house with this Divine Creature.

*Merr.* Why so? the nearer he is to a fine Woman, the more sensible must he be of his loss. [285]

*Lion.* But he'll see continually his fair fellow Servant, sit by sometimes and talk with her, eat with her, and if nothing else, sleep near, and hear her breath. [290]

*Merr.* What if I should make you this happy man?

*Lion.* It is Impossible: but speak; men past recovery are pleas'd to talk of Remedies.

*Merr.* I am intrusted to present this [295] Eunuch to *Bellamira*: what if you put on his Cloaths, and went with me in his room?

*Lion.* I'd gladly change Conditions, Fortunes, and every thing but one with him.

*Merr.* I will present you instead of him ; [300  
and you shall injoy those rare Felicities you reckon'd  
but up now, you shall sit by her, dress and undress  
her, touch, play with, and sleep near her ; your age  
and Face will easily pass you for an *Eunuch*, and  
somewhat mend your Brother's ill-favour'd [305  
Present.

*Lion.* You say right : I never knew a better  
design ; let's about it instantly, undress me, dress me,  
and bring me to her immediately.

*Merr.* You are too hot : I was but in jest [310  
all this while.

*Lion.* Cut my Throat, Stab me, if thou wilt not  
go on with this design.

*Merr.* Let me think a little : Is not this Plot too  
fine spun to hold ? you must be gelt indeed, or [315  
'twill never pass ; you will betray yourself.

*Lion.* Never fear it, my Face is not so much as  
known among 'em, the Plot is admirable, and cannot  
fail, what shou'd I do there, if I were gelt ?

*Merr.* You might look upon, touch, and [320  
sleep near your fair Fellow-Servant.

*Lion.* That won't do : I must and will enjoy her ;  
thou'lt hear of me in *Bedlam* else.

*Merr.* I shall have all the blame : besides, 'tis a  
dishonest action. [325

*Lion.* To save a Friend's life, is an honest action :  
nor can it be any wrong, to Cozen those that Cozen  
all the World.

*Merr.* I'll serve you for once ; but if any mischief  
comes on't, thank your self. [330

*Lion.* I'll dye, and never accuse thee.

*Merr.* You are strangely smitten at the first sight !

*Lion.* No. I saw her once when I was last in  
*Spain*, kneel'd by her at Mass, and talk'd of Love to  
her ; but could not learn her Name or Quality : [335

II. 1 336

next day, she said she was to come for *England*. I might have been drest, and there by this time, let's away. *Exeunt.*

<SCENE II. *A Room in Bellamira's House.*>

*Enter Bellamira, <and> Isabella.*

*Bell.* My dearest *Isabella*! now I have gotten thee here, I cou'd hug thee to pieces.

*Isa.* I am your Slave, your Servant, and all my Hopes the Creatures of your Goodness.

*Bell.* How did thy Youth and Beauty scape [5 the roaring *Dangerfield*?

*Isa.* He plac'd me with his Sister in the house, and she took care of me; but if at any time he offer'd to be rude, I held a Dagger to my Breast, and vow'd to kill my self. [10

*Bell.* How chance he did not take it from thee?

*Isa.* He did, and then I vow'd I'de starve my self to Death: he laugh'd at me a while; but when he saw me pale, and weak, fully resolv'd to perish, he gave it me again: and so I escap'd. [15

*Bell.* My *Isabella*, tell me truly, wert thou ne'r in Love?

*Isa.* What mean you, Madam?

*Bell.* Did'st thou never find a Man more Charming than the rest, whose every word reach'd through [20 thy Ears, thy Heart, whom thou cou'd'st sit and gaze upon all day, and sigh, and wish for all night?

*Isa.* I have so many defects already, why will you press me to own a weakness, perhaps you will despise me for? [25

*Bell.* No, I my self have been in Love, and have had alwaies some one Friend to whom I wou'd gladly sacrifice what I got from others.

*Isa.* If that be to be in Love, I never was.

*Bell.* That's our way, who know the Per- [30

juries and Villanies of Men; How they all begin alike, with Vows, Oaths, and Protestations; and end alike with Slights and Scorns and Falshood: some difference there may be for a while, but no great matter. [35]

*Isa.* And are they all of this deceitful make?

*Bell.* All that ever I met with; What is it a false hearted Man won't swear to such a pretty young Creature as thou art?

*Isa.* And will they Lye too, when they have Sworn? [40]

*Bell.* Most certainly: but we that have experience, mind words no more than they themself's do, and only regard their Presents. Say a kind thing! every pitiful Fellow can do that: give me a Man that will do a kind thing. [45]

*Enter Thisbe.*

*This.* Are you upon that subject? I have a couple of Servants, one is as much too Lean, as the other is too Fat; I wou'd not lose one of 'em for the World, they are Admirable in Consort, Grumbling Base, [50] and Squeaking Treble.

*Bell.* What, *Merryman* your Guardian and *Cuningham*?

*This.* The same; Men of Wit both: one a plain substantial Drunkard, I am sure to hear of him [55] when he gets a Bottle in his Head, for then he ever thinks of Women; as Cowards do of Quarrelling, and most commonly I am she.

*Bell.* How does the other behave himself?

*This.* He's seldom in a condition to drink [60] Wine; but he will sit a whole Afternoon at Cards, and say the softest things!

*Bell.* And the sharpest behind your back.

*This.* 'Tis all one for that, 'tis like I am even with him at the Years End. [65]

*Bell.* But pretty *Isabella* will not make her Confession to us.

II. ii. 68.

*Isa.* 'Tis not worth your hearing. When I was Sold to *Dangerfield* by your wicked Uncle, in *Spain* I saw a man. [70]

*Bell.* That's my dear Girl! Come up with it.

*Isa.* Of the Divineſt Form theſe Eyes had e'er beheld.

*This.* Ne'r be aſham'd: Love, like the Small Pox, ſince it muſt be, is beſt had while we are [75 young.]

*Isa.* He Kneel'd by me one day at Maſs, and look'd and ſaid, and ſigh'd, the kindeſt things! He ſeem'd ſurpris'd with me, as I was Charm'd with him. [80]

*Bell.* Damn'd wheadling Rogue! And all this at firſt ſight I warrant.

*Isa.* We never met, but then: next day I came for *England*: but ſure I never ſhall be won to love another. [85]

*Bell.* Pretty Innocence! this is a Nation of ſuch men thou talk'ſt of; every Street affords a dozen of 'em. Come, thou ſhalt Love, and Love, and Love again, never fear it.

*This.* We'll ſhew her the Park, the Play- [90 houſe, and the Drawing-Room.]

*Bell.* She needs no Paint, for Complexion, but 'twill not be amiſs to uſe Juniper Water, for good Humor, ſhe is ſo melancholy, and looks as if ſhe would not be acquainted. [95]

*This.* It is fit men make the advance.

*Bell.* Some are ſuch Jades, they muſt be Spur'd up, with a quick Eye, or wanton Glance.

*Enter Silence and Betty.*

*Silence.* Madam the Picture drawer ſtaies for you: he ſaies you need not ſit above half an hour. [100]

*This.* This is ſome new Intrigue: Who is this Picture for?

*Bell.* It was begun for *Keepwell*, but I have promiſed it to *Dangerfield*. I hate the boiſtrous Fool,



he may have that, but never the Original, tho [105  
he shall pay for every Inch on't.

*Ex. all but Silence and Betty.*

*Betty.* We are Servants and must be diligent in our Calling. I am sorry we are like to be troubl'd with this puling *Isabella*, there's more ado with her, then with my Mistress herself: she is so proud [110 and Melancholly, one can't get a word from her in a day.

*Sil.* Who can blame her? she is well Born of a good Family in *Devonshire*; her Father and Mother dy'd when she was a Child, she has no friend [115 left but her Brother, and him she knows not where to find yet, and if she shou'd, 'tis doubtful after being so long lost, whether he wou'd own her now.

*Betty.* As the World goes 'tis like he may be willing to save her Portion. [120

*Sil.* She has nothing at present to depend upon, but the Friendship of *Bellamira*: and if she be vertuous, as I believe she is, what a trouble must that be to her! Go and see if she wants any thing.

*Betty.* Let's both go, I hate a strange Face. [125

*Sil.* Especially if it be better than your own.

*Exeunt.*

### ACT III. SCENE I

<Outside *Bellamira's House*.>

*Dangerfield, and Smoothly.*

*Dang.* I fear poor *Bellamira* will lay it to Heart, I have not seen her yet: how does she like my Present?

*Smooth.* She is Ravish'd with it: yet seems to Prise the Giver Incomparably beyond the Gift.

*Dang.* I'll say that for *Dangerfield*, and a [5

III : 6.

Figure for him, he makes his Presents with the best Grace of any Man in *England*, they are always well received.

*Smooth.* I have observ'd it ever. A Beating is better taken from you then any Man living. [10

*Dang.* I thank 'em for that; who dares do otherwise?

*Enter Merryman and Lionel.*

*Merry.* Hold your Countenance, for yonder's *Dangerfield*.

*Lion.* Never doubt me: Tho I could laugh [15 heartily, at this Martial Dress, and Furious Meen.

*Dang.* What ever was bravely perform'd in the Army. I still had the Honour on't; the General wou'd have it so: to others he was not so Favourable.

*Smooth.* He that has your Wit, will make a [20 small Service go a great way; and often Reap in safety, the Fruit of other Mens dangers<.)

*Dang.* Right: Not but I venture my Body as bravely as the meanest Soldier, when the General will let me, but, to say the Truth he seldom will, he [25 loves me so Intirely,

*Smooth.* You charge as if you were Shot-free.

*Dang.* 'Tis my Comfort, that he that Shoots one Bullet into me, may chance to drive another out. The General wares me next his Heart, and often [30 Trusts the Army to my single Conduct.

*Smooth.* It shews he is well Skil'd in Men.

*Dang.* And if at any time he's Tir'd with Impertinence of Suitors; the Noise and tumults Incident to his great Charge; he steals away with a [35 Friend or two to me, there he unfolds his Wrinkled-Brows and Steeps his Cares in Wine within my Tent.

*Smooth.* The General, it seems, understands his Pleasure, and knows good Company.

*Dang.* No Man better. The Officers began [40 to Envy me, and Mutter some od things; speak out

the Boldest of 'em dare not. How does this Feather become me ?

*Smooth.* Most Victoriously ; You look like the Black Prince when he had just Plum'd the Prince [45 of Denmark.

*Dang.* Thou art a pretty Historian, I have been told I am like him : but I'll tell thee, a certain young Captain, Bolder then the rest, seeing me Gay and Frolick, lashing every Body with my Wit, as [50 thou know'st my way is ; Sneer'd me in the Face, and ask'd me, if I wou'd never have Sown my wild Oats ? I told him I cou'd never Sow 'em in a better time, than when there was such a Goose as he by to pick 'em up. [55

*Smooth.* Ha, ha, ha ! You put the Goose upon him finely there ; but what said he ?

*Dang.* Nothing : the whole Company Laugh'd on my side ; and he sneak'd away like a Dog, with a Bottle at his Tail. [60

*Smooth.* I'll say that for you, You are the best at Repartees !

*Merry.* This is the most Flattering Knave, and Dangerfield the greatest Coxcomb, I ever saw.

*Lion.* He Swallows any thing : they are well [65 met.

*Dang.* Did'st never hear how I serv'd the Collonel, at *Bartholomew-Fair* ?

*Smooth.* (He has told it me Fifty times ; but I must prepare to Laugh at it again.) Never Sir ; [70 I long to hear it.

*Dang.* I had a pretty Wench with me ; he star'd her in the Face somewhat Rudely : at last I told him, I wonder'd he that was but a Hare himself, shou'd have a mind to a Cony ! [75

*Merry.* That's one of the vilest Quibbles, I ever heard.

*Lion.* Let's hear how that Rogue will Flatter him for it.

*Smooth.* Ha, ha, ha! You had as good [80  
have call'd him Coward: a Hare is the fearfulest of  
all Beasts. Ha, ha, ha! I cou'd dye with Laughing,  
methinks I see him poor Fool!

*Dang.* I meant it so; but he durst not under-  
stand me. From that time forward I kept the [85  
whole Town in Awe with my Wit<.)

*Smooth.* I wou'd not come under your Lash, for  
a Thousand Pounds.

*Dang.* No, no, thou art an honest Fellow, and a  
great Judge of Wit and Parts. Thou shalt hear [90  
me Sing a Song that I made upon a Spanish Princess.

## SONG

*When first I made Love to my Cloris,  
Cannon Oaths I brought down  
To Batter the Town,  
And I fi<r'd her with Amorous Stories.* 95

*Billets Doux like small Shot did ply her,  
And sometimes a Song  
Went whizzing along,  
But still I was never the nigher.*

*At last she sent Word by a Trumpet, 100  
If I lik'd that Life  
She wou'd be my Wife,  
But never be any Man's Strumpet.*

*I told her that Mars won'd not Marry,  
And Swore by my Scars, 105  
Single Combats, and Wars,  
I'de rather Dig Stones in a Quarry.*

But is *Bellamira* satisfi'd I have no concern for  
*Isabella*?

*Smooth.* Have a care of that: on the Con- [110  
trary do all you can to make her Jealous. T'will  
keep her in Awe: and when she Names *Keepwel*, be

sure you to Answer her with *Isabella*: If she commend his Dancing, be sure to praise her Singing; if she speak of his Shape, Extol her Face: give [115 her as good as she brings; 'twill make her Mad.

*Dang.* Ay, if she Lov'd me.

*Smooth.* How can she Chuse? Your Person, your Parts, and your Reputation, are able to Charm any Woman Living: they all Love Soldiers; [120 and while she expects, and Loves what you give, she Loves you, and will fear that the Stream of your Bounty shou'd turn another way.

*Dang.* Thou say'st right; I wonder I shou'd not think of it my self. [125

*Smooth.* If you had thought at all, you wou'd certainly; and of a Thousand better Devices than my poor Brains can furnish you with.

*Enter Bellamira, and Silence.*

*Bell.* I think I heard the Thundring Voice of my brave Man of Warr, welcome, my *Hero*, my [130 *Hercules*! what wou'd thy Enemies give that I cou'd hold thee thus for ever?

*Dang.* It wou'd save 'em Ten Thousand Mens Lives, besides Castles, Towns, and their Dependances: but, my Life, my Joy, how dost thou like my [135 Present? Is't not a fine Girl? I cou'd have had what Mony I wou'd of my General abroad, or here; but, I thought that below a Man of Honour: We had like to have Quarrel'd about her.

*Merr.* This is a Bragging Coward, as sure [140 as a Painted Whore has an ill Complexion of her own: How bravely he begins with his own Honour, his Courage and his General!

*Lion.* And how he magnifies his own Present! which, to say truth, another cou'd not praise too [145 much.

*Merr.* I have a small Present from your banish'd Servant *Keepwell*; but you are going out.

III 1. 149.

*Bell.* Not yet; but anon I must.

*Dan.* What, do we stay? I am in a [150  
Feaver; I have not had Woman these two days.

*Merry.* I will but deliver what was committed to my Charge for her, and then leave the Feaver you complain of, to her Cure.

*Dan.* Some rare business, I warrant, we [155  
know the depth of *Keepwel's* Purse.

*Merry.* You shall see that, this Girl here is of *Ethiopia*, of the Royal Blood there. I'll out lye him, if possible.

*Dang.* I bought a better for five Guineas, [160  
and gave her this Morning to my Landladi's Daughter.

*Smooth.* She looks like a Warden Roasted in the Embers, or the outside of a Gammon of Bacon.

*Merry.* Come forward, here's an Eunuch; a rare Jewel, how like you him? [165

*Bell.* He has a very good Face! How long have you been an Eunuch?

*Lion.* I never remember my self otherwise.

*Merry.* What saies *Dangerfield*, and *Smoothly*, ha, what fault do you find? They are silent, [170  
that's praise enough for an Enemy. Try him in *Italian*, *French*, *Spanish*, Musick, Danceing.

*Dan.* If I had this Eunuch alone, he shou'd find I were none.

*Bell.* Go in *Pisquil*, and look to your Charge. [175

*Merry.* And yet, Madam, my Friend that sends these Gifts, do's not ask that you shou'd live for him alone. Nor does he tell of his Fights, Battles, Storms, Sieges: nor does he boast <0>f his Scars as some do; but, when it shall be no trouble to you and [180  
when you please, think it enough if he then be Receiv'd.

*Dang.* You are very officious for your Friend Sir.

*Merry.* I shall take a time to tell you, what you are, Sir. [185

*Smooth.* Officious for your Friend! Ha, ha, ha!  
You had as good have call'd him Pimp.

*Dang.* What dost Laugh at?

*Smooth.* At what you said to him even now.

*Merry.* Thou that ca(n)st stoop to Flatter [190  
him thus, woud'st Eat Fire in a Fair for thy living,  
or Rake thy Meat off from a Dunghil<.>

*Bell.* Let's not go together. [Exit Merryman.

*Dang.* I long to play my lower Tire of Guns at  
thee. [195

*Bell.* Go before to the Walk you know of by  
*Kensington*, and I'll meet you there.

*Dang.* I'll fly thither, as I were to beat up an  
Enemy's Quarters. [Ex. Dang. and Smooth.

*Bell.* If *Eustace* comes hither; when I am [200  
away, desire him to stay: If not, to come again: If  
he cannot, bring him to me; you know where I Sup:  
Be sure you take care of *Isabella*, and let none come  
to her but the Eunuch. [Ex. Omnes.

<SCENE II. A Room in Bellamira's House.>

Enter Lionel, and Isabella.

*Isa.* Why dost gaze and follow me thus, as if  
thou wert my Shadow?

<Lion.> I am the Shadow of a Man indeed.

*Isa.* Leave me; and when I want thy Attendance,  
I will send for thee. [5

<Lion.> *Bellamira* charg'd me, not to stir from  
you, 'twou'd ill become me to disobey her first  
Commands.

*Isa.* Thou art my Gaoler then?

<Lion.> Not so; I am your faithful Servant, [10  
and hope my Attendance, as it is to me a Pleasure, is  
to you no Burthen.

*Isa.* Wert thou ne'r in *Spain*?

III " 14

〈*Lion.*〉 Why do you ask?

*Isa.* I know not, only a Foolish Curiosity I [15  
had: but 'tis Impossible. Joy seeks out Crouds, and  
Numbers; but Griefs, like mine affect Retirement.

〈*Lion.*〉 You do Indulge your Melancholy too  
much; If I may be so Bold, it strik's an Air of Sadness  
through the House. [20

*Isa.* I wou'd not have my Griefs Infectious: Go  
play among your Fellows.

〈*Lion.*〉 I have no power to stir.

*Isa.* How so?

〈*Lion.*〉 I fear you'll do your self some [25  
mischief, when I am gon: I dare not trust the Tempest  
on your Brow.

*Isa.* It is a harmless Storm, and will fall suddenly  
in Tears. The more I look upon this Youth, the  
more I think on him I lov'd in *Spain*: Those [30  
Eyes, that Face, and that bewitching shape! Pray  
leave me.

〈*Lion.*〉 If I have offended, be gracious; and  
chide me; but do not thrust me from your presence.

*Isa.* Alas! I find no fault with thee at all; [35  
'Tis Fate and my unhappy Stars, that I repine at.

*Enter Betty.*

*Betty.* Madam, the Bath that was Commanded,  
is prepar'd.

*Isa.* There I may steep my Limbs, but not my  
Grief assuage. [Exeunt. [40

*Enter Eustace.*

*Eust.* The more I think of *Bellamira's* sending  
after me in this manner, the more I am to seek what  
she means. When I went first to her, she enter-  
tain'd me with a deal of Discourse, far fetch'd, nothing  
to the purpose: At last she ask'd me, how long [45  
my Father and Mother had been Dead? I told her,  
a great while; then if I had not a Seat in *Devonshire*,



near the Sea? which I have. May be she has a mind to it, and thinks to get it of me. At last, if I had not lost a young Sister? who she was with, [50 and what she had about her when she was lost? What she ask'd all these Questions for, I cannot guess; unless she wou'd put her self upon me for that Sister, but if she be alive, she cannot be above seventeen; and *Bellamira* is as old as my [55 self. Now she shall speak her mind plainly, or trouble me no more. Is your Mistress within?

*Enter Silence.*

*Sil.* No; but she desires to speak with you to Morrow, about the old business.

*Eusl.* Come hither, let me talk with you a [60 little about the old business.

*Sil.* I'll come no nearer; I know your Tricks well enough.

*Eusl.* Will Ten Guineas do you any harm?

*Sil.* Nor Twenty neither; but what shall [65 I tell my Mistress? Will you come?

*Eusl.* I go into the Country to Morrow.

*Sil.* Pray come: She say's you'll repent it, if you do not.

*Eusl.* I can't possibly. [70

*Sil.* Will you stay here at our house, till she comes in?

*Eusl.* Yes if you'll stay with me.

*Sil.* Not I. You do so touse and tumble one, and keep one so hot. [75

*Eusl.* Thou art a pretty Maid, and may'st be a Mistress thy self. I have seen worse Faces in Glass Coaches.

*Sil.* And better in *Bridewell*. I think I might serve for a Month or two; but what then? [80

*Eusl.* Nay, if you be so cautious, you'll never have a house in the Mall.

*Sil.* Nor Dye in a Ditch, like *Jane Shore*.

III. II. 84.

*Eust.* Pattens, Worsted Stockins, and course Smocks, go with thee for a Fool. [85

*Sil.* Will you go to my Mistress where she sups anon, and I'll bring you to her?

*Eust.* But come hither, prethee come, you are as skittish, as if you were that same all over. She is as Nimble as a Squirrel, there's no catching her. [90  
(*She runs from him.*)

<SCENE III. *A Room in Thisbe's House.*>

*Enter Cuningham, Thisbe, and her Maid.*

*This.* Come, now we are alone, sing me the last New Song.

SONG

*Thyrsis unjustly you Complain,  
And tax my tender heart  
With want of pity for your pain, 5  
Or Sense of your desert.*

*By secret and Mysterious Springs,  
Alas! our Passions move;  
We Women are Fantastick things,  
That like before we love. 10*

*You may be handsome, and have Wit,  
Be secret and well-bred,  
The Person Love must to us fit,  
He only can succeed.*

*Some Dye, yet never are believ'd; 15  
Others we trust too soon,  
Helping our selves to be deceiv'd,  
And proud to be undone.*

*Cun.* Your humble Servant Madam: I left some

Friends of yours at the *Rose*; *Merryman* begun [20  
your health in a Bumper. I had much ado to get  
away; but your Commands——

*This.* No body here sent for you; and of all Men  
living, I least expected you.

*Cun.* When I received this pretty Billet [25  
Doux, my Heart went pit-a-pat; and knew 'twas  
your's before I open'd it.

*This.* 'Tis a false Heart, believe it not another  
time.

*Cun.* If it be false, it was you<r> Beauty [30  
first made it so.

*This.* Lightly come, lightly go; and if I lose it,  
to another.

*Cun.* No Madam, you Conquer like the King of  
*France*. Your Subjects for ever after are at rest. [35

*This.* You said as much to the Flame-colour'd  
Petticoat in New *Spring Garden*.

*Cun.* She has Spies upon me; 'tis a good sign!  
There was a Lady I must confess much of your hight,  
your shape and meen; at first I thought it was [40  
your self, and therefore I accosted her: And when  
I was entred into discourse, she ply'd me so fast with  
the Intrigues of the Town, I cou'd not handsomly  
get off.

*This.* I am not jealous of her: You need [45  
not take all this pains to clear your self. Was she  
of Quality?

*Cun.* Yes, sure: She knew me, and desired my  
Protection against some Bullies that were there.  
Your Note here speaks of Company that were [50  
to meet at Cards; but 'tis more obliging in you to  
be thus alone.

*This.* Thou incorrigible piece of Vanity! I  
neither sent for thee to Cards, nor any thing else.  
Let's see this Note: 'Tis a Scriv'ner's hand. [55

[*Reads it.*

*Cun.* I have heard yours commended, and am  
apt to hope——

III. ii. 58.

*This.* The most that ever I knew any man.

*Cun.* Those pretty Lips shou'd be corrected, for their pouting, and press'd with Kisses into [60 their former Figure.

*This.* You shou'd be corrected, and made know your distance.

*Cun.* I am sorry to find you in so ill a humour, but I'll swear, that time at *Spring Garden*, we [65 scarce spoke of any thing but your self: She as 'tis the manner of fine Women one of another, maliciously enough, but I, with all the tenderness and transport imaginable. I see *Merryman* coming; I will take some fitter time for an *Ecclaircissement*. [70

[*Exit.*

*This.* This Fellow has Vanity enough to extract Love out of an affront, and wou'd Kiss the pretty Foot that shou'd Kick him down Stairs: He thinks all this is meer jealousy.

*Enter Merryman.*

*Merry.* These are those that can come, come [75 without being sent for.

*This.* Or they shou'd not come at all for me.

*Merr.* We have drunk every Letter of your Name twice over; and spelt it with a double *E* at last.

*This.* 'Twas done like a discreet Guardian: [80 You are drunk then.

*Merr.* No; half a score Glasses do but whet Wit and sharpen Appetite: A Bottle is the Spring-Tide of Love, and dull Sobriety the Lowest Ebb.

*This.* I love to see things at the worst, that [85 I may know what to trust to.

*Merr.* You wou'd not be seen so your self: Don't you Ladies Dress, Patch and Curl, and Paint too, if there be occasion before you come abroad?

*This.* That's to please our selv's, and in [90 competition to one another.

*Merr.* And that competition is about us filthy Fellows(>) Was not *Cunningham* here?

*This.* He's just gone.

*Merr.* I sent him to you: We had a mind [95  
to drink a Bottle by our selv's, and cou'd not get rid  
of him, till I contriv'd a Letter in your Name for  
him. He shew'd it us like a vain Fool, immediatly.

*This.* He'll tell the whole Town: Pray undeceive  
him when you see him next; for all I cou'd say [100  
cou'd not do it.

*Merr.* Have you any *Mirabilis*?

*This.* I shou'd not see you so often if I had  
not.

*Merr.* We good Fellows have our Qualms, like  
Breeding Women. [105

*This.* And your great Bellies too, most of you:  
Which you go to lay at *Epsome*, and *Tunbridge* Waters.

*Merr.* When we are Marry'd I'll turn over a  
New Leaf.

*This.* Hold, 'tis not come to that yet; you [110  
are the envy of your Club: Four Hundred  
Pounds a Year and neither Wife nor Child, and  
spend it all in Drink.

*Merr.* I am very conjugally given: I love of late  
to drink hand to hand with an old Friend; have [115  
left off supping, and go to Bed at Ten.

*This.* These are signs of a Body far spent in the  
Service.

*Merr.* I will leave off drinking, Eat much, and  
get Children innumerable. [120

*This.* Not till you have been Flux'd: You are  
an old sinner, and I dare not venture upon you.

*Merr.* I am as sound as a Bell, Fat, Plump, and  
Juicy, and have drunk my Gallon a day these seven  
Years. [125

*This.* However, 'twill mend your shape. —

*Merr.* I have been told, I am as true a shap'd  
Drunkard as heart can wish; Great Belly, double  
Chin, thick Legs: You wou'd not have a Pad look  
like a Racer? [130

III. II 131.

*This.* No; but I wou'd have you thought to get your Children, if I Marry you.

*Merr.* I'll Cut any Man's Throat that says the contrary.

*This.* But they will whisper and make [135 Libels: Your great Belly will be a continual jest upon mine.

*Mer.* I will Drink Raking Rhenish, Eat Butter'd Wheat, Sweat in the Bagnio, and do any reasonable thing, to render my Person Gracious. [140

*This.* Every Jocky will do as much, to win a Tankard; but I must have no Morning Draughts, no Qualms that keep off Dinner till three a Clock, no Tun-belly'd Rogues, that fright Chair-men from the house, no Noisie Fools to disturb the whole [145 Street with Loyal Catches, and senseless Huzzah's.

*Merr.* I have some Provisoos to offer too, in order to our future Peace and Quiet: I will have none of your Gaming Ladies to keep you up at Cards till I am ready to go out in the Morning, so that [150 we have scarce time for the great end of Matrimony. No meetings at the China-houses; where under pretence of Raising for a piece of Plate, or so, you get acquainted with all the Young Fellows in Town; three such accidental meetings go to visit, and [155 three visits to something that shall be Nameless. No *Epsome* nor *Tunbridge* Waters, where Ladies and Gentlemen walk and prate up acquaintance, as fast as if it were in a Tavern.

*This.* You must either get me with Child [160 the first Year, or give me leave to use the Lawful Means: I hope I may visit *Bellamira*.

*Merr.* She is not so handsome as she was, and begins to look something procurish; she is more dangerous than any Man; one Setter destroys [165 more Patridge than ten Hawks, when you take me for better for worse, you must forsake her and all her Works.

*This.* When you take me for Rich or for Poor,  
you shall either leave your Drink or your [170  
Jealousie. I will not be troubled with an *Italian* and  
a *Dutch* Man, bound up in one Greasie Volume.

*Merr.* 'Tis a mad Age, a Man is Laught at for  
being a Cuckold, and wonder'd at if he take any  
Care to prevent it; well, I will leave all to thy [175  
discretion; and as thou hast been careful of thy  
own Credit hitherto, hope thou wilt be as tender of  
mine when I am thy Husband.

*This.* That's all you have to trust too: Now to  
shew you I will not be out-done in Generosity, [180  
you shall Dine in the City, and get Drunk among your  
old Companions sometimes; but I will have no Women  
brought into the Company, on any pretence whatever.

*Merr.* My Land-lady, an Oyster-Wench, or so.

*This.* Not if she be under Fifty; you may [185  
be drunk at home: I will Dine with you, to keep off  
Beer Glasses while you Eat.

*Merr.* Content: I have a beastly Bumper at my  
Meals; we will have two Beds, for I will not come  
home drunk and get Girls, without I knew [190  
where to get Portions for 'um; in this Age they  
sowre and grow stale upon their Parents hands.  
*Lucrece's* will scarce off, but to Forraigners.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A young Gentleman in the Street hard by,  
says he must speak with you immediately. [195

*This.* 'Tis One of your drunken Companions;  
you had best go to him, we shall have him come  
hither else.

*Merr.* I wou'd Kick the best Friend in Christen-  
dom down Stairs, shou'd he offer it. Adieu for [200  
a while.

[*Exeunt.*

<SCENE IV. *Outside Thisbe's House.*>

*Enter Bellamira in Man's Cloaths, to her Merryman.*

*Mer.* What's you business with me Sir?

*Bell.* If you will walk a little farther into the Square, I'll satisfie you, Sir. [*They walk a little farther.*] Now we are alone, the time and place convenient, I must tell you; you abus'd a person [5 of Quality last Night, forc'd open her Lodgings, beat her Servants, broke her Windows, and call'd her all the Names imaginable.

*Merr.* That may very well be; I went home drunk, and scour'd outrageously: But what of [10 that?

*Bell.* I am her Brother.

*Merr.* And come to swagger in her behalf?

*Bell.* I am come for satisfaction.

*Merr.* Her Name, Sir? [15

*Bell.* *Emilia.*

*Merr.* Her Lodging?

*Bell.* The Flower de Luce.

*Merr.* I always took it to be a Baudy-house<.)

*Bell.* It seems so; but I come to convince [20 you to the contrary.

*Merr.* Sir, I believe you: And if you will bring me to wait on her, I will ask her Pardon: I am as much asham'd of a rudness offer'd to a Person of Quality, when I am sober, as any Man living. [25

*Bell.* I thought what a Fellow I shou'd find.

*Merr.* My little Bully, will nothing serve you but Battle, Murder and sudden Death?

*Bell.* I came to fight Sir; not to hear you prate.

*Merr.* Then pluck out, that I may Tap thee [30 presently.

*They go to Fight, Bellamira pulls up her Peruke.*



*Bell.* Hold, hold *Merryman*; dost thou not know me yet?

*Merr.* *Bellamira* in disguise!

*Bell.* The same. [35]

*Merr.* Why this to me? Faith you shall never find me backward to Man or Woman.

*Bell.* No, thou art a brave Fellow, I have occasion for such a one, and (now I have try'd you, and see you dare fight) all's well<.> [40]

*Merr.* Am I to be your Ladyships Second?

*Bell.* An easier Business.

*Merr.* As how?

*Bell.* I have appointed *Dangerfield* to wait for me in the Walk neer *Kensington*, which I so much [45] delight in: Thus disguised I intend to Rob him, and have chosen thee for my Fellow-Adventurer. When we have frightened the roaring Fool sufficiently, we'll find some way to give him his Mony again.

*Merr.* We may be hang'd together very [50] lovingly in earnest, tho' we Rob in jest.

*Bell.* If he shou'd discover, which he never will, I can prevail with him not to Prosecute; Besides, the Lying Fool will swear for his Credit, we were at least a dozen; my Heart is set upon this [55] Frolick; don't deny me.

*Merr.* 'Tis admirable! 'twill be the best News for my friend *Keepwell*.

*Bell.* He shall know it in due time<.> I hate this *Dangerfield*, and now I have gotten *Isabella* out [60] of his hands, I care not if he were hang'd.

*Merr.* And shall we Cudgel his Buff Coat sufficiently?

*Bell.* 'Till it be as gentle as a Sheepskin.

*Merr.* Thou art a brave Wench, I Faith, I [65] will drink thy Health hereafter by the Name of the *Pretty Padder*. I will borrow a Vizor of some overgrown Baud, and about it instantly. But shall we Sup together in Town afterwards?

III. iv. 70.

*Bell.* Sure you'l not wrong Friend *Keepwell* [70  
so much ?

*Merr.* Not for a World, if I thought you wou'd not ; but, he is at a distance, the Temptation present, and not to be resisted by frail Man.

*Bell.* You were always an Enemy of mine ; [75  
and yet I know not how, I ever lik'd your blunt way ;  
and cou'd not hate you heartily for it.

*Merr.* If you will make a Convert of me, this is the time.

*Bell.* You shall then promise me drunk or [80  
sober, to speak well of me to *Keepwell*.

*Mer.* That's too hard, but, if I speak any ill of you, drunk : I will promise to deny it again when I am sober.

*Bell.* You shall never more tell him I will [85  
undo him, nor read him any discreet Lectures about my extravagance in Cloaths, Furniture, Equipage, Hours, or Company.

*Merr.* I never did sow dissention but with intent you shou'd make your benefit of it ; for I am [90  
told after every little Quarrel, he buys his peace with a Coach and Horses, a Country House, Pearl Neck-lace, or some such trifle.

*Bell.* He does so ; yet, but frequent Disputes may end in a Breach, and there are many fine [95  
Women that lie upon the Catch, to get him from me.

*Merr.* Fear him not, next to you he loves Money, and will never begin such another Expence in a new place. You have more Plate, than ten Christ'nings, more China, than many a Shop, more good [100  
Cloaths than the Play-house.

*Bell.* You had like to have undone me for all that, with your Stories ; but he told me all when I had him alone.

*Merr.* I don't doubt it ; I see advice is [105  
thrown away upon him, and I will trouble him with no more ; but be thy Servant to all intents and purposes.

[*Kisses her.*] Now the Peace is agreed on, we'll Sign and Seal anon.

*Bell.* You'll tell him one time or other when [110] you are drunk together.

*Merr.* He'll not believe me if I shou'd. Well I am a Rogue to betray my Friend thus; but, who wou'd not be taken off with such a Bribe? Besides, in matter of Women, we are all in the State [115] of Nature, every man's hand against every man. Whatever we pretend. [*Exeunt.*]

<SCENE V. *A Street.*>

*Enter Eustace.*

*Eust.* I wonder what's become of *Lionel*; he has not appear'd this day or two. I will go to *Bellamira's* and know where she Sups that I may meet her, and know the end of her affair with me. Who's this walks this way? He is transported, and talks to himself. [5]

*Enter Lionel.*

*Lion.* If a man car'd to be alone he shou'd be troubled with forty Coxcombs, and ten times as many impertinent Questions: But now I am ready to burst with Joy, and Secrets, I can meet no Friend to vent myself to. [10]

*Eust.* This is *Lionel*, for all his disguise, I know him. How now, *Lionel*? What's the meaning of this habit? I never saw a man so overjoy'd: are you in your Wits?

*Lion.* Oh, my Friend! There is not a man [15] on Earth, to whom I would so gladly impart my secret Joy, or inward Grief as to thy self.

*Eust.* 'Tis the happiness of friendship that the one is improv'd, the other lessen'd, by our doing so: But what means all this? [20]

III v. 21.

*Lion.* I am impatient till you know; this is the happiest day of all my Life: And I cou'd be contented to die this Minute, least some succeeding Misfortunes shou'd defile this sincere Joy. You know *Bellamira*, my Brothers Mistress. [25

*Eust.* I have seen her twice or thrice.

*Lion.* There was this day a young Maid given her by *Dangerfield* my Brothers Rival, the finest Creature that ever my Eyes beheld; not above seventeen, a man flying for his Life wou'd stop [30 to gaze upon her.

*Eust.* I am not of your opinion, but what of her?

*Lion.* Seeing her in the Street, I fell in Love with her. By good fortune, we had an Eunuch, which my Brother had promis'd to *Bellamira*: [35 Nor was he yet deliver'd; *Merriman*, who undertook to carry him advis'd me, seeing me dying for this young Woman.

*Eust.* What did he advise you?

*Lion.* To change Cloaths with this Eunuch, [40 and be presented to *Bellamira*, in his stead.

*Eust.* What, for an Eunuch.

*Lion.* I have a pretty Voice, Smooth Chin.

*Eust.* What cou'd you propose to your self?

*Lion.* To see her, and be alone sometimes [45 with the Divine Creature: Do you count all that nothing? In short, I was presented to *Bellamira*, and received with great Joy, and without the least Suspicion, she left me at home, and recommended this beautiful Creature to my sole care. [50

*Eust.* 'Tis impossible.

*Lion.* She did it.

*Eust.* Most discreetly.

*Lion.* Most fortunately. I'll tell thee more, she commanded no Body shou'd come near her, but [55 my self; and that I shou'd not stirr from her, in the farthest part of the house. I Blush'd, look'd down, and modestly said it shou'd be done.

*Eust.* Oh Rogue! thy Discourse has Fingers in it.

*Lion.* *Bellamira* goes out to Supper, her [60  
Servants follow her, except some of the meanest sort:  
Presently they prepare a Bath for the fair Stranger;  
this beautiful Creature is call'd to go into the Bath.

*Eust.* What before you?

*Lion.* Yes, before an Eunuch sure. She [65  
goes in, returns, the Servants put her to Bed: I ask  
if they have any service for me: *Pisquil*, says one,  
(for so I was call'd) Take this Fan, and cool my  
Mistress with it, as she lies.

*Eust.* Oh, that I cou'd have seen thee with [70  
those gloating Eyes, Fanning a Naked Woman! an  
Asinego as thou art.

*Lion.* Presently all the Maids run, some one way,  
some another, as Servants do when their Masters  
are abroad; in the mean time this beautiful [75  
Creature falls asleep: I look about me, to see if all  
were fast, I Bar the Door,

*Eust.* What then?

*Lion.* What then, my *Eustace*? Can you ask and  
know me? Shou'd I have slipt so fair, so wish'd, [80  
so unexpected an Opportunity, I must have been that  
Eunuch that I seem'd.

*Eust.* You ravish'd her then? <?>

*Lion.* What else? I took her by Storm, having  
no leisure for a Siege: I found her the same [85  
Woman I fell in Love with in *Spain*.

*Eust.* She we so often talk'd of?

*Lion.* The same: and which is more, she re-  
membered me again: Never was Man so Happy!  
never was Accident so Fortunate! [90

*Eust.* Did she not Cry out?

*Lion.* There was no Body within hearing.

*Eust.* 'Twas something a harsh way.

*Lion.* No Woman ever heartily fell out with a  
Man about that Business, I'll try to soften her [95  
in my own Person!

III. v. 97

*Eust.* Won't you change your Cloaths?*Lion.* How shall I change 'em? Or whither shall I go? I dare not go home, for fear of my Brother: Then again, if my Father shou'd be come out [100 of the Country!*Eust.* Come to my house, out of the Street however.*Lion.* Agreed.[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I

< *A Walk in Kensington.* >

Dangerfield, and Smoothly.

*Dan.* 'Tis strange *Bellamira* appears not, we have been here a great while.*Smooth.* I wonder she mak's no more hast to her own happiness! the *Spanish* Ladies wou'd not have serv'd you so. [5*Dan.* Nay, I'll speak a bold word; *French*, *Spanish*, or *Italian*; I was ever the delight of Ladies, I was the Terror of Men.*Smooth.* Perhaps she has been overturn'd, broke a Wheel, or some such Accident: may be her [10 sneaking Lover's return'd.*Dan.* Who *Keepwell*? that fearful Hind, that ran out of Town at the News of my Arrival, least I shou'd Kick him to Jelly?*Smooth.* 'Tis almost Night, what if we shou'd [15 be Robb'd here?*Dan.* What if the Skie shou'd fall? or a Flock of Sheep root a marching Army? If all these Hedges were lin'd with Musqueteers I wou'd not yield.*Smooth.* <[*Aside*] If a Hog shou'd start out [20 and rustle, he wou'd run away. A Volley of Shot is

Musick to your great Heart; but what shall poor I do?

*Dan.* This Fellow is as Cowardly as I am Rash, and Advent'rous, Creep behind me, and be as [25 safe as in a Brazen Tower, I'll shew thee how I kill'd *Don Alonzo* in *Spain*.

*Smooth.* I dare not stand: You'll run such a Fellow as I through with a Scabbard on.

*Dan.* On my Honour, as I love danger, I [30 will not hurt thee. He ran furiously upon me.

*Smooth.* And did you look so terribly, as you do now?

*Dan.* Worse if possible.

*Smooth.* He was a brave Man then. [35

*Dan.* The bravest Fellow I ever had to do with: He had Kill'd Nine Men in Duel, made two and twenty Campagns, been in eight Sea-Fights and thirteen pitch'd Battles.

*Enter Merryman and Bellamira.*

*Merr.* Here he is Fencing with his Man. [40

*Smooth.* Thieves, Thieves! Murder! Look to your self.

*Bell.* Your Mony.

*Merr.* Deliver Sirrah.

*Dan.* Take it you Scoundrels, and thank [45 Heav'n I am not in an angry Mood.

*Merr.* Will a good Cudg[e] put you into it?

[*Lays him on.*

*Dan.* No: *Venus, Venus*, rules the day, I am all Peace and Love: My Vigour is design'd to other purposes than Fighting with Rascally Fellows. [50

*Merr.* We must have this Pearl out of your Ear.

*Dan.* 'Twas given me for my service at the Siege of *Dunkirk*, as a Mark of Honour.

*Bell.* Make hast, we shall be forc'd to Crop you else. [55

IV. 56

*Merr.* Let's remove 'em a little farther, and tie 'em Back to Back, and leave 'em. —

*Dan.* I'll have satisfaction for this Affront, you Rascals, I scorn the slow pac'd Revenge of Law, 'tis Blood I'll have. [60

*Merr.* That you may not forget, I will give you this farther Remembrance.

*Bell.* Come away with the Rascals.

*Dan.* Well, Stripling well, no more to be said.

[*Exeunt.*

<SCENE II. *A Street.*>

<Enter> *Thisbe* in the *Bailiffs* Hands.

1. *Bay.* I'll stay no longer sending up and down : Can you pay the Mony ?

*This.* In a short time I can.

2. *Bay.* Have you any Friend that will be bound with you ? [5

*This.* I have ; but I am so unfortunate, they are not within.

1. *Bay.* Come, come, away to Prison.

*This.* If you have the Hearts of Men, take Pitty on my Youth. This is all the Mony I owe in [10 the World, and I shall suddenly discharge it ; but if you disgrace me thus, I am undone for ever.

1. *Bay.* We are Officers, and must obey our Warrant. Come along.

*Enter Cuningham and Eustace.*

*Cun.* What's here *Thisbe* in the hands of [15 Bailiffs ! I will Kill two Birds with one Stone at once, I will shew my Courage, and my Love in rescuing my Mistress. Let's never suffer these Rascals to carry her off.

*Eust.* I will not Fight against the Law : A [20



Bailiff and a Hangman are as necessary as a Lord Chief Justice, in a Government.

*Cun.* I will draw and be Knock'd down, in her Quarrel by my self then.

*Eust.* Hold, hold: I will draw my Purse [25  
and rescue her a surer way.

*This.* Is there no way for my deliverance?

*Cun.* I'll Bail her.

1. *Bay.* We must have City Security; no *Covent Garden Bully*? [30

*Eust.* What's the Sum?

1. *Bay.* Two Hundred Pound. What do we stand talking with her? away.

*This.* Oh I am Miserable!

*Cun.* Hold, you shall have your choice of [35  
six Play Debts: Sir *Thomas Whiskin* owes me three hundred pound; will you take that for your Mony? or *Harry Hothead* shall be your Pay-master.

1. *Bay.* Nothing but our Mony down, or good Security. [40

*Eust.* Why, Then here's your Mony down you Rascals.

2. *Bay.* Now you say something. Much good may do you: She is very pretty, and as cheap as Neck-Beef. [45

*This.* This Redemption as I never can deserve, so I cannot too much acknowledge your surprising Generosity to a Stranger, known to you by nothing but distress.

*Eust.* Preserve your thanks till you find to [50  
whom they are due, I am but the Instrument of your deliverance, and was employ'd by a Servant of yours, who cou'd not come himself, for some reasons you shall know hereafter.

*This.* May I not know his Name? that I [55  
may return him his Mony at least.

*Eust.* He charg'd me to the contrary.

*Cun.* I cou'd almost forswear Play, since my ill

IV. II. 59.

Fortune has put me out of condition of doing this small Service, but I was ready with my Sword. [60

*This.* 'Tis much better as it is.

*Cun.* I did not throw one Main in two hours, I lost three sets at Back-Gammon, and a Tout at Trick-track, all ready Mony; the rude Fellows have frighted the Roses from your Cheeks. [65

*This.* This Rogue my Taylor that Arrested me, came but three days ago to know if I had any service to command him: There must be something farther in't.

*Cun.* Perhaps some envious Woman set him [70 on: there is as much malice among the Beauties as among Wits: Will you give me leave to wait on you home! there are rude Fellows abroad, and you may meet with some Affront.

*Eust.* Madam we will secure you from that. [75

*This.* Your Servant. [Exeunt.

<SCENE III. *A Room in Bellamira's House.*>

*Enter Keepwell and Silence.*

*Keep.* How does my dearest *Bellamira*? Does she not think I have mortified my self enough.

*Sil.* You may guess: She is gone out with *Dangerfield*.

*Keep.* I know it too well. [5

*Sil.* Oh this Villain, Viper, Satyr! where shall I find him? or how torment him when I have found him? we are all undone, Abus'd Cheated!

*Keep.* My heart misgives me strangely, and I have scarce Courage to ask what's the matter. [10 Here have been Scourers, breakers of Windows:

*Sil.* As soon as he had his will of her, to run away, and leave us thus! but if I light of him, I'll tear his Goatish Eyes out.

*Keep.* Here has been some disorder in my [15  
absence: who is't you threaten thus? whom do  
you speak of?

*Sil.* As if you did not know, and be hang'd with  
your pretious Gifts.

*Keep.* They are such your Mistress wou'd [20  
never let me rest till she had 'em: if she don't like  
'em, now, she may thank her self. But what's the  
matter?

*Sil.* The Eunuch you gave us made brave work!

*Keep.* Oh, is that all? not work for a Mid- [25  
wife, I am sure.

*Sil.* It may be in time. He has Ravish'd the  
young maid *Dangerfield* gave my Mistress.

*Keep.* 'Tis impossible: he is as innocent as the  
Child Unborn. [30

*Sil.* What he is I cann't tell; but by his works,  
he's no more an Eunuch than your self: the young  
Maid is all in Tears: We cannot get a Word from  
her: Pray Heaven she does herself no mischief.  
She casts down her Eyes, and sighs as if her [35  
heart wou'd break; 'The Rascal's no where to be  
found; 'tis well if he have not robb'd us at parting  
too.

*Keep.* I am strangely amaz'd! he knows no place  
in Town, no person, and has no where to go, but [40  
to my House.

*Sil.* Let's see if he be there. Our Maids have  
sworn every one to have a Limb of him.

*Keep.* I have heard these Eunuchs have been  
very amorous; but never heard of such a Prank; [45  
besides this was taken in an *Algerine*, an Eunuch after  
the *Turkish* manner.

*Sil.* He look'd so demurely, I thought Butter  
wou'd not have melted in his Mouth, I hope you will  
make sure work with him before you send him [50  
again. But see *Isabella* herself.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Keep.* I'll speak to her, and know the truth.

*Sil.* You had better step aside and observe her :  
you'll put her out of Countenance.

*Isa.* Torn from my Parents and my Country 55  
young ;

Then in a Foreign Land expos'd to Sale.  
After some few removes when but a Child,  
I to the hands of *Bellamira* fell,  
Then to rude *Dangerfield* by Fortunes spite 60  
Strangely betray'd ; and now again restor'd  
I know not how, nor why, nor on what score.  
Misfortune sure like mine <there> never was.  
In every Change and State I still preserv'd  
My Honor boldly by Contempt of Life, 65  
Vow'd the same hour should rob me of 'em both :  
The Resolution was so new, it check'd his Lust.  
But what do's it avail to keep from Thieves  
That Wealth we must anon to Pyrats lose ?  
No sooner here, but like an Eunuch, 70

A bold Lover com's and rifles me of all ;  
Vow'd to return, Marry and take me hence ;  
But Men are False, Women believing Fools :  
Yet this is he that Lov'd me when in *Spain*,  
And my poor heart first kindled at his Fire 75  
Till he returns I will not Cherish Life,  
Nor sleep nor nourishment shall prop this Frame :  
My Husband he will be or Murderer. [*Exit.*

*Keep.* Poor Lady ! she has dissolv'd my Eyes.  
Her Passion's great ; but I'll go home and kill [80  
*Pisquil* : thou shalt go and see the Execution.

*Sil.* We'll flay the Lustful Swine. [*Exeunt.*

<SCENE IV. *Knightsbridge.*>

*Enter Bellamira, Dangerfield, and Smoothly.*

*Bell.* My dear man of War! bouncing Bully! did'st thou not begin to despair of me?

*Dan.* When we were ty'd back to back and thrown into that Ditch, I began to think we must have lain in the Field all Night, as I have done, [5 for my part, half my life time.

*Bell.* You have not been robb'd I hope?

*Dan.* Yes, faith the Rogues surpriz'd us e're we cou'd get our Swords out.

*Bell.* Not of much? [10

*Dan.* Of a hundred Pieces, and some Medals, given me by Forraign Princes and States, for my good Service in the Wars.

*Bell.* I am the unhappiest woman in the World! and all this staying for me! how many were the [15 Rogues?

*Dan.* Half a Foot Company.

*Smoo.* Such as we us'd to Muster in *Flanders*.

*Bell.* How many is that <in> *English*?

*Dan.* A dozen Arm'd with Sword and Pistol. [20

*Smoo.* There were more of 'em not far off if need had been.

*Dan.* The Captain of 'em was such another fat fellow as *Merryman*: I shall know him again if I see him; and if I do, I make one entire bruise of [25 him. He laid on me most unmercifully.

*Bell.* Who unbound you?

*Dan.* An honest Country fellow, who came by, by accident.

*Bell.* I have been overthrown too by a [30 Gentlemans Coachman, who threw us in the dirt; and I was forc'd to go home to shift.

*Dan.* Know you the Livery? I will have satis-

IV. iv 34

faction, or make him turn away his sawcy Servant :  
I am rusty, for want of Fighting. [35

*Bell.* If I did I wou'd <not> tell you, you are so apt  
to thrust your self into Quarrels ; 'tis a sad thing to  
love a brave man, a Woman is ever in one fright or  
other : if they have the discretion not to be Principals,  
they must be Seconds in every idle business. [40

*Dan.* I never fail'd but once, of disarming my  
man.

*Smoo.* And then you had the Misfortune to run  
him clean through the heart.

*Dan.* I fled into *France* upon it. [45

*Bell.* What if I help you to your Money and  
Jewels again ?

*Dan.* I'll give you Fifty Pounds. Can you guess  
who robb'd us ?

*Bell.* No, but I'll take you at your word. [50  
Stop here at *Knightsbridge*, there is a Justice, swear  
your loss before him since you were robb'd between  
Sun and Sun, and the Country is oblig'd to make it  
good.

*Smoo.* Here's Fifty pounds well gotten. [55  
This is a Witty Wench, I am half in Love with her  
my self.

*Dan.* I had rather lose it all, then swear before  
one of those Children of the Gown.

*Bell.* Nay you shall do it : 'twill soon be [60  
over, and then we'll Sup in Town.

*Smoo.* Now must I forswear my self, or lose my  
Place : Let me see, that I may not be out : The  
Robbers were Twelve, the Mony lost, a Hundred  
Pieces, besides Medals and Rings to the value [65  
of as much more. [Exeunt.

<SCENE V. A Room in Keepwell's House.>

Enter Keepwell, Pisquil, Silence, Betty.

Keep. Come out you Rogue, you Rascal: will nothing go down with you, but, Maiden-heads?

Pisq. I beseech you, Sir.

Keep. How came you hither again? What's the meaning of these Cloaths? speak; if we [5 had stay'd never so little longer he had been gone, he was preparing for his journey, I see.

Betty. Where is he? That I may stick my Bodkin in him.

Keep. Don't you see him? [10

Betty. No if I did, I'd teach him to come with his edg'd Tooles amongst poor harmless Maids.

Sil. It might have been some of our Cases; and I pitty *Isabella* with all my heart: But are you sure you have him fast? [15

Keep. Why there he is, just before you.

Sil. What that poor Wretch? That swallow face was never within our doors. There's a Ravisher indeed!

Bett. Cou'd you think this was he that we [20 complain'd of?

Keep. I never had any other.

Sil. This fellow is no more to our *Pisquil*, than a Calf is to a Lion.

Bett. He you sent us had a sweet Face, [25 delicate Shape, quick Eye, and a promising Countenance.

Keep. Fine Feathers make fine Birds: You see him now in plain Cloaths, at his worst.

Sil. There's more in't then so: Ours was [30 young, handsome in his prime; this is a Wither'd, Worn-out, Weather-beaten, Weasil-fac'd Fellow.

Keep. I shall begin to think I don't know my

IV. v 35.

right hand from my left, if this be true. Come hither Sirrah, *Pisquil*, did not I give Fifty pound for [35 you ?

*Pisq.* You did, Sir.

*Bett.* Now let me ask him a question: Do you know our house.

*Pisq.* No, nor you neither. [40

*Sil.* Merryman brought us a young fellow of Nineteen that wou'd have known us all over and over, if he had stay'd.

*Keep.* How come you by these Cloaths? Why don't you answer me, you Rascal? [45

*Pisq.* One Mr. *Lionel* came.

*Keep.* What, my Brother?

*Pisq.* He said so.

*Keep.* When?

*Pisq.* To day. [50

*Keep.* With whom?

*Pisq.* With *Merryman* only.

*Keep.* Did you know he was my Brother?

*Pisq.* Mr. *Merryman* told me so: he gave me these Cloaths and took away mine; then they [55 went both together.

*Keep.* I am undone, *Bellamira* will never endure this affront, nor ever be perswaded but I was privy to it.

*Sil.* It may cost you a Weeks Banishment or [60 so; but what think you, am I sober? am I in my right Wits? . No, I ly'd! I was a Fool! the Eunuch was as Innocent as a Lamb. Poor *Isabella*! Is not she undone, ruin'd for ever.

*Keep.* No, he shall marry her and make her [65 an honest woman, will not that satisfie?

*Pisq.* Alas Sir I have nothing to satisfie a woman with neither by night nor by day, I am a poor despicable Eunuch. If I Marry your Worship must get my Children and keep 'em too. [70

*Sil.* My Mistress will never like that.



*Keep.* The Wench he Ravish'd is but a Servant Maid, or at most one that has no friends, I'll give 'em a Farm of twenty pound a year, and make up all that way: [75]

*Pisq.* I beseech you Sir Drown or Hang me out of the way, but name not Marriage to a wretch in my condition.

*Keep.* Sirrah I'll have it so. *Will nothing down with you but forbidden fruit? you have no Stomach* [80  
*to a Woman in a lawful way and behang'd.*

*Pisq.* I am your true, your very Eunuch *Pisquill* what pranks have been play'd in my name I know not; let any of these Maids examine me, alas! I am under no circumstances of Wedlock. [85]

*Betty.* Out upon him filthy Creature. I wou'd not touch him for a World.

*Sil.* I had rather handle a dead Corps; three such Fellows were enough to breed a Plague.

*Bett.* I'll take my Corporal Oath this is not [90  
he that was at our House.

*Sil.* I never saw two men in my life more unlike than this odious Fellow and our *Pisquill*.

*Keep.* I am resolv'd he shall Marry her though it cost me Forty pound a year; *Bellamira's* [95  
House must not be thus affronted.

*Sil.* Sir you mistake, *Isabella* is a Gentlewoman sits at Table with my Mistress, and wou'd not Marry such a fellow for all you are worth.

*Keep.* What shall we do then? [100]

*Sil.* Let's find out the true Ravisher, if he refuse to marry her, take the Law of him and Hang him.

*Keep.* Come hither *Pisquill*: Did *Lionel* put on thy Cloaths and leave thee his?

*Pisq.* By all that's good he did. [105]

*Keep.* And put on thine?

*Pisq.* Yes in the Room.

*Bett.* He came to us indeed in a strange fashion'd habit.

IV. v. 110

*Keep.* This *Lionel* is the most wicked, Impudent, and I the most unhappy of mankind! I have sent a Stone-horse among Mares. [110]

*Sil.* Now don't you think my Mistress has been finely serv'd by you and your lewd Brother?

*Keep.* I am undone if all this comes to *Bellamira's* Ear: she talk'd of a great Summ she hop'd to get by restoring this young Woman to her Friends: I am afraid 'tis I must pay it now; No man will own her, having been thus abus'd. Sirrah deny all again instantly. [115]

*Pisq.* Let me alone, Sir I'll set all right.

*Keep.* I'll get the truth out of thee, or I'll beat thee in a Mortar. When was my Brother here?

*Pisq.* Four days ago.

*Keep.* Never since? [125]

*Pisq.* No indeed Sir,

*Keep.* See what a Lying Rogue this is now! I have had him but two days, and he saies my Brother chang'd his Cloaths with him four dayes ago.

*Bett.* He said quite otherwise but now, and that it was this day. [130]

*Keep.* Damn him Rogue, he falters in his Evidence, and I wou'd not hang a Dog upon his Testimony; are not you a fine Rascal to lay this villany upon my Innocent Brother? [135]

*Pisq.* I do confess; pray Sir pardon me, I was afraid.

*Keep.* Get you out of my sight you lying Rogue.

*Sil.* He is a Lying Rogue now I dare swear.

*Betty.* He dares not stand to his first story: *Keepwell* has threatned him. [140]

*Sil.* This is all *Merryman's* contrivance; but if I be not even with him, may I dye a Maid. Well *Dangerfield* and my Mistress were at high words after Supper: She gave me her Gold and Jewels to carry home; a sure sign she'll not stay long behind. [145]

*Betty.* I'll go Home.

*Keep.* I'll go to *Merryman* and learn the bottom of this business, that I may know what to say to my offended *Bellamira*. [150]

<SCENE VI. *A Room in Merryman's House.*>

*Enter Merryman and Bellamira.*

*Merry.* I will turn Turk but I will avoid Wine hereafter, that Æternal Foe to better sport, Can my dear *Bellamira* forgive her poor entertainment.

*Bell.* Why not, as well as you do a weak Brother who can drink but his Bottle. You may sit up [5 till morning tho he leave you at Nine, the Application is easie.

*Merr.* I will leave my Mornings draught of Mum and Wormwood, and Breakfast hereafter upon new laid Eggs, Amber-greece and Gravy. [10]

*Bell.* Trouble not your self, I will Breakfast before I come to you, and Sup heartily before I go to bed.

*Merr.* This Paunch of mine shall down, I will no longer suffer my Virile virtue to be Eclips'd [15 by this Globe of Earth, Bisket my Meat, Fennel Water and Vinegar shall be my Drink this twelve Months.

*Bell.* Your Pennance is too severe, meerly for a sin of Omission, I like you the better for it: [20 Your honest nature wou'd not suffer you to wrong your friend too much, when it came to the point.

*Merr.* My honest over-grown body wou'd not keep pace with lewd Will; for which I am resolv'd to mortifie it, no more Bumpers, no Dinners [25 that last till Midnight, no City Feast, no Huzzahs.

*Bell.* You are in Love elsewhere, and keep your self for pretty Mistress *Thisbe*.

*Merr.* I never saw Play, but I was willing to throw away what I had about me. [30]

IV. vi. 31.

*Bell.* Well I must leave you, *Keepwell* I fear is in Town.

*Merr.* That word leave you, alwaies puts me into a Cold Sweat, and if a man were Cock'd and Prim'd, is enough to make a man miss Fire. Can't [35 you stay one Minute?

*Bell.* To what purpose, I have been here a great while, sure 'tis late, your Company stay for you, the Bottles are upon the Table by this time.

*Merr.* Wou'd you had never talk'd of going, [40 I am the worst at paying Mony upon a Pinch, can't you stay one quarter of an hour?

*Bell.* I have appointed business with *Eustace* and must be gone.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, *Keepwell* is coming up Stairs, I [45 told him you were asleep, he must needs speak with you.

*Merr.* Step in there, I'll send him away presently.

*Enter Keepwell, he gets a glimpse of Bellamira.*

*Keep.* *Merryman* with a Wench, nay then we are all Mortal. [50

*Merr.* 'Tis only a Wine Cooper's Daughter that has brought me some tast of *Pontack* out of her Father's Cellar.

*Keep.* <[Sings]> *Her Breasts of Delight, are two Bottles of White, and her Eyes are two Cups of* [55 *Canary.* I hope we shall have no more Lessons of Thrift, no pious Exhortations, no Lectures against Love: Why she has as good Cloaths as my *Bellamira*.

*Merr.* But I don't Pay for 'em as you do.

*Keep.* Prithee let me see her, I have trusted [60 thee with my *Bell.* a hundred times.

*Merr.* You won't like her and then I shall be laughed at, besides this is the first time, she is a young modest Sinner and I have given her my word.

*Keep.* What, art thou asham'd of her? [65

*Merr.* Nor proud of her neither, as you are of your Tyrant *Bellamira*.

*Keep.* Never speak against my *Bell*. she is the prittiest little pouting tempestuous Rogue sometimes, but 'tis soon over, and then she is so calm [70 again, the *Halcyon* might breed upon her Lips.

*Merr.* You are grown Poetical since you went into the Country.

*Keep.* Prithee let me see thy Punk, thy Cockatrice, thy Harlot. [75

*Merr.* Good words, you don't know who you speak of.

*Keep.* I'll set my foot against the door.

*Merr.* You won't be such a Brute. <[*Aside*]>  
*How shall we get rid of him?* [80

*Keep.* I am very Rampant.

*Merr.* I have that will take down your Courage. *Dangerfield* has sent me a Challenge for delivering your Eunuch and Black in his Presence.

*Keep.* Why didst thou do it in his Presence? [85

*Merr.* 'Tis past now, and you must be my Second.

*Keep.* Pox on't I did not mean rampant for Fighting, I meant for th'other business, I have no malice to any man living but am wond'rous loving.

*Merr.* We are to meet an hour hence, the [90 time is short, I cannot possibl<y> find another Friend; besides, 'tis partly your own quarrel.

*Keep.* Hang him he makes a Trade of Fighting, and kills men by the year.

*Merr.* We must try, what Mettle he is [95 made off.

*Keep.* Let me alone, I will bring you off with Honour, and without Fighting.

*Merr.* How so?

*Keep.* The Officer of the Guard is my [100 intimate Friend, I will acquaint him with the Quarrel and get us all secur'd; I have scap'd hitherto by his means, and yet have sent and receiv'd some

IV. vi. 104.

Challenges in my Life time; he saves more Blood-shed than all the Parsons in Town with their [105 Sermons against Duelling.

*Merr.* I have no great Lust for Fighting, if you can take it up handsomely, with all my heart, but you must about it instantly for the time is short.

*Keep.* I am gone, but be sure you stay at [110 home. [Exit.

*Merr.* I knew this was a sure way to be rid of him. <[To Bellamira]> *He is gone.*

<Re-e>nter Bellamira <from her hiding-place.>

*Bell.* And so must we, the Guard will be here presently else; You cou'd not help calling me [115 Tyrant to *Keepwell* tho you knew I was within hearing.

*Merr.* I must talk a little after the old rate, 'twill breed suspicion in him shou'd I change my Note all of a suddain, but I will drink him up every Night, and send him to thee so loving. [120

*Bell.* Drink him down rather, pray, let him alone as he is. [Exeunt.

<SCENE VII. *A Room in Bellamira's House.*>

*Enter Silence and Eustace.*

*Sil.* Oh, Sir, how is it between my Mistress and her Man of War?

*Eust.* Not so as it might be between thee and me, if thou wou'dst be rul'd.

*Sil.* I am rull'd by my Friends and Relations. [5

*Eust.* They'll undo thee *Silence*, if thou heark'nest to 'em: thou wilt spend thy Youth in Service, and in thy Age be eaten up with Children.

*Sil.* Better so than with the Pox: I had rather be a Coblers Wife, than the best Man's Whore [10 in the Land.

*Eust.* This is a wicked Principle, and has undone more young Women !

*Sil.* If I must be ruin'd, I'll be ruin'd in an honest way. [15

*Eust.* A Woman ruin'd in an honest way is the vilest, contemptiblest thing imaginable : give me a Woman ruin'd with a Coach and six Horses, a house in the *Mall*, fine Equipage ! and all this thou might'st be in a fair way to Compass. [20

*Sil.* But what of my Mistress and *Dangerfield* ?

*Eust.* They are all to pieces.

*Sil.* About what ?

*Eust.* About a young Maid *Dangerfield* gave her : nothing will serve but he'll have her again. [25

*Sil.* She will never meet with such a Loyal, Obedient Lover, as *Keepwell*.

*Eust.* He is the Top Cully of the Town. But here she comes her self.

*Enter Bellamira.*

*Bell.* I believe he'll come to take her away [30 by force ; but let him offer to touch her with a Finger, I'll pluck his Eyes out. I can bear with his importunences and big words, while they are but words ; but if he offer violence, I know what he is at the bottom, and can find those that can Cudgel him. [35

*Eust.* I have expected you a good while here.

*Bell.* Do you know that *Dangerfield*'s last Quarrel and mine was a Concern of yours ?

*Eust.* He was not Jealous of me ?

*Bell.* No : but while I endeavour'd to restore [40 your lost Sister, to you, as I think in Conscience I ought ; I suffer'd what you see, and more from him.

*Eust.* You have several times talk'd to me of a Sister of mine, lost from our house in *Devonshire* ; but I always look't upon it as a meer Wheadle. [45

*Bell.* One that has an ill name, is half hang'd :

IV. vii 47.

but, I assure you, I was in earnest, as I shall make appear to you by infallible Circumstances.

*Eust.* I lost indeed a Sister, about twelve years since, but where she is, Heaven only knows. [50

*Bell.* Yes I know she is at home.

*Eust.* What at your house?

*Bell.* Yes at my house: my Mother bred her, as if she had been her own, you need not be ashamed to own her. [55

*Eust.* <[*Aside*]> She bred her up from a Child! I like that well: then this is not she that *Dangerfield* gave her yesterday, and that *Lionel* Ravish'd.

*Bell.* I doubt not of your Gratitude, when you see her: She's a delicate Creature. [60

*Eust.* How old is She?

*Bell.* Seventeen.

*Eust.* The very Age that *Lionel* mention'd: I am undone again! She had my Father's Picture on, when she was lost. [65

*Bell.* She has it still and kisses it a hundred times a day.

*Eust.* A bite by a Monkey upon her left arm.

*Bell.* She has so. If I shew her you with these Tokens will you not thank me, and own her? [70

*Eust.* Yes, if you have not taught her your own Trade.

*Bell.* By my Life, she is as innocent, as when you lost her first, we ever kept a strict hand over her. By good fortune *Keepwell* gave me a fine Eunuch, [75 to his care I have intrusted her and charg'd him not to stir from her.

*Eust.* <[*Aside*.]> Hell, and Damnation! The Eunuch was *Lionel*. I have heard as much, Madam.

*Bell.* Who cou'd tell you? [80

*Eust.* I know not: I heard in the Town, you had an Eunuch.

*Bell.* Now let's have a care we don't both lose



her, for this is she that *Dangerfield* gave and threatens to take away again. [85

*Eust.* It is too apparent, no sooner found, but lost, my *Isabella*: Lost, to thy Fame thy Family for ever.

*Bell.* You seem disorder'd: are you well?

*Eust.* A little surpris'd, at the unexpected [90 discovery of my dear Sister. But why did you not tell me this sooner?

*Bell.* I had her of *Dangerfield* but yesterday.

*Eust.* Did you not tell me you were bred up together? [95

*Bell.* Yes, but how we first met, how we parted, how *Dangerfield* got her, I will tell you at more leisure, he threatens to take her away by force; you are not afraid of him?

*Eust.* Of no man less. I have a sudden [100 Qualm come over me; I have drunk too much Wine.

*Bell.* Come in I'll give you some *Mirabils*.

[*Exeunt*.

<SCENE VIII. Outside *Bellamira's House*.>

*Enter Dangerfield, Smoothly, Bullies, and Link Boyes.*

*Dan.* I'll teach her to provoke a man of Honour, *Culverin*, *Wildfire*, and *Hackum*, follow your Leader: First I'll pull the house about their Ears.

*Smoo.* Spoken like your self.

*Dan.* I'll slit her Nose, then give her the [5 Trant'vne.

*Smoo.* It will be a brave revenge, and make you Terrible through the World.

*Dan.* Advance *Culverin*, with the *Link-boys*: *Hackum* command thou the right Wing; and [10 thou *Wildfire* the left.

IV. VIII. 12

*Boyes.* Here, here, here.*Dan.* I my self will bring up the Rear, give the Sign for the on-set, and be ready to assist you with my Conduct, if need be. [15*Smoo.* What a Jewel is experience in a General!*Dan.* I learnt this of *Monteculi*.*Eust.* What bustle is that about the door?*Sil.* Oh Mistress the House is beset: we are all undone. [20*Eust.* Not with Thieves, I hope.*Bell.* No, 'tis *Dangerfield*; fear him not, he dares do nothing: A meer blustering Coward.*Hack.* Shall we break the Windows?*Dang.* Not yet my valiant Friends; I see [25  
*Bellamira* at her Belcony: I'll proffer Peace; and that refus'd, make War.*Smoo.* O, the difference between Man and Man! I never hear this Master of mine speak, but am the wiser for it. [30*Dan.* Answer me thou Punk, thou Cockatrice, thou Man-Leech, that suck'st their Marrow, and their Mony: When I gave thee *Isabella*, didst not thou promise me two days entirely to my self.*Bell.* Why you over-grown Booby, gelt [35  
with muddy Ale, Brandy, and Tobacco; you had 'em and cou'd make no use of 'em.*Dan.* Next did not you bring your Stallion there under my Roof, talk with him in private, and after steal away to him? [40*Bell.* I had some business with him, and found you had none with me, but drinking and making my head-ake.*Smoo.* Oh, Impudence! this to you, that are such a *Hercules* in Love, and War. [45*Dan.* Restore me *Isabella* or I'll force her from you.*Eust.* She restore her! Or you touch her! I shou'd laugh at that,

*Dan.* Are you her *Hector*? I shall spoil your [50  
Mirth with a Brick-bat. Come down; I'll fight  
thee hand to hand in the head of my Army.

*Smoo.* No wise General will forsake his advantages,  
you shan't expose your self so rashly.

*Dan.* Peace you Fool: if he comes, we'l [55  
seize him; then offer him in exchange of Prisoners,  
for *Isabella*. There's a stratagem: he shall find I  
am a Souldier.

*Smoo.* The greatest I ever read of.

*Eust.* I will not venture my self among your [60  
Hell-hounds, but I shall find a time.

*Dan.* You will not deliver *Isabella* then, by fair  
means?

*Eust.* Nor by foul neither: She is my Sister, too  
good to be thy Wife, and shall be no Man's [65  
Servant.

*Dan.* I bought her young of her Friends, in  
*Spain*.

*Eust.* They had no right to Sell her; she is a  
freeborn *English* Woman, and I will defend [70  
her with my life.

*Smoo.* You speak like an honest Gentleman:  
*Bellamira* has cheated my Master. Do not make  
your self a Party, and consequently this great Man  
your Enemy. [75

*Eust.* Perswade that Calf he is a Lion if thou  
canst; I scorn both him, and thee.

*Dan.* Then 'tis no time to talk, salute 'em with a  
Volley.

*Enter Merryman and Cuningham.*

*Cun.* Let's give *Bellamira* a Serenade, as we [80  
go by, for old acquaintance sake: she'l take it kindly.

*Merr.* *Dangerfield's* there: we'l break the  
Windows, call him Rogue and Rascal, and so go on  
with our Musick to *Thisbe*.

*Cun.* I hate these rude Frolicks. [85

*Merr.* The house is beset: What's here, Scourers? Brick-bats mounting, and Pispots descending?

*Cun.* We'll scour 'em for a Company of uncivil Fellows, thus to disturb Lovers at their innocent Recreations. [90

*Merr.* Strike up, we have no Drums and Trumpets, but we'll swinge 'em by way of Lute and Violin.

*L. Boys.* Fall on: this is our old Master *Merryman*; we use to light him home drunk three or [94 four times a week. [*The Link Boyes revolt.*

*Dan.* If our Soldiers revolt, shift every man for himself: This did *Pompey*, when over power'd by *Julius Cæsar*, at *Pharsalia*. [Ex. Omnes.

## ACT V. SCENE I

<Outside Bellamira's House.>

Merryman, Cuningham.

*Cun.* This drinking does so muddle one's complexion and take of one's mettle, a man the next day is but the wrong side of himself. I was so doz'd I was an hour about a Billet dou<x>.

*Merr.* We shou'd look gratefully back upon [5 the past pleasure and not peevishly repine at the present suffering. What think you of a hair of the same Dog?

*Cun.* That saying has kill'd many an honest fellow, but do you remember we were at [10 *Thisbe's*?

*Merr.* Yes, and were let in; but have forgotten most of the rest.

*Cun.* You are a precious Guardian! You must e'en Marry her your self, you will make her [15 fit for no body else, with your disorderly Frolicks.

*Merr.* <[*Aside.*]> That's it I wou'd be at. But what said she ?

*Cun.* She told me, she wond' red to see me in that disorder ; squeez'd me by the hand, and bad [20 me take more care of my health hereafter.

*Merr.* Now I remember me, she said you look'd lamentably ; and that, had you come alone at that time of the night, she shou'd have taken you for a Ghost ; that you smelt as if you had been buri'd [25 a Fortnight.

*Cun.* She may say her Pleasure ; but there are as fine Women as she of another mind : I knew when she had no better a Complexion than my self.

*Merr.* When was that ? Had she ever the [30 Green-sickness or the Yellow Jaundies ?

*Cun.* No, before she bought her Paint of the *Italian*. I look like a Ghost ! Why, I am the same man I was twenty Years ago ; as vigorous, as Amorous, and I think as taking amongst Men and Women. [35 I had three Maiden-heads brought me last Week by their Parents : I will leap the half Almond with you.

*Merr.* Thou ma'st well be active, thou hast no more flesh upon thy back, than a Flea, and thy Bones have as much Quick-silver in 'em, as ten Bales [40 of false Dice : They will scarce lie still when thou art dead.

*Cun.* Thou art *Picqu'd* at *Thisbe's* concern for me : Well thou art an honest Fellow ; we will not dispute about her, tho we Rally one another now and [45 then. I have ten as fine Women as she upon my hands at this time ; she was but my *Pisallee* : What will you say when you see me Marry'd to one of the best Fortunes about the Town ?

*Merr.* I shall not wonder ; Women have [50 another Green-sickness in their Souls, that sways 'em to the Trash of Mankind : but here comes *Keepwell*, his time of Banishment is expir'd, as filthily fine as hands can make him.

*Enter Keepwell.*

*Keep.* Sure Jealousie is the greatest Torment in the World, I have had the dismallest Dreams ! Methought I saw *Dangerfield* Rampant, and *Bellamira* Couchant all Night long.

*Merr.* You consented, and can reasonably complain of none but your self. [60

*Keep.* I consented she shou'd make a Fool of him, and Cozen him of *Isabella*, but no farther.

*Merr.* I saw her at *Knightsbridge* Garden with him ; so fine, methought they were the happiest Couple ! [65

*Keep.* Pox on their happiness.

*Merr.* It may end in that indeed, they say *Dangerfield* is not very sound.

*Cun.* Women like wanton Whelps, fawn ever on the next that comes in their way, but, when [70 they see an old acquaintance, they run to him for all that ; never be discourag'd.

*Keep.* At once I hate her, and I love her too ; The Chief thing I beg'd of her was, that she wou'd not be seen in publique with this *Dangerfield* : [75 she has no mercy on my Reputation.

*Merr.* No more than on your Fortune : be wise and take this occasion.

*Cun.* All this makes for you *Merryman* : there is no such Soaker as a Lover in affliction. [80

*Merr.* I had as live drink with a Gib'd Cat : they are alwaies Mewing and Wauling about her Inconstancy, Cruelty, or one silly thing or other.

*Cun.* *Dangerfield* has a sweet Calech.

*Merr.* There is no talk of any man now but [85 him ; the Bravest, the most Generous, the most accomplish'd Gentleman !

*Cun.* You will make *Keepwell* hang himself.

*Keep.* I'll fight him, my Courage is wound up, and I will strike him to the heart. [90

*Merr.* You'l have an ill time on't; he kills an Humble Bee flying with a single Bullet, rides three manag'd Horses every morning, Fences two hours after, and stinks of Gun Powder like the fifth of November. [95]

*Keep.* Then let him be hang'd, I'll have nothing to do with him.

*Merr.* 'Tis she is to blame, and not he: If a man Robs my Orchard, I shall blame my Gardiner more than the Thief. [100]

*Keep.* He has done but what the best Lord in the Land wou'd be proud to do: but I will mawl her, break her China, take down her Hangings, leave her no Plate but the poor Thimble she began the World with. [105]

*Merr.* Spoken like a man of Mettle! and shall we Sup together, and drink till daylight, as we were wont?

*Cun.* Thou art one of *Keepwell's* evil Counsellors; and if ever he and *Bellamira* piece again, I shall [110] see thee banish'd his presence for ever.

*Keep.* I will never be sober again, scarce cleanly, take Tobacco and lie in a Bawdy-house.

*Cun.* *Merryman* will Compound for Less.

*Merr.* Half drunk every night, and stark [115] drunk once a week, is very fair.

*Keep.* I'll Rout her Instantly.

*Cun.* She has a great many Rich Cloaths, let her wear out her Livery at least in your Service.

*Keep.* That's well thought, let her wear out [120] her Cloaths at least in my Service as he says.

*Merr.* You have almost worn out your self in her's: you look worse than he, that begun twenty years before you.

*Cun.* Every man's Constitution will not [125] run out into Fat, 'tis the Commendation of a Capon: a good Cock is alwaies lean as I am.

*Merr.* A good Coxcomb alwaies thinks well of himself; why thou lean Rascal Deer, thou visible

V. i. 130.

Pox, thou Common shore of Physick, Reproach [130  
of Doctors, and Ruine of Apothecari's, who Flux'st  
away thy Flesh as often as the Adder casts his Skin,  
and art full as venomous.

*Cun.* I am sure you look like a full Moon or a  
Fat Bawd swell'd with the Tooth Ach. [135

*Merr.* When I walk the Streets, men say there  
goes an honest well natur'd Fat Fellow to drink a  
bottle with, and a good Husband I warrant him.

*Cun.* A good Cuckold perhaps: but, the Ladies  
cry foh, there goes a greasie Sot, a Chandlers [140  
Shop in the shape of a man, a meer Lump, a Spunge  
full of Terse: whose mouth stinks worse than the  
Bung-hole of a Barrel, a Load of manifest impotency,  
Guts and Garbage for the Bear-Garden.

*Merr.* Thou meer stake to hang Cloaths [145  
upon, thou Scarrow, thou piece of Shrivil'd Parch-  
ment, thou walking Skelleton that may'st be read  
upon alive, can'st thou think any Woman so sharp  
set as to pick thy rotten Bones, which are but the  
leaving of Pox, Mercury and Consumption? [150

*Keep.* Nay good Gentlemen, no heat, let us debate  
this matter calmly; will this Quarrel about Fat and  
Lean never have an end?

*Cun.* 'Tis as irreconsilable as that of the Flesh  
and Spirit; *Merryman* will never let it rest: I [155  
am alwaies on the defensive part.

*Keep.* You never consider your poor Friend,  
toss'd as I am between the Billows of Love and  
Jealousie.

*Merr.* Well now I have Tormented you [160  
sufficiently, it goes against my honest nature to con-  
ceal your happiness from you any longer, *Dangerfield*  
is an ugly niggardly Rogue, and *Bellamira*—

*Keep.* Was she never abroad with him in Publick.

*Merr.* Nor in Private neither, but once [165  
and they fell out; well she loves you most intirely,  
I cou'd never have thought it.

*Cun.* She was all in Tears by that time you were



on Horse-back: I had the most ado to Comfort her, and, yet I said a great many pretty things to [170 her; and never look'd better in my Life.

*Merr.* I sat with her two hours and our whole discourse was of you, how much she was oblig'd to you, and what a dear man you were.

*Keep.* I ever told you *Merryman*, you were [175 too hard of belief and that there was such a thing as true Love, and Constancy too.

*Merr.* I confess my error and shall hereafter think you can never do too much for her. I will drink her health in a Bumper as long as I live, for her [180 fidelity to my Friend, and in his absence too.

*Gun.* If ever you leave her she'll make her self away, that's certain, I have heard her say so a hundred times.

*Keep.* Nay, I always thought so, and durst [185 never Chide, nor deny any thing; she has such a spirit.

*Enter Silence.*

*Merr.* But here comes *Silence*, who will tell you more.

*Sil.* My Mistress wonders you can be so [190 long in Town and not see her.

*Merr.* What, as a whole hour?

*Sil.* You wou'd not have been so long out of a Tavern.

*Keep.* I hear she is taken up with *Dangerfield*. [195

*Sil.* He's a Calf, a Blockhead, and she scorns him.

*Keep.* Do you hear this, *Merryman*? He's a Calf, a Blockhead, and she scorns him.

*Merr.* Did not I tell you as much: and [200 you know I was of another mind?

*Sil.* My Mistress and *Dangerfield*, are quite fall'n out: he gave her the pretty Maid she told you of, and came last night with some drunken Bullies, to take her away by force. [205

V. 1 206.

*Cun.* I am a witness of that: *Merryman* and I drove him away, and rais'd the Siege.

*Sil.* My Mistress will refer all to *Merryman*.

*Cun.* <[*Aside.*]> Now they are in discourse, I will steal away to Mrs. *Thisbe*, and make my excuse [210 for last night's disturbance. *[Exit.*

*Keep.* Come *Merryman*, let's see what *Bellamira* can say for her self. *[Ex. Keep. and Sil.*

*Merr.* I'll follow you instantly. We were fellow Robbers; I must keep fair with *Bellamira* or [215 she may get her own Pardon, Peach, and hang me besides I have receiv'd her fee, and am bound to plead her cause.

*Enter Lionel.*

*Lion.* I am the happiest man! Whom shall I praise first? Thee that laid'st the Design; [220 my self that executed it, or Fortune that gave it success?

*Merr.* You have succeeded then?

*Lion.* Beyond expectation.

*Merr.* It was a bold design. [225

*Lion.* And a fortunate one for me: I must have di'd, if I had not enjoy'd her.

*Merr.* I will not trouble your modesty for particulars, but why in this dress still? Do you intend to live and die in your new service? [230

*Lion.* I cou'd live and die with my new fellow Servant, I went to *Eustace's*, thinking to have shifted, but the house was full of Company.

*Merr.* Are you not afraid of being known?

*Lion.* No, I met *Cunningham* and twenty of [235 my acquaintance; they star'd at me alittle.

*Enter Eustace and Cunningham.*

*Eust.* Here he is, and *Merryman* with him, the vile contriver of *Isabella's* ruine. *Cunningham*, I must use your Sword.

*Cun.* 'Tis at the service of any Gentleman, [240

much more at yours that are my Friend. But against whom?

*Eust.* You see the man.

*Cun.* What my old acquaintance *Merryman*, and that young fellow? [245]

*Eust.* That young fellow is *Lionel*. When you hear it, you'll say my Quarrel's Just, the Injury not to be pardon'd.

*Lion.* My dearest *Eustace*! The Man of all the World I wish'd to meet. [250]

*Eust.* And *Lionel* the Man of all the World I am bound to Curse.

*Lion.* Some Villain has abus'd me to my Friend: I'll cut his Throat.

*Eust.* That Villain is your self. [255]

*Lion.* Villain! Death, I wou'd have shar'd my Fortune, my Reputation, my all, but *Isabella*, with that Man, and to be thus requited.

*Eust.* That Name has rous'd up my Revenge: Draw and prepare for thy defence. [260]

*Lion.* What means my Friend(?) is he become my Rival?

*Eust.* That shou'd not make this breach I'd turn the Boyish Passion out of doors, And fly to the embraces of my Friend. [265]

*Lion.* Am I reported to have wrong'd you in my discourse?

*Eust.* I'd Kick the Liar shou'd tell me so. O that I were so happy as to doubt! You have accus'd your self. [270]

*Lion.* Of what?

*Eust.* Of an injury so great, to me, and all our Family——

*Lion.* To you? Whose Injuries I count my own, and shou'd alike resent 'em. [275]

*Eust.* Revenge me then upon Lustful *Lionel*.

*Lion.* Sure you are mad, for what?

*Eust.* Why, for a Rape upon my Sister.

V. 1. 279

*Lion.* I know no Sister that you have.

*Eust.* That's our misfortune, that thou [280  
knew'st her not; far hadst thou wrong'd me with thy  
Will, I cou'd kill thee as men do *Wolves* and *Tigers*;  
but now must pay a cruel Sacrifice to Honour.

*Lion.* I understand you less and less.

*Eust.* Know then (for it is just I tell our [285  
Quarrel e'r we Fight) that *Isabella* was my Sister.

*Lion.* What the young Maid at *Bellamira's*! 'Tis impossible.

*Eust.* By certain Tokens and Circumstances, to  
me invincible, I know her so. [290

*Lion.* You amaze me!

*Merr.* *Lionel*, thou wert wrapt in thy Mother's  
Smock. Thy *Isabella*, whom thou lov'st of all the  
World is found the Sister of thy dearest friend.  
What then remains, but that you Marry her? [295

*Eust.* I know his Honour is too nice: nothing  
remains but that we Fight.

*Lion.* I love my *Isabella* above my Life  
And all the little niceties of Honor;  
And had rather call her mine than be Crown'd [300  
King of all the habitable World.

*Eust.* Then we are ti'd in stricter Bonds than  
ever. Oh my best *Lionel*!

*Lion.* Throw not away the Treasure of thy  
Love, [305  
Upon a Soil so Barren:—my Father—

*Eust.* I can easily satisfie all his scruples. She  
had five Thousand pounds left her by an Uncle:  
to which I'll add to make her worthy of my  
dearest Friend. [310

*Lion.* I know not how to speak, and yet I must.

*Eust.* Thou found'st her apt and easie to thy  
Lust: Ha,

*Lion.* By all that's good, I hold her Innocent,  
as violated Temples. [315

*Eust.* Wert not thou then a sacrilegious Villain?

*Lion.* It is confess'd.

*Merr.* Now you have confess'd, it is but doing Pennance in a pair of Matrimonial Sheets, and there's an end on't. [320

*Eust.* I was to blame, to trifle all this while. Draw.

*Cun.* I must have a thrust at thy fat Guts.

[*Fight.* *Merr. disarms Cunn. and parts the other.*

*Merr.* Now are thy Skin and Bones, at my Mercy.

*Eust.* This satisfies my Honour; but my Revenge must find some other time. [325

*Lion.* What if I were long since contracted to another, and to be disinherited if I went back.

*Eust.* You might have told me so<.> Yet what cou'd that have done?

*Lion.* Perhaps you wou'd not have believ'd [330 me, and it might have look'd like Fear, till we had Fought; but now take the sad truth, and if thou wilt the Life of *Lionel*: I have been sometime since contracted to *Theodosia*, the rich Gold-smith's Daughter. [335

*Cun.* If that be all, you are as free as you were born. You are all men of Honour, and I'll tell you a secret, I have this Morning privately Marri'd that pretty Creature.

*Lion.* It is impossible I shou'd be so happy. [340

*Cun.* She heard I know not how, that you ravish'd a young Maid, and were in Love elsewhere: I came in the lucky minute, and am now her Husband.

*Merr.* In the unlucky minute to her. How came she to think of thee? [345

*Cun.* She did not; her Maid that Governs her, was formerly a Servant to a Mistress of mine, has often tasted of my Bounty and some other civilities have past between us.

*Merr.* What cou'd she find to say for thee? [350

*Cun.* She told her Mistress, her Father was one of my Tenants, and that I had a thousand a year in *Northumberland*, to her knowledge.

V. 1. 354.

*Merr.* Thou art a luckie Fellow: the Women will venture Body and Soul to do thee Service [355 any way.

*Cun.* I had miss'd her for all that, but for a Hundred pound I gave a Nonconformist Parson for his good word. Cou'd I have thought the news of my Marriage with *Theodosia* wou'd have [360 pleas'd you, you shou'd have heard of it sooner.

*Lion.* Joy, such as thou giv'st me now, be ever with thee.

*Cun.* I was half afraid we must have had a Tilt.

*Lion.* Will you be my Advocate to your [365 offended Sister?

*Eust.* You need none, since your Designs are Honorable.

*Lion.* Let's embrace like Brothers: for the next Priest shall make us so. [370

*Enter Bellamira, Silence, Betty, and Keepwell.*

*Sil.* Madam, there's the Rogue that has made all this work.

*Bett.* I never lik'd him, he has a slie look; and a Hawks Eie with him.

*Sil.* 'Twas a mercy any of us scap'd. [375

*Bell.* Peace you Fools; he is a Gentleman, and may make her Reparation. We are undone ruin'd for ever! Your unfortunate Sister whom I undertook to restore you.

*Eust.* What of her? [380

*Bell.* She has been ravish'd, and by that Villain you embrace. But now I am asham'd to offer her thus stain'd and sulli'd; but 'twas no fault of mine.

*Lion.* Oh bring her instantly(>) the *Roman Lucrece*, was not more virtuous; nor an Estate [385 to one in Goal for Debt more welcome, than she to *Lionel*.

*Keep.* Think what you do; Marry a Servant, my Father will be in Town anon.

*Lion.* She is the Sister of my dearest [390

*Eustace.* And above me in Wealth, as in desert.  
He cannot but approve my Choice.

*Keep.* When you are Marri'd I'll take my pleasure  
like an *Italian* elder Brother, and now my dearest,  
*Bellamira*, we are safe for one seven years. [395]

*Lion.* My Father's appetite of Grand-Children  
I'll undertake to satisfy, if you'll pardon my making  
bold with your house.

*Bell.* I take it the best way, and charge it all on  
Love, whose power we most of us have felt. [400]  
You seem a worthy Gentleman.

*Lion.* A poor younger Brother of your Servant  
*Keepwell's*.

*Eust.* How came you to find us here ?

*Bell.* We heard that there were Swords [405]  
drawn ; but saw no such matter.

*Enter Dangerfield and Smoothly.*

*Smooth.* There she is ; but so hem'd in with  
friends and acquaintance, we had best let her alone.

*Dan.* She is a victorious Beauty, I will go and  
Surrender my self to her. [410]

*Smooth.* Let's make honourable Conditions.

*Dan.* I will yield to mercy, *Hercules* did so to  
*Omphale*.

*Smooth.* The Example's great.

*Keep.* What's that thing in Buff. [415]

*Bell.* 'Tis *Dangerfield* : I thought you had known  
him.

*Keep.* He looks like a Militia Captain upon a  
Training day.

*Merr.* You had best tell him so. [420]

*Keep.* My heart's too big ; I can't endure to speak  
to him.

*Dan.* Who is that next *Merryman* ?

*Smooth.* Your Rival *Keepwell*.

*Dan.* I can no more endure the sight of a [425]  
Rival than a fighting Cock can : Hold me, or I shall  
fly in his Face.

V. 1. 428.

*Bell.* What wou'd that fellow have ?*Dan.* Your Pardon, for my last night's rudeness ; and my *Isabella*, the pritty Maid I gave you, if [430 you please.*Eust.* Name her no more : I tell thee she is my Sister a free-born Subject of *England*.*Lion.* If thou dost but name her tho in thy sleep, I'll cut thy Throat : She is my Mistress. [435*Merr.* Speak to him, *Keepwell* : we'll bring you off.*Keep.* She is to be my Sister-in-law ; and I will flea thee, stuff thy Skin full of Straw, and Set thee in my Cherry-Garden, if thou depart not.*Dan.* I am utterly undone ; if I find not [440 some way into this Family : the less hope <1> see, the more I love this *Bellamira*.*Smooth.* What if I get you receiv'd among 'em, according to your desert ?*Dan.* Command me and mine for ever : [445 I'll give thee fifty Guineas hard Money in hand, and the Sword I twice sav'd the Nation with.*Smooth.* Retire a little, 'tis not fit you shou'd be by, at your own Commendations. I'll try what I can do ; you have been a good Master to me. [450  
[*Exit Dang.*] I hope all this good Company believes I follow'd this Fool my Master more for my own sake than his ?*Merr.* None but himself ever doubted it.*Smooth.* I have thought of it seriously, [455 and find you can't do better than to receive this Blunderbus, my Master, into your Family.*Keep.* What ? A Rival ! I will as soon receive a Roaring Lion.*Smooth.* Yes, such a one as he is : a Fool, [460 a Blockhead, a Coward, a Knave that ne'r paid.*Merr.* For his Cowardice I can answer : he stood to be robb'd, like a Cow to be Milk'd.*Bell.* He carri'd me to Supper, and drank himself fast asleep by me. [465



*Cun.* If he be such a one, what shou'd Ladies do with him?

*Smooth.* He loves Play: you may win his Mony, and he has abundance: if he refuse to Play, you may beat him till he will. [470

*Cun.* I have not heard of a more useful acquaintance, he must not be refus'd:

*Smooth.* You need not fear any Woman shou'd like him he has been impotent these seven years: when you are weary of him you may Kick him [475 out of doors.

*Eust.* He is a man of a thousand: let me intreat for him.

*Keep.* He shall be admitted, but if he do not prove this Fool, this Coward you speak of, you [480 had better be hang'd.

*Smooth.* My life for't. Now, Gentlemen, take me into your Protection, and then Eat, Drink upon, and Laugh at the Fool my Master.

*Merr.* He deserves it abundantly, for keep- [485 ing such a Rascal.

*Keep.* Call in *Dangerfield*, and let him know he is receiv'd without a Negative.

*Smooth.* Sir you may come in, the whole Company bids you welcome. [490

*Re-enter Dangerfield.*

*Keep.* Most welcome, noble *Dangerfield*!

*Cun.* I shall be proud of your farther acquaintance.

*Merr.* I shall be glad to drink a Gallon of Wine with you at the Rose, we will write you of our Club.

*Bell.* I never knew a Civiller person! I was [495 once abroad with him, and he did not offer me the least rudeness.

*Dan.* Gentlemen if any of you want a Second, I am at your service: And Ladies, if any man speaks ill of you, or Lampoon you, I'll cut his throat: [500 Thou hast charm'd 'em; I thought they wou'd have

V. 1 502.

torn me to pieces e'en now: There are Fifty Guineas I promis'd thee.

*Smooth.* I hope Sir, you'll find I have deserv'd 'em; they did not know your worth; but when I [505 inform'd 'em of your good Qualities and Parts, I foresaw they cou'd do no less.

*Dang.* Nay, I never came in any place in my life, but when I was well known I got the Love of Man, Woman, and Child. [510

*Bell.* Now you see what a fellow this *Dangerfield* was to be Jealous off.

*Keep.* Where there is no Jealousie, there is no Love.

*Bell.* I have had no other Proof of your [515 Love these two months.

*Keep.* Thou shalt have proofs of all kinds.

*Bell.* So you say alwaies.

*Keep.* I have been in the Country, and have brought wherewith to pay old Scores, and will [520 deal hereafter with ready Mony.

*Bell.* We must have a general Act of Oblivion, now you are one of us no heart burnings hereafter.

*Dan.* I declare I am in Charity with all the World, but that Fat Thief that laid on me so unmerci- [525 fully.

*Bell.* He must be comprehended too.

*Dan.* I cannot in Honour, unless you lay your positive commands.

*Bell.* You shall never question him at Law, [530 nor otherwise.

*Dan.* By these Hilt, I never will then.

*Merr.* Then here are the six Guineas you swore were a hundred, your false Rings, filthy Medals, Table book, and other Pocket-Lumber. [535

*Bell.* And *Merryman* and I were the whole Dozen of Robbers, you swore against.

*Eust.* What, my valiant Bully, you and your man robb'd by two; and one of 'em a Woman!

*Dan.* As I was going to draw, I heard a [540  
voice cry, hold, hold, thy dead doing hand; strike  
not: it is thy Mistress, *Dangerfield*.

*Eust.* You *Smoothly*, you heard this voice too?

*Smooth.* As perfectly as my Master, one might  
have heard it to *Knightsbridge*: besides there is [545  
something in a man of Honour that keeps him from  
striking a Lady.

*Enter Lionel with Isabella.*

*Lion.* Can you forgive your *Lionel*?  
He never will commit a second Fault.

*Merr.* Not of the same kind, I'll answer for [550  
him.

*Isa.* My heart was your's, when we first met in  
*Spain*.

You seiz'd the rest somewhat too rudely here:  
But I am your Wife, and now am all obedience. [555

*Eust.* How shall I thank Heaven, and *Bellamira*  
for her care of thee?

*Isa.* My former troubles vanish like a Dream,  
And <I> am wak'd to perfect happiness  
By that voice; Oh, my dearest Brother! [560

*Eust.* I shou'd have known her any where; she is  
as little alter'd, as 'tis possible.

*Bell.* Husband and Brother I must yield to them;  
but the third Joy is mine. My *Isabella* <, > was *Lionel*  
the man thou saw'st in *Spain*? And mad'st [565  
that pretty innocent discription of?

*Isa.* The same: I never lov'd another, and now  
I never shall.

*Lion.* How many accidents have met, to make  
this happy day! [570  
The least of which is half a Miracle.

*Merr.* Does not your mouth water, at these  
Amorous preparations?

*This.* Not at a greasie bit of a fat Drunkard. I  
am not ambitious of holding your head in a [575

V. 1. 576.

morning, or carrying you to *Hampsted*, to get you a stomach to a Drunken Supper.

*Merr.* Your proud heart will come down, when you have fasted from Man a year longer, and been arrested once or twice more. [580

*This.* I might have gone to Goal for all my worshipful Guardian.

*Merr.* Oh, vanity! vanity! What Knight-Errant, do you think wou'd lay down two Hundred pound for you. [585

*This.* *Eustace* knows best, he brought the Mony; but whoever he were that sent it, if he have but so much a year, I'll Marry him before any man in *England*.

*Merr.* What tho he love Wine, Women, [590 and Tobacco, and were as Fat as I am?

*This.* Yes, with all your faults, and as many more of his own.

*Eust.* Then take her *Merryman*, she is thine, by her Confession: 'Twas his Mony that did [595 satisfie the debt, and I was but employ'd by him.

*Lion.* We are all Witnesses; there is no going back.

*Cun.* She is proof against all Mankind, for I have Courted her these six Months, yet never [600 cou'd obtain the least indecent favour.

*This.* Since it must be so, I hope you'll prove as indulgent a Husband, as you were a Guardian.

*Merr.* My little charge, if thou had'st not taken pity on me I shou'd have kill'd my self with [605 Whoring and Drinking; but now I will beget Sons and Daughters till threescore.

*Cun.* Gentlemen your Company is so good, I had almost forgot I was Marry'd this Morning. *Lionel*, I hope we shall have no suit in the [610 Prerogative Court, tho I have Marry'd your Mistress.

*Lion.* Thou art my Redeemer, and hast broken that Knot I shou'd have been troubled to untie.

*Theodosia* was my Father's Choice (her Bags were contracted to his Acres). But *Isabella's* mine. [615

*Keep.* These Roguish Fidlers smell a Wedding already; since—— They are come Let's dance——

[*They Dance.*

*Keep.* My *Bell.* and I will lead a marri'd Life,  
Bating the odious Names of Man and Wife;  
In Chains of Love alone we will be ty'd, [620  
And every Night I'll use her like a Bride.

*Merr.* Wits, Whore-Masters, Gamesters, Drunkards, Bullies,  
We in our several wayes are all but Cullies. [624

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

## EPILOGUE

*Like a young Wench that cou'd not well forbear,*  
*And yet is loath her Lewdness shou'd appear.*  
*Our modest Poet wou'd have made away*  
*In private, this mere lump you see to day.*  
*We bid him lay the Bantling at our door* 5  
*And for th'event concern himself no more.*  
*Poets of late with humane Sacrifice*  
*Have feasted you like Heathen Deities.*  
*In every Play they serv'd you up a man*  
*Nay some at Parties and whole Factions ran ?* 10  
*After such fare, how flat must Terence taste ?*  
*Yet his plain Tales have had the luck to last.* }  
*While your fam'd Authors, in their life time wast.*  
*Ye all cry out the art of Writings lost*  
*Yet nicer Judgments in perfection boast.* 15  
*Strange Stars ; malignant to Poenck Strains*  
*Yet so productive of Judicious brains.*  
*What if you Judge, as ill as others Write ?*  
*And only loath for want of appetite ;*  
*No Jew into the Sanhedrim might come* 20  
*That had no Issue of his own at home.*  
*For barrenness supposes cruelty*  
*No Childless man, might others Children try.*  
*This wholesome Law wou'd save us from the spight*  
*Of all the furious Wits that cannot Write.* 25  
*And you that do, we shou'd not fear your doom*  
*If you'd Judge here but as you Judge at home ;*  
*Now Gallants most of you are so well bred*  
*French has long since chas'd Latin from your head* }  
*And Terence yo have forgot or never read.* 30  
*Faith spare 'um both, lest your chance medly Wit*  
*Miss the Translator and the Author hit.*

FINIS

## AN ESSAY ON ENTERTAINMENTS

*Marcus Varro*, in a Treatise written of the Number 1  
of Guests; the Disposition and Order of an elegant  
Supper; the Choice, Condition and Quality of such  
as are invited; begins with their Number, which, he  
says, ought not to be less than the Graces, nor greater 5  
than that of the Muses: in plain English, not less than  
three, nor more than nine.—They ought not to be  
many, that every Man may have his turn of speaking  
as well as hearing. A great Table is subject to Noise,  
and Disorder; a Number of Equals cannot easily be 10  
kept with in the Bounds of Decency and Respect one  
to another.—Four things are principally required in  
what he calls an elegant Supper.—The Guests must  
be Men of some Quality, well bred, and not ill drest.—  
The Place must be well chosen; retir'd from publick 15  
View, and the common Disturbances of Passengers and  
Business; where they may hear no Noise, but what  
they make.—The Time convenient, not too late, nor  
too early; for an early Supper comes too fast upon a  
late Dinner; and a late Supper takes too much of the 20  
Night from our natural Rest; and consequently too  
much of the next Day from Business.—The Linnen,  
the Room, the Servants, and what we now call the  
*Bufett*, rather clean and neat, than pompous or magnifi-  
cent: the Supper such as some of the invited may give 25  
in their turn without hurting themselves.—Not all  
great talkers, nor too silent; but ingenious Men,  
knowing when to speak, and when to hear; rather  
facetious, witty and agreeable, than contentious,  
rhetorical, or eloquent: Eloquence is proper in a 30  
great Assembly or Senate; Contention for the Bar or

Courts of Justice ; but in a private Company a shorter Way of Expression, and a quicker Turn of Wit is more acceptable.—The Guests shou'd not be all old, nor all young Men : for old Men talk of nothing but what 35 was done twenty Years ago ; and young Fellows of nothing but the Amours, the Disorders, and Debauches of last Week ; the Old ought to put on as much Youth as they can on such Occasions ; and the Young a temporary Gravity, that the two Extreame may meet in 40 a third Point.—Stories ought to be sparingly ventur'd upon, for they impose too long a Silence on the rest of the Company, and may offend three Ways, either by being tedious, common, or unpleasant.—The Conversation shou'd not role or dwell upon State- 45 affairs, private Business, or Matters of Interest, which Men are apt to dispute with more Heat, Concern, and Animosity, than is consistent with the good Humour and Mirth principally intended at such Meetings ; in which we shou'd rather talk of pleasant, chearful and 50 delightful Subjects, such as Beauty, Painting, Musick, Poetry, the Writers of the past and present Age ; whereby we may at once improve and refresh our Wits ; not wrack and torture them with knotty, rugged and contradictory Disputes, occasion'd often by an 55 Affectation of Superiority, which is the worst Effect, and greatest Proof of Self-conceit.—Such Men think themselves in the right ; because others will not give themselves the vain trouble of telling them they are in the wrong, which is oftner a Tribute paid by modest 60 Men to their invincible Obstinacy, than an Acknowledgment of their superiour Judgment.—Every Man ought to be left to his liberty in point of Wine, as well as Meat ; for amongst Men, as well as Horses, some 65 want the Curb, and some the Spur.





**APPENDIX**  
**WORKS ASCRIBED TO SEDLEY ON**  
**DOUBTFUL AUTHORITY**



THE  
Grumbler:  
A  
COMEDY  
OF  
*THREE ACTS.*

---

Never before printed.

---

[Publisher's Device]

---

LONDON, printed 1719.



## EDITOR'S PREFACE

"THE GRUMBLER" is a fairly close and a very able translation of the famous French farce, "Le Grondeur" by D. A. de Brueys and J. de Palaprat. As it only appeared for the first time in Briscoe's edition of 1722, it cannot be assigned to Sedley with absolute certainty, but the translation is so well done that it is highly probable that it is the work of the author of "Bellamira." It is a play that would be very suitable for performance by amateurs, and, as it was never produced at a public theatre in Sedley's lifetime, it may be supposed that he translated it for an amateur company.

The Abbé David Augustin de Brueys (1640-1723) and Jean de Palaprat (1650-1721) collaborated in a number of dramatic works in the last years of the eighteenth century. "Le Grondeur" was originally a full-dress comedy in five acts, but was cut down to its present dimensions because of the hostility of the critics. It was performed at the Théâtre Français on February 3, 1691, and was published in 12mo, Paris, 1693. It was at first a failure, but the Prince de Conde came to see it, and was so pleased that he infected the Court with his enthusiasm, and it was played before the king. Since then it has been part of the classic repertory of the French theatre. Brueys's frank comment on the play must be recorded:

"C'est une bonne piece. Le premier Acte est excellent, il est tout a moi, le second aussi. Palaprat y a travaille, pour le troisieme, il ne vaut pas le diable. Je l'avais abandonne à ce barbouilleur."

"The Grumbler" was twice adapted for the stage in the eighteenth century, firstly by Garrick in 1754 (see Genest, IV 391), and secondly by Goldsmith as a benefit for the actor, Quick, in 1773. Garrick's adaptation was never published, but a specimen scene of Goldsmith's version is printed in his "Miscellaneous Works," London, 1837, 8vo, IV 333.

William Archer in "The Old Drama and the New" (p 199 n) writes of "The Grumbler" as follows:

"*The Grumbler*, Sedley's excellent translation of *Le Grondeur* of Brueys and Palaprat, was not produced till fifty years after his death. It is significant that this gay and sparkling character-farce, crystal clear and brimful of comic invention, apparently made no appeal to the vitiated taste of the sixteen-nineties."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

### ⟨MEN⟩

*Mon Grichard*, the Grumbler. †  
*Aristus*, his Brother.  
*Terignan*, Son to *Grichard*  
*Mondere*, In Love with *Hortensia*  
*Mamurra*, Tutor to *Brillon*  
⟨*M de Saint Alvar*⟩  
⟨*Fadel*, *M. de Saint Alvar*'s Brother-in-law⟩  
*Brillon*, *Grichard*'s youngest Son  
⟨*Lolive*,⟩ Footman ⟨to *Grichard*⟩

### WOMEN

*Hortensia*, *Grichard*'s Daughter.  
*Clarice*, in Love with *Terignan*  
*Catau*, *Hortensia*'s Maid

### Scene *Paris*

The House of Monsieur *Grichard*

## THE GRUMBLER: A COMEDY, &c.

### ACT I

#### SCENE I

*Terignan and Hortensia, the Grumbler's Eldest Son and Daughter.*

*Ter* But, Sister, What can this Delay mean?

*Hor.* We shall know when my Father returns out of the City.

*Ter* I must know it sooner, if it be possible.

*Hor* You have sent *Lolive* to my Uncle's; and I, *Catau*, to *Clarice's* to inquire into it, they will soon be here [5

*Ter* How tedious they are! And how great my Pain in the Uncertainty I'm under!

*Hor* Here's *Catau* coming already.

#### SCENE II

*To them, Catau.*

*Ter* Well! What have you learn'd at *Clarice's*?

*Cat* Monsieur *Saint-Alvar* her Father was gone abroad, and *Clarice* was not stirring, But

*Hor* But What?

*Cat* Don't you know by my Air that I bring you good News? [5

*Hor* What News?

*Cat* You will both of you be marry'd this Evening Monsieur *Saint-Alvar's* House is still full of the Preparations that are making for your Nuptials

*Hor* I told you so, Brother [10

*Ter* I shall not be easy in my Mind 'till I hear from my Father's own Mouth, the Reason of last Night's put off

*Hor.* See then if my Father be come back [To *Cat*.

*Cat.* Good He come back! And we not hear him! Does he ever cease bawling, grumbling, and storming so long as he's in [15 the House? And are not the very Neighbours sensible whenever he comes in or goes out?

*Hor* Prithee, *Catau*, assist us but to day; let him do what he will, we are resolv'd to please him.

*Cat.* Please him? They must be very cunning who can [20 do that: This Father of yours is a terrible Mortal, on my Word.



*Hor.* We are oblig'd to bear with him, as bad as he is

*Cat.* No Servant, Male or Female, can stay with him at most above five or six Days. Whenever we want a Domestick, 'tis in vain to think to get one in the Neighbourhood, or even throughout [25 the whole City; we are forc'd to send into a Country, where they never hear of Monsieur *Grichard* the Physician Little *Brillon* your Brother, whom he loves of all things, has had three several Masters within this Month, because they did not chastise him as he would have them For my part, I had long since been far enough off, [30 if the Affection I have for you, . . . But here's *Lohve*.

SCENE III

*To them, Lohve.*

*Ter.* Well, What says my Uncle to you? [*Hastily.*

*Lol.* [*Deliberately*] The first thing, Sir, that he ask'd me was, Whether the honest Gentleman, your Father, to whom he had recommended me, was satisfy'd with me I answer'd, that I was not over-well satisfy'd with him, and that for these two Days which I [5 serv'd him, it has not been possible for me . . .

*Ter.* [*Interrupting*] Well, well, let that alone, and only tell me whether he did not know for what reason my Marriage with *Clarice* has been deferr'd.

*Hor.* And whether he has heard any thing further concerning [10 mine with *Mondors*

*Lol.* That's what I was coming to

*Cat.* Why, come then and be far enough !

*Lol.* In the very Moment that I was inquiring about your Affairs, in comes *Clarice's* Father, and he had not an Opportunity of [15 speaking to me

*Ter.* So you learn'd nothing ?

*Lol.* Pardon me, Sir

*Hor.* He listen'd to their Discourse, I suppose.

*Lol.* Yes, Madam [20

*Cat.* And what did they say ?

*Lol.* I'm going to tell you : 'They went aside by themselves, they nodded to me to keep at Distance; *They* fell to Whispering, and I heard nothing

*Cat.* Well inform'd truly ! [25

*Lol.* Better than you think for.

*Ter.* But at this rate thou canst know nothing

*Lol.* Pardon me, Sir.

*Hor.* My Uncle then told it thee, or some other, after Monsieur *Saint-Alvar* was gone ? [30

*Lol.* Pardon me, Madam.

*Cat.* How the Devil dost thou know it then ?

I m. 33

*Lol.* Pray have Patience; you don't yet know half my Talents; when People have any Secrets together, they are cautious of Servants: Now I, from the Time I've serv'd, have made it my Study to [35 guess People

*Cat* Deuce take the Fool!

*Lol.* Yes; and I have made such Progress, that let but two Persons, whose Affairs I'm acquainted with, discourse together with some little Action, I will only look them in the Face, and will lay [40 you any Wager, by their Gestures, and the Air of their Countenance, to give you Word for Word what they said.

*Cat* He's turn'd Fool!

*Ter* But, to conclude, What is it thou expectest then?

*Lol* That your Affairs have chang'd their Aspect. [45

*Hor* How do you know?

*Lol* First and foremost, because Monsieur *Saint-Alvar* wou'd say nothing to Monsieur *Aristus* while I was by

*Ter* Ah, Sister, that is but too likely

*Lol* I have not told you all yet [50

*Hor* Knowest thou ought beside?

*Lol* Oh, Yes, yes, yes Scarce had *Clarice's* Father open'd his Mouth, but see how your Uncle reply'd Pray observe.

[*He makes Signs, and mimicks the Actions of a Man surpris'd and angry*]

*Cat* What a ~~clucks~~ dost thou mean?

*Lol* Don't you see it? Why 'tis as plain as the Sun at [55 Noon-day Master understands me, I dare say.

*Ter.* My Mind sufficiently misgives me.

*Lol* And Madam too

*Hor.* I don't comprehend it at all

*Lol* I will explain it to you When your Uncle did thus [60 *he mimicks the same again*] you may be sure he was surpris'd, amaz'd, and in a Wrath at what Monsieur *Saint-Alvar* had said to him: These Actions speak of themselves. Consider, if with these Gestures he cou'd say any thing but How? Have ye chang'd your Mind? What do I hear? Is it possible? [65

*Ter.* What said Monsieur *Saint-Alvar* to that?

*Lol.* He made this Reply [*Here he Acts a Man excusing himself.*]

*Cat* And what mean these Actions?

*Lol* As for these, they are Equivocal.

*Cat.* Not at all. I think them as clear as the other [70

*Lol* Do you explain them again for a Trial.

*Cat* Explain them your self, since you have begun

*Lol* This may signify that he excus'd him upon his being oblig'd to change his Resolution Thus, I am very sorry for it, I cou'd not do otherwise, Monsieur *Grichard* wou'd have it so: Or it might [75 likewise signify, that the Absence of Monsieur *Mondore* occasion'd the deferring your Nuptials.

*Cat.* What? Didst thou find all that by their Gesture?

*Lol.* If I err a Syllable, I'll hang for't.

*Cat.* You're a Fool, I tell you, it cannot be. *Clarice* is the [80  
only Child of Monsieur *Saint-Alvar*, who is a rich Gentleman, and  
your Father's Friend. *Mondore*, is a Man of Quality, whose Estate  
and Merit are answerable to his Birth. Your Marriages were yesterday  
determin'd, Word given, Contracts drawn, and nothing to do but to  
sign and seal. He does not know what he says [85

*Lol.* I don't think I'm mistaken for all that.

*Cat.* And yet thou heardest nothing at all

*Lol.* No, but I saw; and Mens Actions are less deceitful than  
their Words.

*Ter.* I tremble lest it shou'd prove true [90

*Cat.* You stick at meer Visions; I tell you I just now saw the  
Nuptial Preparations

*Lol.* Those Preparations perhaps are what offended Monsieur  
*Grichard*. You know he has a perfect Aversion for whatever is call'd  
Feastings, Balls, Assignations, Concerts, Diversions, and in [95  
short, for every thing that is capable of inspiring Joy

*Hor.* However it be, Do you go and exactly perform what my  
Father bade thee when he went forth, that so at his Return, he may  
here find no Occasion to be angry

*Cat.* Adieu, Interpreter of ill Luck. Go and comment upon [100  
the Grimaces of our Monkey.

[Exit *Lol.*

#### SCENE IV

*Ter.* What *Lolive* has said redoubles my Alarms

*Cat.* You have not made your Father acquainted with your Love  
of *Clarice*?

*Ter.* No, no. On the contrary he suspects I love *Nerina*, the  
Daughter of a Physician, whom he has no great Kindness for, [5  
and the better to conform him in his Error, when he yesterday pro-  
pos'd to me the Beautiful *Clarice*, I pretended a great Unwillingness

*Cat.* You did very well

*Hor.* Neither does he know my Sentiments towards *Mondore*,  
and even believes that I have never seen him any more than he [10  
has, because he is almost always at the Army

*Cat.* So much the better, beware you don't let him know these  
Matches are agreeable to you; cross-grain'd Tempers, like him, are  
never for doing what one wou'd have them, and are always for doing  
what one wou'd not have them. [15

*Hor.* Somebody knocks, and smartly too: See who 'tis. [A knocking]

*Cat.* It is undoubtedly your Father. No, Heav'n be prais'd, 'tis  
Monsieur *Aristus*.

## SCENE V

*To them, Aristus (and Lolive.)**Ter* Well, Uncle, How go our Affairs?*Ar* Very ill.*Ter* Ah Heav'ns!*Hor* How Uncle?*Ar* You (>) Father's at my Heels, retire, leave him to me, I [5  
will endeavour to reduce him to Reason.*Ter* I much fear it*Ar* Begone, I say, and wait for me in your Apartment, I will  
come, and give you an Account of every thing Fly, he's here*Cat* I say fly too. For here comes a Storm, a Tempest, [10  
Hail, Thunder, and something worse The Devil take the hindmost  
[*Exeunt all but Lolive and Aristus.*

## SCENE VI

*To them, Grichard, the Grumbler.**Gr* Rascal, will you always make me knock two Hours at the  
Door?*Lol* I was at work, Sir, in the Garden At the first Stroke of the  
Knocker I made such haste, I fell upon my Nose*Gr* Wou'd thou hadst broke thy Neck, Hang-Dog, Why [5  
don't you leave the Door open?*Lol* You was angry with me yesterday, Sir, because it was open  
When it is open you are offended, when it is shut you are offended  
no less For my part I know not what to do*Gr* What to do! [10*Ar* Brother will you*Gr* [*Interrupting*] Pray be quiet What to do!*Ar* Pray Brother, let your Servant alone, and suffer me to speak  
to you concerning*Gr* Sir Brother, when you chide your Servants, you are [15  
suffer'd to do it without Molestation*Ar* We must let the Storm pass, I see.*Gr* What to do! Scoundrel.*Lol* Sir, . . . When you go abroad, Will you please to have the  
Door left open? [20*Gr* No*Lol* Will you please to have it kept shut?*Gr* No.*Lol* But, Sir . . .*Gr* Again dost thou argue; Sot? [25*Ar* Methinks, Brother, after all, he does not argue amiss. A  
Man shou'd be glad to have a rational Servant.

Gr. And methinks, Brother, that you argue very ill : Yes, a Man shou'd be glad to have a reasonable Servant but not a Servant that will reason. [30]

Lol. Oons, wou'd I had no Reason; if this be the Trade !

Gr. Will you hold your Tongue ?

Lol. Sir, if you cut me as small as minc'd Meat, a Door must be either open or shut : Chuse you which you'd have it

Gr. I have told you, ye Rogue, above a thousand Times, I'll have [35] it I'll . But ye Dog, Does it become you to ask me Questions ? If I take you in Hand, I'll show you how I'd have it You laugh, methinks, Mr Lawyer ? [To his Brother.

Ar I ? Not at all . I know Servants do not always do as they're bid. [40]

Gr And yet you gave me this Hedge-bird

Ar I thought I did well

Gr. Oh I thought ! Know Mr. Sneerer, that *I thought* is not the Language of a sensible Man

Ar. Well, well, let us drop that, Brother, and permit me to speak [45] to you about a more important Affair, of which I should be glad . . .

Gr. [Interrupting] No, I will first let you see how I am serv'd by this Whoresbird, that you may not afterwards come and say that I'm angry without Cause You shall see, you shall see Have you swept the Stair-Case, good Mr Prater ? [To Lol ] [50]

Lol. Yes, Sir, from Top to Bottom.

Gr. And the Court-yard ?

Lol. If you find therein any more Dirt than you do here, I'll lose my Wage(s)

Gr. You have not water'd my Mule ? [55]

Lol. Sir, ask the Neighbours if they did not see me go by.

Gr Did you give him any Oats ?

Lol Yes, Sir, *William* was present

Gr. But you have not carry'd those Bottles of *Quinquina*, where I order'd you ? [60]

Lol But I have Sir, and brought the empty Bottles back

Gr My Letters, Did you put them into the Post ? Hem . . . .

Lol You may be sure, Sir, I would not fail in that, neither did I

Gr. I have a hundred times forbid you scraping that damn'd [65] Fiddle; and yet you was at it agen this Morning . Thrum, thrum.

Lol This Morning, Lord Sir, Don't you remember you broke it yesterday into a thousand Pieces ?

Gr. I'll be hang'd if those two Loads of Wood are yet . . .

Lol. They're pil'd, Sir And since that, I have help'd *William* [70] to put a Load of Hay in the Loft ; I have water'd every Tree in the Garden ; I have sweep'd the Walks ; I have dug three Beds, and was finishing another when you knock'd.

Gr. Oh ! I must put this Rogue away, never did Servant make

I. vi. 75

a Master so mad as he does me, he wou'd kill me with Vexation : [75  
Away ! Out of my Sight !

*Lol* What a Devil has he been eating ? *(As Lol)*

*Ar.* [*Pitying him.*] Get out of his Way. [*Exit Lol.*]

## SCENE VII

*Ar* In Truth, Brother, you are of a very strange Humour, by what I see, you don't take Servants to use them, and to have the Benefit of their Service You only take them to have the Pleasure of growling at them

*Gr.* Bibble babble Give the Goose more Hay ! [5

*Ar* You turn away a Servant, because, in doing what you commanded, and even more, he gives you no occasion of chiding, or rather you are angrv, because you have not wherewithal to be angry.

*Gr* Gramercy, Mr Counsellor, control my Actions

*Ar* No, Brother, I did not come hither for any such Purpose, [10  
but I can't help pitying you, when I see that, with all the Reasons in the World to be content, you are always out of Humour.

*Gr* It is my Pleasure to be so

*Ar* I see it is ! Every thing smiles upon you, you have a good state of Health, you have very agreeable Children, you're a [15  
Widower, your Affairs cannot be in a more flourishing Condition, and yet there is never seen upon your Countenance that Tranquility of a Father of a Family, which diffuses Joy throughout the whole House You incessantly torment your self, and consequently torment all who are oblig'd to live with you [20

*Gr* [*Aside*] There's some Truth in this [*Turning to Ar*] Am not I a Man of Reputation too ?

*Ar* No body denies it.

*Gr* Is there any Objections to my Morals ?

*Ar* Undoubtedly no [25

*Gr.* I think I am not a Knave, nor a Miser, nor a Liar, nor a Babler, like you, nor.

*Ar.* [*Interrupting*] It is true, you have not any of those Vices that have hitherto been represented upon the Stage, and which strike the Eyes of all the World, but you have one which poisons [30  
all the Sweetness of Life, and which perhaps is more offensive in Society than all the rest. For in short, a Man may sometimes, at least, live in Peace with a Knave, a Miser, or a Liar, but there is not one Moment's Repose to be enjoy'd with those, whose unhappy Temper inclines them to be always dissatisfy'd, who are put into [35  
a Passion by a Trifle, and who take a wretched Delight in Scolding, and making an eternal Noise !

*Gr.* I hope you have almost done moralizing : I'm sure I begin to be tir'd with it.

*Ar.* I have done, Brother Let us leave these Contests, [40  
and call another Cause, They say you are going to marry.

*Gr.* They say! They say! Pray who are they that say so?

*Ar.* Some Persons who interest themselves in your behalf.

*Gr.* I don't care a Rush for them The World is full of nothing  
but these Interesters, who at the Bottom value us no more, [45  
than they do *John-a-Nokes* and *Tom-a-Styles*

*Ar.* I see there's no speaking to you.

*Gr.* Then you may hold your Tongue.

*Ar.* But for your own Good, there may be some Things to be  
said. [50

*Gr.* Then you may speak on.

*Ar.* You had yesterday resolv'd to marry off your Children to  
Advantage.

*Gr.* May be so

*Ar.* They both consented to your Will [55

*Gr.* I shou'd have been glad to have seen them dare to do other-  
wise

*Ar.* Every body prais'd your Choice.

*Gr.* I did not care a Pin whether they did or no

*Ar.* To day, without knowing why or wherefore, all on a [60  
sudden, you have alter'd your Purpose

*Gr.* Why not?

*Ar.* After you had promis'd your Daughter to *Mondore*, you are  
now for giving her to *M—Fadel*, who has no other Merit, but that  
of being Brother-in-Law to *M Saint-Alvar* . . . [65

*Gr.* What's that to you?

*Ar.* And are your self for marrying the very *Clarice*, whom you  
promis'd to your Son?

*Gr.* Good! Promis'd! Let him reckon upon that

*Ar.* But, Brother, Do you in your Conscience believe, that [70  
the World approves of your Conduct?

*Gr.* My Conduct! But, Brother, Do you in your Conscience  
believe, that I concern my self with what the World thinks?

*Ar.* Mean while . . .

*Gr.* Oh! Mean while. Mean while: Every body does at [75  
his own House according as he pleases; and I am the Master of my  
self and Children.

*Ar.* Tho' you are Master, yet, Brother, there are many Things,  
which Decency does not permit to do: For suppose . . .

*Gr.* O suppose, If, But . . . I'll have nothing to do with [80  
your Supposes; I've told you so a hundred Times.

*Ar.* But, Brother, if you wou'd but reflect upon it ever so  
little . . .

*Gr.* Again! I find then you are not for having me marry *Clarice*?

*Ar.* I'm afraid you wou'd repent of it [85

*Gr.* 'Tis true, she's a more suitable Match for my Son.

I. vii. 87.

*Ar.* Undoubtedly.*Gr.* Neither do you think it a whit more fitting, that I should bestow . . . *Hortensia* on *M. Fadel*?*Ar.* He's a Fool; and I'm afraid, you wou'd make your [90 Daughter very unhappy*Gr.* Very unhappy! I think you said so. So then, you are of Opinion, I shou'd do much better to pursue my former Design?*Ar.* Most certainly.*Gr.* And you have taken the Pains to come hither, on [95 purpose, to tell me so?*Ar.* I thought my self oblig'd to it, for the Repose of your Family.*Gr.* Very well This is your Opinion, you say then?*Ar.* Yes, Brother*Gr.* So much the Better, I shall have the Pleasure to break [100 off two Marriages, and make two others against your Sentiment.*Ar.* But you do not consider .*Gr.* And I will go this Moment, to Mr. *Rigaut* the Notary, for that Purpose*Ar.* What do you go, to . . . .? [105*Gr.* Your Servant

## SCENE VIII

*Enter to them, Brillon, Grichard's Son, and Catau.**Cat.* Sir, *Brillon* wou'd speak with you.*Gr.* What does the idle Boy want?*Bril.* Father, Father, I have made my Theme to day without e'er a Fault There, see else*Gr.* (*Throwing the Book at his Head.*) I'll look on that presently. [5*Bril.* Pray Father, look on it now.*Gr.* I han't time*Lol.* You will have read it in a Moment.*Gr.* I have not got my Spectacles.*Bril.* I'll read it to you [10*Gr.* 'Tis the most importunate little Fool in the World.*Ar.* You had better satisfy him.*Bril.* I will first read you the *English*, and afterwards the *Latin* :  
*Men* . . . The *Latin* is not so obscure as yesterday's Theme, you may easily understand this. [15*Gr.* Rascal!*Bril.* Men who never laugh, but always scold, are like those Savage Beasts which . . .*Gr.* (*Giving him a Box on the Ear*) There, take that, and bid your Master give you other Themes. [20*Cat.* Poor Child*Ar.* He's finely educated! [*Aside.*



*Bril.* (Crying.) Yes, yes, you beat me when I do well, but I'll study no longer, not I.

*Gr.* If I take you in Hand? [25

*Bril.* The Devil take Books and *Latin*!

*Gr.* Stay, Sirrah, stay

*Bril.* Ay, stay 'till you beat me again. There, (Tearing his Books) That's for your Blow.

*Gr.* The Rod, Rascal, the Rod. [30

*Bril.* Ay, ay, the Rod, I'll go and serve my Grammar and Psalter the same Sauce. [Exit.

*Gr.* You shall pay severely for it This little Rascal every Day abuses the Tenderness I have for him.

*Cat.* Ay, there's a little *Grichard*, as like his Father, as if [35 he was spit out of his Mouth, for ill Humour [Aside.

*Gr.* What's that you mutter there?

*Cat.* I say, Sir, that little *Grichard* is gone out in a very ill Humour.

*Gr.* Is that any thing to you, Imperunence?

*Ar.* My Brother is in the right. [40

*Gr.* Well, and what if I had been in the wrong?

*Ar.* Be it as you will But pray, Brother, let's return to the Business we were speaking of . . .

*Gr.* Have not I already told you that I'm going to Mr *Rigaut*, my Notary; so, Sir, your Servant. But what does this Ass want [45 with me?

## SCENE IX

*Enter to them, Mamurra.*

*Ma.* Sir . . .

*Gr.* What now, Sir? Have you nothing else to do but come hither. Go, Mr *Mamurra*, and whip *Brillon*

*Ma.* *Abut, Effugit, Evasit, Erupit*

*Gr.* What, is *Brillon* run away? [5

*Ma.* Yes, Sir, *Effugit*.

*Gr.* These Sots cannot help spitting out *Latin* Either speak *English*, Blockheady Pedant, or hold your Tongue

*Ma.* Since you will have it so, *Sit pro ratione voluntas*.

*Gr.* Again Speak *English*, and be hang'd, if you can; [10 thou University Excrement

*Ma.* Be it so, we read in *Arriaga*

*Gr.* What a Devil has *Arriaga* to do with *Brillon*'s Flight?

*Ma.* Come on, then, since you will have me speak *English*, I must tell you, that you gave my Disciple a Box of the Ear very [15 improperly. He has lacerated, incendiated all his Books, and *effugit, effugit*; that Correction is necessary, *concedo*, but nothing is more dangerous than Chastisement, *sine causa*, instead of meliorating, it pejorates, and paternal and magisterial Sincerity, says *Arriaga* . . .

I. ix 20.

*Gr.* Still *Arriaga*. Be gone Knave, this Minute, you, and [20 your *Arriaga*, and see you don't set Foot again within my Doors without *Brillon*.

*Ma* Sir

*Gr.* Out of my Sight, I say, look for him presently.

[*Exit. Mam.*]

## SCENE X

*Ar* You won't hear me then.

*Gr* Your Servant. Here, *Loliva*, saddle my Mule; I shall return in a Moment. I must visit a Patient that stay's for me. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE XI

*Ar* What a Man he is!

*Cat* Who do you say so to, Sir?

*Ar.* If you did but know what a whimsical Design he has form'd!

*Cat* I know more than you, *Rosine*, *Clarice's* Chamber-Maid has just now told me all. Can you imagine, why your Brother, since [5 yesterday has taken it in his Head to marry *Clarice*?

*Ar* Beauty perhaps

*Cat* Beauty, Fiddlestick. Do you think Beauty can take such a one as he?

*Ar* What can it be then?

[10

*Cat* You know, Sir, that we all advis'd *Clarice* to affect a Severity and Roughness towards the Servants in *Grichard's* Presence, that she might obtain his Favour, and oblige him to consent to her Marriage with *Terignan*.

*Ar* I know it

[15

*Cat* Yesternight, your Brother was in the Room with M. *St Alvar*, and *Clarice* was in her's, which joyns to it. *Rosine* had committed some small Fault, *Clarice* took hold of the Opportunity to scold at her for it. M. *Grichard*, hearing her Quarrel, abruptly left M. *St Alvar*, and went to help her to scold. The poor Creature [20 was call'd to some Tune, as you may well imagine, her Mistress pretended to put her away, and from that Moment our Grumbler has conceiv'd such an Esteem for her as cannot be imagin'd, and is resolv'd to marry her himself.

*Ar* Is it possible!

[25

*Cat.* He presently proposed it to M. de *St Alvar*. He being an easy Man, consented to it, on Condition that M. *Grichard* wou'd give *Hortensia* to M. *Fadel*, his Brother-in-Law, who is burthensome to him.

*Ar.* Does *Clarice* know it

[30

*Cat.* She is ready to run mad about it. I just now spoke to her, she has already complain'd to her Father, who begins to repent of it.

*Ar.* We must by all means break off this Match.

*Cat.* We have already concerted *Clarice* and *Rosine*, what's to be done; and *Brillon's* Flight makes me think of a *Stratagem*, which [35] I must put in Execution.

*Ar.* What do you intend to do?

*Cat.* I will tell you when we have more Leisure.

*Ar.* Let us go and inform *Terrignan* and *Hortensia* and take Measures to act in Concert [40]

*Cat.* Come then, our Grumbler shall be very cunning indeed, if he escapes my Snares.

## ACT II

### SCENE I

*Lolive Solus.*

What a damn'd Beast is a freakish Mule! What a plaguy Man is a morose Physician! What a hard Task a poor Servant has to please those two Animals! And how fit one is for the other! How am I out of Breath; but, thank God, I shall be so no more

### SCENE II

*Enter to him, Catau.*

*Cat.* O, are you here? I was looking for you Where have you been?

*Lol.* I have been setting our cross Physician upon his cross Mule, they are at length both pack'd off, after having been very boisterous. But for a Recompence, they have given me my Discharge [5]

*Cat.* Thy Discharge!

*Lol.* Yes, M. *Grichard* spoke for both; there's no great Harm done

*Cat.* I know it. But before the Day ends, I'll put thee in the way, if you have a Mind to it, to be reveng'd on him [10]

*Lol.* Tho' Revenge does not belong to a noble Soul, yet I am ready for any thing, you may dispose of me

*Cat.* We knew we might But first of all, go keep Watch at the Corner of the Street, and when you see our Grumbler coming, give me Notice Here's my Mistress. [15]

## SCENE III

*Enter Hortensia.*

*Hor.* My Uncle and Brother are gone to tell *Clarice* to come hither

*Cat* That's well Do you, if your Father proposes Mr. *Fadel* to you, seem to be submissive to his Will, and do not irritate him by a Refusal [5

*Hor.* But if once I've said Yes'

*Cat* Why, you may say no if you will; What care I?

*Hor* Dear *Catau*, do not be angry

*Cat* Be rul'd then

*Hor* But if what you undertake shou'd not succeed [10

*Cat* Why then, you'd best follow your own Fancy

*Hor* How hasty you are I fear I shall be marry'd to the most silly and ugly of Men.

*Cat* You will not be without Companions in Misery I know Women as young and handsome as you, who are marry'd to [15 Baboons of Men, but, in Return, I likewise know handsome young Fellows, who are marry'd to Apes of Women, but a good Fortune will make up that Matter, and Avarice every day makes such Matches.

*Hor* The Unhappiness of others is but a weak Consolation

*Cat* Since you run so much upon Arguments, What do you [20 intend to do if, notwithstanding what I undertake, your Father shou'd persist in—giving you to M. *Fadel*?

*Hor* I know not—I will die

*Cat* Die'

*Hor* Yes, I tell you, die [25

*Cat* And what if you can't die'

*Hor* I must obey

*Cat* Obey'

*Hor* Yes, *Catau*, obey That's all a Child that has Virtue can do

*Cat* I am not quite of that Opinion Virtue, indeed, forbids [30 a Daughter marrying one that pleases her, against her Parents Will; but Virtue do's not forbid her opposing their Will, when they wou'd marry her to a Man she does not like

*Hor.* My Father is not like others. And if once I have consented— [35

*Cat* Good, consented Go, Madam, in Point of Marriage, a Child may say and unsay what she pleases. But we will not bring it to that, only let *Clarice* alone, and do as I wou'd have you.

SCENE IV

*Enter Lolive.*

*Lol.* Have a Care, have a Care, M. *Grichard*.

*Cat.* Is he come home?

*Lol.* No, *Will* has brought back his Mule.

*Hor.* And where's my Father?

*Lol.* A small Accident has made him light a little Way off. [5]

*Cat.* What Accident.

*Lol.* As he was going on his Mule by the Door of one of our Neighbours, a Shock-Dog, who did not like his Figure, presently began to yelp. The Mule took a Fright, turn'd half way round to the Right, and M. *Grichard*, half way round to the Left, on the Pavement [10]

*Hor.* Is he hurt?

*Lol.* No, he is now scolding at the Dog, you'll have him here in a Moment.

*Hor.* I'll get into my Chamber, I dread his ill Humour [*Exit.*

*Cat.* He is soon come back [15]

*Lol.* His Business was done before he came there, *Will* say's.

*Cat.* Perhaps, then, another Physician was sent for?

*Lol.* No, but the Patient was impatient, and seeing M. *Grichard* delay'd coming, he departed without his Order.

*Cat.* He found him dead, ha? [20]

*Lol.* You have said it.

*Cat.* That happens to him every day But I expect him, get out of the Way, lest he see thee. Go tell *Clarice* to come hither quickly, she will tell you what you have to do. Hark ye, a Word in your Ear. [*She whispers him.*] [25]

*Lol.* Enough [*Exit.*

SCENE V

*Enter Grichard.*

*Gr.* Yes, you Rascal, I'll teach you to tye a Dog up.

*Cat.* Ay, Sir, that Rascal of a Neighbour has been told of it a thousand times; if you'll leave him to me, Sir, I'll handle him.

*Gr.* This Wench has something good in her Is *Brillon* come back? [5]

*Cat.* No, Sir.

*Gr.* This young Rogue will make me mad; and that Beast his Master, where is he?

*Cat.* He's gone to look <for> him, and will not return without bringing him to you. [10]

*Gr.* He'll do well.

## SCENE VI

*Enter Footman, introducing M. Fadel.*

*Foot* M. Fadel, Sir, desires to speak with you.

*Gr* Let him come in—I must talk with this young Man a little, to see if he's such a Fool as he is reported to be. Draw near, Son-in-Law that is to be . . . Draw near, I say.

*Cat.* To him. Nearer yet. My Master does not love to [5 bawl.

*Fa* Humph . . . . .

*Grichard proceeds to ask the following Questions, and looks on him at every Question, to see if he'll Reply*

*Gr.* People wou'd make me believe I'm going to marry my Daughter to a Fool

*Fa* Ay! [10

*Gr* But I don't believe so, since I bestow her on you.

*Fa* Hah!

*Gr.* And with a large Portion too.

*Fa* Ho, ho!

*Gr.* I promis'd her to one *Mondore*, who is absent [15

*Fa* Law ye there now!

*Gr* But I prefer you before him.

*Fa* To be sure!

*Gr* He shall be hang'd before he shall have her.

*Fa* Ha, ha, ha! [20

*Gr* And I will marry your Relation, *Clarice*

*Fa* Indeed!

*Gr* Hum, ha, ho, Ay, Oy, Truly, Yes, indeed Have you nothing else to say?

*Cat.* He answers you very justly. [25

*Fa* Ho, ho!

*Gr.* Ay, but his Style is very Laconic.

*Fa* La! La!

*Cat* He'll never make your Head-ach with Talking

*Gr* A great Talker is still more Troublesome [30

*Cat* I know, Sir, above Four, who without, oh, oh, yes, and ah, ah, wou'd often have nothing to say

*Gr* I must carry him to *Hortensia*, perhaps he will speak before her.

*Fa.* Oh, oh! [35

*Gr.* Come then

*Cat.* Go and see your Mistress, Mr. Oh, oh To what a stupid Ass is such a Girl as she to be given? But I shall hinder it.

SCENE VII

*Enter to her, Terignan, Aristus and Lolive.*

*Ar.* Where is my Brother?

*Cat.* He's just gone into *Hortensia's* Chamber with *M. Fadel*, they will have no long Conversation.

*Lol.* Can I enter?

*Cat.* Yes, but make haste. [5

*Lol.* *Clarice* will be here in a Moment

*In this Scene Lol always looks to see if M. Grich is coming.*

*Cat.* So much the better

*Lol.* I have found *Brillon*

*Cat.* What then?

*Lol.* I have carry'd him to my Master. [10

*Cat.* You have done well.

*Lol.* He will go from thence without your Order.

*Cat.* 'Tis enough; Has *Clarice* instructed thee in what thou art to do?

*Lol.* Yes [15

*Cat.* Go then, and get ready to play your Part

*Lol.* I'll go.

*Cat.* I do not think *M. Grichard* knows your Face much

*Lol.* He! For twelve Days which I serv'd him, he never look'd me in the Face, he knows no body. [20

*Cat.* Be gone, quickly lest he see thee here . . . [Exit Lol.

SCENE VIII

*Enter Hortensia, to them.*

*Hor.* How, I breathe! *M. Fadel* is gone, and my Father is in his Closet, . . . very sorrowful about *Brillon's* Flight

*Cat.* He shan't see him again without good Tokens

*Ter.* How?

SCENE IX

*M. Grichard at the farthest Part of the Stage.*

*Cat.* You shall know at a better Opportunity.

*Hor.* (*Perceiving M. Grichard*) Silence, there's my Father, he has heard our Discourse, may be

*Cat.* He! Do you not know, that when his Scolding changes into Chagrin he is now in, he neither sees, nor hears any body? I [5 would lay a Wager that he does not so much as perceive that we are here.

II. ix. 8.

*Ar.* He must be prepar'd for *Clarice's* Visit. Accost him,  
Nephew

*Ter.* I dare not. [10

[*Each as he speaks, gets farthest off from M. Grichard,  
who is at the farther Part of the Stage.*

*Ar.* Do you *Hortensia*

*Hor.* I am afraid.

*Ar.* Do you, then, *Catau*.

*Cat.* I'd as soon be hang'd.

*Ar.* But from whence can this Melancholy proceed? [15

*Cat.* He has not scolded at any body this Hour!

*Gr.* (*Walking in Anger.*) 'Tis a strange thing! I can find no body,  
with whom I may converse a Moment, without being oblig'd to be  
angry I am a good Father, my Children make me mad A good  
Master, my Servants think of nothing but angering me. A good [20  
Neighbour, yet those that live near me, let loose their Dogs at me,  
even my Patients plague me, witness to day, one wou'd think they  
died on purpose to make me mad.

*Ar.* I must speak to him. Brother, I'm your Servant.

*Gr.* I am yours [25

*Ar.* What makes you sorrowful?

*Gr.* I know not.

*Hor.* What ails you, Father?

*Gr.* Nothing.

*Cat.* Are you out of Order, Sir? [30

*Gr.* No

*Ter.* Cannot one know——?

*Gr.* Hold your Tongue.

*Cat.* Will you, Sir . . . ?

*Gr.* Leave me [35

*Cat.* I've News that will please you, Sir, I just now saw *Clarice*.

*Gr.* *Clarice*! Be gone quickly. (*To Hort*) Leave me, you too,  
you make me angry with your serious Airs . . .

[*Exeunt all but Gr. and Ar.*

## SCENE X

*Gr.* As for you, if you intend to give me at present any of your  
foolish Counsel, you were better go home, and see if any one wants  
you.

*Ar.* No Brother, since you are absolutely resolv'd to marry,  
and *Clarice* pleases you, be it so. [5

*Gr.* You shall see what Difference is between her and your jovial  
Women.

*Ar.* I believe it.

*Gr.* I have need of such a one as she.



*Ar.* You ought to be satisfy'd.

*Gr.* I my self am not sufficient to keep a Family in awe, and provide for Affairs abroad at the same time.

*Ar.* No, certainly.

*Gr.* Whilst I shall hold those at home in their Duty, she will go into the City to scold at the Merchant, the Butcher, the Shoe- [15  
maker, the Grocer; and woe be to them that play us the least Trick.  
But here she comes, you shall see.

SCENE XI

*Enter Clarice*

*Cl.* Behold me, Sir, in so great an Excess of Joy, that I cannot express it to you

*Gr.* How's this! Whence proceeds this irregular Transport?

*Cl.* My Father, just now, granted me all that I have ask'd of him.

*Gr.* What did you ask of him? [5

*Cl.* All that could please me.

*Gr.* But, what?

*Cl.* He has made me Mistress of all our Nuptial Preparations.

*Gr.* What Preparations are there to be?

*Cl.* How, Sir, what Preparations! Habits, Feasts, Violins, [10  
Hautboys, Masquerades, Concerts, and especially the Ball, which I  
will have every Night for fifteen Days

*Gr.* How the Devil!

*Cl.* You see this Suit, 'tis the worst of twelve I have bespoke  
I have order'd as Many for you. [15

*Gr.* For me!

*Cl.* Yes, but there are but two made yet, which they will bring  
home to Night.

*Gr.* For me!

*Cl.* Yes, Sir, Do you think I can bear you as you are? One [20  
wou'd think you were in Mourning for the Patients that die under  
your Hands.

*Gr.* She is mad.

*Cl.* You must throw off this melancholy Equipage, and take one  
more gay. [25

*Gr.* A more gay Habit for a Physician?

*Cl.* Without doubt; since we are to be marry'd, we must assume  
the Best Air. Are you the first that have worn a Cavalier Dress?

*Gr.* She raves.

*Cl.* For the Feast, we have two Tables of thirty Covers, I [30  
myself have, just now, given Order in what Part of the Hall the  
Violins and Hautboys shall be placed.

*Gr.* But do you consider . . .

*Cl.* I have prepar'd a charming Masquerade.

II. xi. 35.

*Gr.* I say . . . . . [35]

*Cl.* When we have danced about an Hour, we two will leave the Ball without saying any thing, and we will disguise our selves, I like *Venus*, and you like *Adonis*.

*Gr.* I lose all Patience.

*Cl.* How we will dance ! Dancing, I must own, is my greatest [40  
Delight ; I have already got four Lacquies that play perfectly well on the Violin.

*Gr.* Four Lacquies !

*Cl.* Yes, Sir two for you, and two for me

*Gr.* Four Lacquies ! [45]

*Cl.* When we are marry'd, we will have a Ball every Day of our Life, and our House shall be the Rendezvous of all that love Pleasure.

## SCENE XII

*Enter Rosine*

*Ros.* Madam, all your Masquerade Habits are come home, come quickly, and see them, they are the prettiest in the World.

*Gr.* Is not that the Crack you turn'd away yesterday

*Cl.* Yes, Sir

*Gr.* What ! Have you taken her again ? [5]

*Cl.* I cannot do without her, she is the best humour'd Girl in the World ; she is always singing and dancing

*Gr.* Such as these, Madam, are but ill Servants

*Cl.* That's true indeed, but I had rather be ill served, so that I have but Servants that are always gay I think that those who [10  
are about us communicate to us, in spite of our selves, either their Joy or Sadness, I hate Melancholy

*Gr.* Ah, somebody has bewitch'd her since yesterday !

*Ros.* Come, Madam, you are impatiently expected

*Cl.* Adieu, Sir, I die to see your and my Habits, I have left [15  
Monsieur *Canary* at home, who stay's for me. *[Exit*

## SCENE XIII

*Gr.* Who is that Monsieur *Canary* ?

*Ros.* Her Singing-Master Oh, Sir, she is a Jewel of a Woman : Most love to scold at their Servants, and to put their Husbands out of Humour. But I'll answer for her Sir, all will go well ; let every thing be as it will, she'll never trouble her self with Houshold [5  
Affairs : She's the best of Women ; I have served her five Years, and never saw her angry before yesterday.

*Gr.* But tell me, is not her Father the Cause of . . . . . *[Exit.*

*Ros.* Sir, I beg your Pardon, I must go and try my Masquerade Habit. [10

SCENE XIV

Manent, *M. Grichard and Ar.*

*They stand looking on each other for some Time*

*Ar.* Well Brother ?

*Gr.* I am amazed ! [*Aside.*

*Ar.* Are these the Women you made such a boast to me of ?

*Gr.* There is some Mystery in this [*Aside.*

*Ar.* Does he suspect the Trick ? [*Aside*] [5

*Gr.* I guess from whence this proceeds.

*Ar.* Perhaps you think that the Joy of her <go>ing to be marry'd . . . .

*Gr.* Do you know, Sir, that you have the Gift of Reasoning always wrong ?

*Ar.* I ? [10

*Gr.* Yes, you. Monsieur *Saint-Alvar* has made *Clarice* commit this Madness ; these Country Gentlemen love Feasts, and I remember I have heard that old Fool say, he wou'd dance at his Daughter's Wedding

*Ar.* What, Do you believe . . . . [15

*Gr.* And I'll go and rattle that old Blockhead, as he deserves [*Exit.*

SCENE XV

*Enter Catau.*

*Cat.* Where is he going ?

*Ar.* To *Clarice's* Father He has taken it in his Head, that all <s>he has said to him, does not proceed from her

*Cat.* Let him go. Mon *de Saint-Alvar* is on our Side

*Ar.* It will be hard to make him renounce *Clarice.* [5

*Cat.* I have more than one String to my Bow, he cannot hold out against the Trick I shall play him I have told it you ; our Grumbler will soon return ; he will find no body where he is gone ; he has only the Street to cross , do you hide your self in the Corner of this Room, listen to what passes, and when you think the [10  
Thing carry'd far enough, come to his Succour

*Ar.* But did not you say you would have no body at Home ?

*Cat.* I have made *Hortensia* and *Terignan* retire, and your Brother has turn'd away all his Servants to day . But here he is, hide your self quickly. [15

## SCENE XVI

*Enter M. Grichard and Jasmin.*

*Cat.* Are you return'd, Sir, already from *Mon. de St. Alvar*?

*Gr.* I did not find him at home.

*Cat.* 'Tis said there will be a great Ball there to Night.

*Gr.* I know that twelve Pistoles are promised to the Violins, carry them twenty four, and bid them not come this Evening. [5

*Cat.* O, Sir, that will be in vain: If *Clarice* has a Mind to have them, she will give them fifty; nay a hundred, if need were I know the Ladies of the World, they spare nothing for their Pleasure, and the ease with which most of them throw away Money, makes it be suspected that it is not got too hard. [10

*Gr.* But 'tis not so with *Clarice*, Hussy

*Jas.* Sir, a Gentleman wou'd speak with you.

*Cat.* Good, here comes my Man. [*Aside.*

*Gr.* Who is it?

*Jas.* He say's his Name is Monsieur *Ri . . . Ri . . .* [15  
Stay, Sir, I'll go and ask him again

*Gr.* (*Pulling him by the Ears*) Take that Sirrah

*Jas.* Ah, Ah [*Exit.*

*Cat.* Sir, you have torn his Hair off, so that he must now have a Peruke, you have pull'd his Ears off, but there are none of [20  
them to be had for Money

*Gr.* I'll teach you . 'Tis certainly *M. Rigaut*, my Notary, I know who it is, let him come in Cou'd he find no Time but this to bring me Money? Plague take the Importunate!

## SCENE XVII

*Enter Lolive, like a Dancing-Master, and his Boy*

*Gr.* This is not my Man. Who are you with your Compliments?

*Lol.* (*Bowing often*) I am call'd *Rigaudon*, Sir, at your Service

*Gr.* (*To Cat.*) Have not I seen that Face somewhere?

*Cat.* There are a thousand People like one another

*Gr.* Well, M *Rigaudon*, What is your Business? [5

*Lol.* To give you this Letter from *Madam Clarice*.

*Gr.* Give it me. . . . I wou'd fain know who taught *Clarice* to fold a Letter thus. A fine Form indeed; a fine Gewgaw, What contains it.

*Cat.* (*Aside, whilst he unfolds the Letter*) A Lover, I believe, [10  
never complain'd of that before.

*Gr.* Every body says I am to marry the most Bru . . . brutish of men; I would dissabuse them, and for that Reason you and I must begin the Ball to Night. She is mad.

Lol. Go on, pray Sir.

Gr. Reads. *You told me you cannot dance, but I have sent you the first Man in the World.* [15

[Grichard looks on him from Head to Foot

Lol. O Lord, Sir!

Gr. *Who will teach you in less than an Hour, enough to serve your Purpose.* I learn to dance! [20

Lol. Finish, if you please

Gr. *And if you love me, you will learn the Bourree* The Bourree! I the Bourree! Mr the first Man in the World, Do you know what Danger you are in here?

Lol. Come, Sir, in a quarter of an Hour you shall dance to a [25  
Miracle!

Gr. M. Rigaudon, I will send you out of the Window, if I call my Servants

Cat. (*Aside to Grich*) You must not turn them away then.

Lol. (*Bidding his Boy play*) Come, brisk This little Prelude will put you in Humour, Must you be held by the Hand, or have you some Steps?

Gr. Unless you put up that damn'd Violin, I'll pull your Eyes out.

Lol. Zoons! Sir, if you are thereabouts, you shall dance presently.

Gr. Shall I dance, Villain. [35

Lol. Yes, by *Jove*, shall you dance. I have orders from *Clarice* to make you dance, she has paid me, and dance you shall Don't let him go out.

[*He draws his Sword, and puts it under his Arm.*

Gr. Ah! I'm dead, What a Madman has this Woman sent me!

Cat. I see I must interpose; stay you there, Sir, let me speak [40  
to him Sir, pray do us the Favour to go and tell Mon *de St Alvar* ...

Lol. 'Tis not he that sent me, I will have him dance

Gr. The Rascal, the Rascal!

Cat. Consider, if you please, my Master is a grave Man.

Lol. I'll have him dance. [45

Cat. A famous Physician!

Lol. I'll have him dance

Cat. You may fall sick, and stand in need of him.

Gr. (*Taking her aside*) Yes, tell him, that when he will, without costing him a Farthing, I'll bleed and purge him his Belly full. [50

Lol. I have nothing to do with that, I'll have him dance, or's Blood. . . .

Gr. The Rascal! (*muttering*).

Cat. Sir, I can't work upon him, that Madman will not hear Reason; some Harm will happen, we are alone. [55

Gr. 'Tis very true

Cat. Look on him, he has an ill Phiz.

Gr. He has so (*Trembling*)

Lol. Make haste.

II. xvii. 60

Gr. Help, Neighbours, help ! [60

Cat. Ay, you may cry for Help, Do you not know that all your Neighbours wou'd be glad to see you robb'd, and your Throat cut. Believe me, Sir, two Bourree Steps may save your Life.

Gr. But if it shou'd come to be known, I shou'd be taken for a Fool ! [65

Cat. Love excuses all Follies ; and I have heard M. Mamurra say, that when *Hercules* was in Love, he spun for Queen *Omphale*.

Gr. Yes, *Hercules* spun, but *Hercules* did not dance the Bourree, and of all Dances, 'tis that I hate most.

Cat. Well, you must tell him so, the Gentleman will teach [70 you another.

Lol. Will you have a Minuet, Sir ?

Gr. A Minuet ? No

Lol. The Gavotte ?

Gr. The Gavotte ? No . . . [75

Lol. The Passvy ?

Gr. The Passvy ! . . . No [Passpyed.

Lol. What then ? (Here he names half a Dozen Dances ) The Trocanny, Tricotez, Rigadon ? Come, chuse, chuse.

Gr. No, no, no, I like none of them. [80

Lol. You wou'd have a grave, serious Dance, perhaps ?

Gr. Yes, a serious one, if there be any, but very serious.

Lol. Well, the Courante, the Bocane, the Sarabande ?

Gr. No, no, no

Lol. What the Devil then will you have ? But make haste, [85 or Death !

Gr. Come on then, since it must be so, I'll learn a few Steps of the . . . the

Lol. What of the . . . the ?

Gr. I know not what. [90

Lol. You mock me, Sir, you shall dance the Bourree, since *Clarice* will have it so, or . . .

## SCENE XVIII

Enter Aristus.

Gr. Oh !

Ar. How's this ?

Gr. Here I'm . . .

Ar. What do I see !

Gr. Thus Insolence wou'd . . . [5

Ar. My Brother learn to dance !

Gr. I tell you, this Villain . . . .

Ar. At your Age !

Gr. But when you're told . . . .

- Ar.* People will laugh at you.  
*Gr.* Ah! Here's another . . . . [10  
*Ar.* I will not suffer it.  
*Gr.* What the Devil, Won't you hear me, eternal Pratler, indefatigable Squaller, I tell you, this Knave will make me dance by Force. [15  
*Ar.* By Force!  
*Gr.* Yes, by Force  
*Cat.* Yes, Sir, the Bourree.  
*Ar.* And who made you so bold, Sir, as to come hither?  
*Lol.* Sir, Sir, I come from a considerable Person, and I'll go [20  
tell Madam *Clarice*, how those she sends are received [Exit  
*Gr.* I can no longer hold, I must go to that old Fool, *St. Alvar*,  
and rattle *Clarice*, her Father, and all I find there. [Exit.

SCENE XIX

*Manent* *Aristus*, *Catau*.

- Cat.* There he's gone; What say you of *Lolive*?  
*Ar.* I say he's a very clever Fellow. I believe he's now off of  
*Clarice*  
*Cat.* This is not all, we must bring him to his first Design, wherefore we must go upon our Business, and not lose a Moment. [5

ACT III

SCENE I

*Lolive*, *Catau*.

- Cat.* What do you want here? Why have not you taken your other Equipage? If M *Grichard* shou'd return . . .  
*Lol.* He is still to scold at *Clarice* and *Fadel*  
*Cat.* He may surprise you, and know you  
*Lol.* He know me, (<1>) you cannot imagine the Virtue which [5  
fine Cloaths have in changing such as we. 'To turn on the Heel, and wear a lac'd Coat, is sufficient to make above four that I know forget themselves.  
*Cat.* What have you to say to me then?  
*Lol.* A great many Things concerning what you wou'd have [10  
me do.  
*Cat.* Say them quickly then.

III. i. 13.

*Lol.* Since *Mondore* is arriv'd, let him use his own Servants to . . .

*Cat.* He has brought with him but one *Valet de Chambre*, of whom we have already made the Chaplain, whom we have sent [15 to *M. Grichard*. None but you can finish what you have begun

*Lol.* I cannot.

*Cat.* Coward!

*Lol.* Consider all you make me undertake in one Day *Brillon* serves your Designs; you make me steal him away; you fear lest [20 *Mamurra* shou'd speak, you make me keep him shut up; you cause me to terrify a very honest Physician, who may catch a Fever by it.

*Cat.* He may cure himself.

*Lol.* And thou wilt have me give him a yet hotter Alarm.

*Cat.* You are sorely hurt indeed? Are you not well paid for [25 the Lesson of Dancing, you gave him?

*Lol.* I am so.

*Cat.* Shall you not be doubly so for this second Expedition?

*Lol.* I believe I shall.

*Cat.* And have you not the Pleasure to be revenged of a [30 Man, who has turn'd thee away without a Cause?

*Lol.* No, my Reputation is dear to me

*Cat.* Oh, be it so, no body intends to take it away, but remember, that if you do not effect what you have promis'd *Mondore*, you may be sure of a thousand Stripes [35

*Lol.* But if I do it, and *M. Grichard* discovers me, Do you think he'll spare me?

*Cat.* In this Case, perhaps you will risque some small Trifle, but on that Side the Blows are uncertain, and on *Mondore's* Side very sure, as well as the fifty Pistoles he has promised you, if you serve [40 him

*Lol.* This deserves a little Reflection, I see that on all Sides, I run the risque of the Cudgel, What Side shall I take? Beaten, perhaps, by *M. Grichard*, and certainly beaten by *M. Mondore*: Criminal, in not doing what I promised; criminal in doing it. [45 All I have to do, is to chuse which Cudgel I'll have.

*Cat.* You have stated the Case right.

*Lol.* Well, I must hesitate no longer, Cudgel for Cudgel; I must determine in favour of that which is accompany'd with a Lenative of fifty Pistoles But whose Security am I to have? [50

*Cat.* Whose? *Mondore's*, who wou'd give all Things, rather than lose what he loves: *Terignan*, *Hortensia*, *Clarice*, *Aristus*, Are you content?

*Lol.* No.

*Cat.* How so?

*Lol.* No, I tell you, give me a Security which I may take bodily. [55

*Cat.* Me, then?

*Lol.* Thee?

*Cat.* Me.



*Lol.* I take it.

*Cat.* Go then, and get ready [*Exit Lol*] So, now our Affairs are on a good Foot, and if our Lovers are happy, the Obligation will be all to me.

SCENE II

*Enter M. Fadel.*

*Cat.* But what do I see? Does that *Ninny Fadel* come to put any Obstacle to our Designs? He shall not long be troublesome to me, if the Questions are no longer than my Answers.

*Fa.* I want your *M. Grichard*.

*Cat.* You? [5]

*Fa.* He went by my House.

*Cat.* He?

*Fa.* But he did not find me there

*Cat.* No?

*Fa.* He serv'd me a fine Trick to day [10]

*Cat.* Oy!

*Fa.* He will not give me *Hortensia*.

*Cat.* La, La!

*Fa.* And I come to tell him, I don't care a Pin.

*Cat.* Law ye there now! [15]

*Fa.* I'll marry into a better Family

*Cat.* To be sure

*Fa.* I might wait long enough for his Daughter

*Cat.* Good.

*Fa.* Did he think he had a Fool to deal with? [20]

*Cat.* Ho, ho!

*Fa.* I'll soon shew him that I am not . . . .

*Cat.* Ah, ah!

*Fa.* Don't fail to tell him . . . . .

*Cat.* No. [25]

*Fa.* I scorn him.

*Cat.* Yes.

*Fa.* And he shall repent of it [*Exit.*

*Cat.* Ha, ha! So, I'm deliver'd of this importunate Fool Now let's go and tell my Mistress of *Mondore's* Arrival, but here he [30] himself comes O Heavens! What Imprudence! Cou'd you not wait for *Hortensia* at *Clarice's*? Why do you come here?

SCENE III

*Enter Mondore.*

*Mon.* 'Tis an Hour since I heard speak of you; Where is that Ardour you express'd at my Arrival? I see neither your Mistress, nor You, nor the Man you should have sent me.

III. iii. 4.

*Cat.* He is at *Clarice's* already, and *Hortensia* will be there soon.  
I'm going to tell her : Go quickly, and stay for her there. [5

*Mon.* But make haste.

*Cat.* Go, I say.

*Mon.* Make haste then

*Cat.* Why don't you make haste your self ?

*Mon.* If you knew how tiresome the Time is to me ! [10

*Cat.* If you knew how you confound me !

*Mon.* Come soon at least.

*Cat.* Begin then by your Absence ; How foolish are those who are in Love ! 'Tis enough to cool my Inclination of serving them. Be gone, I say, plague on you , here comes *M. Grich*. He has [15 seen us together, we cannot avoid him , What shall we do ? Stay, by good Fortune, he don't know you : Consult him about the first Thing that comes in your Head, he'll soon send you packing, and then you may come back to me . Let the worst come to the worst, I'll send *Aristus* to bring you off [20

*Mon.* Let me alone, I'll talk to him in such a Manner, that he shall soon drive me away.

## SCENE IV

*Enter M. Grichard.*

*Gr.* Who is that Man ? Another Dancing-Master ?

*Cat.* What say you ! 'Take care he don't hear you , he's a Man of the first Quality, who upon some extraordinary illness wou'd have your Advice.

*Gr.* Let him make haste [Exit Cat ] [5

## SCENE V

*Gr.* What is your Business ? Of what Disease do you complain ?  
You have a healthy Countenance

*Mon.* 'Tis true, Sir , neither am I ill.

*Gr.* You have a Mind to be so then ?

*Mon.* No, Sir [5

*Gr.* Tell me quickly then, what your Business is ?

*Mon.* I know, Sir, that you are a very able Man

*Gr.* No Panegyrick

*Mon.* I believe you are ignorant of none of the Secrets of . . .

*Gr.* I am ignorant of the Secret of freeing my self from the [10  
Important ; but well, to the Secrets ?

*Mon.* You have no time to lose.

*Gr.* I have lost some already.

*Mon.* I have but one Word to say to you.

*Gr.* Why, you have spoken above a hundred already. [15

*Mon.* I have heard that there are Secrets to cause Love, that certain Draughts are given, a sort of Philters, which . . . .

*Gr.* What the Devil! Who do you take me for?

*Mon.* For a very learned, honest Man.

*Gr.* And you ask me for Secrets to make you be loved? [20

*Mon.* Oh no, Sir, Thanks be to Heaven; Nature has sufficiently provided me for that

*Gr.* Here's a Fop!

*Mon.* There are three or four Women, who incessantly trouble me, pretending they are in Love with me I love elsewhere [25 to Madness: There are Secrets to cause Love; pray teach me one to cause me to be hated.

*Gr.* By those who love you to Distraction?

*Mon.* Yes, Sir

*Gr.* Take . . . . [30

*Mon.* Very well.

*Gr.* But two or three Times . . . .

*Mon.* I hear.

*Gr.* Your time with 'em, is as bad as you have with me, I'll engage they'll hate you worse than the Devil Adieu [35

*Mon.* Thank you. [Exit

## SCENE VI

*Enter Aristus.*

*Gr.* He took me but in an ill Time to hear his Trifles I am in Despair about *Brillon's* Flight Well, Do you bring me any News of that young Rascal?

*Ar.* *Catau* is gone to look him; but you will not go to morrow?

*Gr.* At the break of Day. [5

*Ar.* You mean after you have taken Care about *M de St. Alvar's* Business?

*Gr.* I have already taken all the Care I shall take about it.

*Ar.* How so?

*Gr.* I'll hear no further about it [10

*Ar.* I'm amazed at you, Brother, yesterday you were resolved to give *Terignan* to *Clarice* and *Hortensia* to *Mondore*. This Morning, you yourself wou'd marry *Clarice*, and give your Daughter to *M Fadel*, and this Evening you will do neither.

*Gr.* No, no, no, by all the Devils, no! [15

*Ar.* Thus have you changed your Mind three Times in one Day

*Gr.* I'll change it thirty Times, if I please; and that People may come no more to trouble me about it, I am very glad I did engage my self in your Presence to go into the Country to morrow to see the sick Lord, who did me the Honour to send his Chaplain to me. [20

III. vi. 21.

*Ar.* But at least before you go, you ought to make some Reconciliation with *M. de St. Alvar*.

*Gr.* I shall not trouble my self in it

*Ar.* He has powerful Friends.

*Gr.* I defy them. [25

*Ar.* You have given him your Word.

*Gr.* Let him keep it

*Ar.* He has already told you to your Face, that he knew how to make you keep it

*Gr.* I fear him not. [30

*Ar.* He has been at Charge about the Nuptials.

*Gr.* Why did he put himself to it? [Cat peeps.

*Ar.* You may be forced to pay Damages, and witty Interest too.

*Gr.* Well, you won't pay them for me

*Ar.* No, but . . . [35

*Gr.* After what I have seen of *Clarice*, even tho' it shou'd cost me all I have, and tho' all the World shou'd intermeddle, I'd rather be hang'd, roasted, broil'd, any thing, than be marry'd to that Creature

## SCENE VII

Enter Catau.

*Cat.* Ah Sir!

*Gr.* What's the Matter?

*Cat.* *Brillon* has listed himself a Soldier.

*Gr.* Listed himself a Soldier!

*Cat.* Yes, Sir, listed to go to the War. [5

*Gr.* 'To the War!

*Ar.* (*To Cat*) No, no! They jest with you.

*Cat.* Gentlemen, I spoke my self to the Serjeant and Captain.

*Gr.* The Rascal!

*Ar.* What a Misfortune 'tis! [10

*Cat.* Ay, Sir, a great one.

*Gr.* The Captain, whoever he be, is a Rogue, and he ought to be cashier'd for listing Boys of fifteen Years old; they want able bodied Soldiers now

*Cat.* So I told him, Sir. He answer'd, that was true, they [15 wanted such for *Flanders*, to *Piedmont*, or *Germany*; but as for him, he was permitted to list young Boys

*Gr.* Boys! A Rogue!

*Cat.* Yes, Sir, he says he has Orders to carry 'em so far, that before they come thither, they shall all have Beards. [20

*Gr.* Where the Devil will he carry them?

*Cat.* Hold, Sir! For fear I should forget, I got it written upon that Paper.

Gr. To . . . . To Madagascar . . . . Brillon to Madagascar!

Cat. They say, Sir, 'tis not far from t'other World. [25

Ar. 'Tis undoubtedly, Brother, for that Colony you have heard speak of. The Boy is surely lost.

Cat. [Weeping.] Alas, Sir, I just saw the poor Child, they have already dress'd him in green, with a Grenadier's Cap; (Laughing) and . . . they have taught him to drum. One can hardly [30 forbear Laughing at it, and Crying at the same time

Gr. Where does that damn'd Captain lodge, I'll go and rattle him?

Cat. He does not lodge, he always encamps

Gr. Come, carry me to the Place where you saw him: I [35 must go find out that Turk.

Cat. Have a Care of your self!

Gr. Why, what's the Matter?

Cat. Well, Sir, you may go if you please; but I shou'd at least advice you to make your Will, and take your Leave of your [40 Patients first.

Gr. Why so?

Cat. The Captain, Sir, wants Physicians to carry 'em into that Country.

Ar. Physicians! Take care of your self [45

Gr. What an unfortunate Day is this to me . . . 'Twas the only one of my Children that promis'd any thing!

Cat. 'Tis true; he was already as like you, as two Drops of Water.

Gr. Thou must go thither with Money, and . . .

Cat. Sir, they will list me too, the Serjeant wou'd have [50 taken me, if I had not been too quick for him. He says, they have Orders to carry Women thither too.

Gr. Why these are terrible Listers!

Cat. M. Mamurra went thither to seek Brillon: By his Language he was taken for a Physician, for you know, he talks like a Fool, [55 and was presently shopp'd up. I did not see him; but I heard him scold in a Chamber, where he swore in Latin, as if he had been possess'd, to morrow Morning they set out.

Ar. You must send some body thither quickly.

Gr. But who can we find who will be safe from being listed? [60

Cat. Desire him to go [Aside to Grich.

Gr. Him?

Cat. Yes, him. He will run no risque, they don't want Lawyers in that Country.

Gr. We cou'd do well enough without 'em here . . . . [65 Go then, and at any Rate . . .

Ar. I will spare nothing, and will bring Brillon, or lose my Latin.

Gr. You'd lose no great Matter.

Cat. Sir, the Captain is still at his Uncle's.

Ar. His Uncle?

III vii. 71.

*Cat.* M *de St. Alvar.**Gr.* What, is that Captain the Nephew he has so often mention'd?*Cat.* Yes, Sir, and he was to go to take his Leave of him; I believe he's there now. [75]*Ar.* I'll run, that I may not miss of him; 'tis but a little Way off, I'll bring you an Answer in a Moment.

## SCENE VIII

*Cat.* I'm afraid, Sir, they won't restore you your Son.*Gr.* Why not? Hussy.*Cat.* The Captain despises Money, he's a Marquiss of three thousand a Year. He has a Prince's Equipage, and his Men told me, that the King has given him the Government of *Madagascar*. [5]*Gr.* Sure all the Devil's in Hell to day are let loose against me.*Cat.* (*Aside*) Not all yet . . . How griev'd I am for the poor Child.*Gr.* 'Sdeath! If the sick Lord I'm to visit to morrow, was at *London*, I'd make that Captain know . . . . But what does this [10] Soldier want here?

## SCENE IX

*Enter Lol dress'd like a Soldier, with a Halberd.**Cat.* Ah, Sir, 'tis the Captain's Serjeant*Gr.* Perhaps he's come to restore me *Brillon*.*Lol.* *Brillon*? No.*Gr.* (*Aside trembling*) Oh, oh, 'tis that Knave for a Dancing-Master. [5]*Cat.* (*After having gone up to, and look'd on him*) 'Tis he himself, Sir, I did not know him at first.*Lol.* Yes, Sir, since I had the Honour to see you last, a Halberd was offer'd me, I am no longer *Rigaudon*: I am now M *de la Motte*, at your Service. [10]*Gr.* Plague take you.*Lol.* I come to desire you, Sir, not to be angry with me for my last Vint.*Gr.* The Devil take you.*Lol.* However, if you have any thing on your Mind, that . . . . [15]*Gr.* M. *Rigaudon*, or M *de la Motte*, which you please. Be gone quickly, and trouble me no longer.*Lol.* I likewise come, Sir, to give you Warning from my Captain, not to make him wait to morrow Morning.*Gr.* What do you mean by this? [20]

*Lol.* I mean, Sir, you must be ready to go to morrow Morning by four a Clock.

*Gr.* Who, I?

*Lol.* Yes, you, Sir.

*Cat.* You take him for another sure . . . . [25]

*Lol.* No, Child, no; Is not he *M. Grichard*? You shall go from hence to *Brest*, Sir, in my Captain's Coach; and from thence, you shall embark in good Company.

*Gr.* What Nonsense you talk!

*Lol.* No Nonsense, Sir, Did you not promise the Man my Captain sent just now, to go to morrow Morning? [30]

*Cat.* You equivocate, Sir, my Master promis'd to go with the Chaplain.

*Lol.* Right, why there's the Business That is the Chaplain of our Regiment. [35]

*Gr.* Oh! I'm lost.

*Cat.* But 'tis to see a sick Lord in the Country, whom he promis'd to go to

*Lol.* Why right again That Country is *Madagascar*. A good Country, and that Lord is the Viceroy of the Island A brave [40] Man.

*Gr.* What have I done! What have I done!

*Lol.* 'Sblood, you shall be his chief Physician, I give you my Word on't.

*Cat.* What, Sir, Must I'ou go to *Madagascar* too! [45]

*Gr.* I shall run mad.

*Lol.* He shall certainly go, he has given his Word on it in Writing, and my Captain will make him march

*Gr.* I can hold no longer. Go, Rogue, tell thy Chaplain, Captain, Viceroy, and all thy *Madagascarians*, that they shall not mock [50] the Fury of a Physician.

*Lol.* Sir, Sir, you are a Man of Honour, and since you have engaged your self to go, Go you shall . . .

*Gr.* Yes, Villain, I'll Go; but it shall be to assemble the Faculty.

*Lol.* And I the Regiment; we'll try who'll have the best on't. [55]

*Gr.* This Affair interests all my Brethren

*Lol.* Ah, Sir, if you cou'd but bring one of them with you, 'twou'd be good Service. There would be but too many of 'em in *London*.

## SCENE X

*Enter Aristus.*

*Ar.* They are absolutely resolv'd not to restore your Son.

*Cat.* Ay; that is not all.

*Ar.* How!

*Cat.* My Master too must go to *Madagascar*.

III. x. 5.

*Ar.* What, my Brother ! [5*Cat.* He has engag'd himself to it; he is trick'd, you were present, that Chaplain (< . . . )*Ar.* Ah, I see how it is - What Treachery !*Lol.* Sir, you are deceiv'd, he'll make his Fortune in that Country; they are not yet undeceiv'd as to Physicians there, as they are [10 here.*Gr.* The Villain !*Lol.* 'Tis the best Place in the World for Men of his Profession.*Gr.* The Traytor !*Lol.* From thence comes all the Specifick Drugs [15*Gr.* The Blockhead !*Lol.* What Pleasure will it be for a Physician to see himself at the Source at Cassia, Sena, and Rhubarb*Gr.* I must strangle the Rascal*Lol.* (*Presenting his Halberd*) Halt there Adieu, Sir; if [20 you are not at my Captain's to morrow Morning by four a Clock, you shall have thirty Soldiers lodg'd at Discretion here at five So, Sir, your Servant, 'till I see you again [Exit.*Cat.* Sir, I suspect something which I must search further into. There's some Cheat in't. [Exit.

## SCENE XI

*Ar.* Sec, Brother, what your ill Humour costs you, the Blow you gave *Brillon* is the Cause of all this. The young Rogue went and listed himself, and has given room to the Trick that is plaid you; you will find it hard to disintangle your self, I have told you a thousand times, that your cross Temper wou'd draw upon you [5*Gr.* We are seeking Means to hinder *Brillon* and me, from being carry'd to *Madagascar*, and the Itch of moralising takes you.*Ar.* As for me, I can't see what Means will do where Money fails, all that can be used in Ills that are without Remedy is Patience. Mean while Prudence will . . . [10*Gr.* What a Man you are ! Know, Sir Brother, I had rather go a thousand times to *Madagascar*, to *Siam*, to *Monomotapa*, than hear such unseasonable Morals 'Tis what you were reproved for t'other Day at the Bar, you prattled an Hour upon the ancient *Babylonians* when the Law was about a *Goat* that was stolen : I am mad [15 when . . . .

## SCENE XII

*Enter Terignan, Hortensia and Catau.**Ter.* Father, I have found out the Trick that has been play'd you, I have discover'd from whence all this proceeds; and I come to



tell you, that it lies in you only, not to go to *Madagascar*, and to have my Brother again without its costing you a Farthing

*Gr.* How? [5

*Ter.* *M. de St. Alvar* is the Cause of all.

*Ar.* *M. de St. Alvar*!

*Ter.* He himself · By ill Luck he is nearly ally'd to the Captain . . .

*Gr.* I know he is his Uncle; proceed.

*Ter.* He went and complain'd to his Nephew, that you had [10  
broken your Promise, and that was the most sensible Affront cou'd  
be offer'd to a Gentleman.

*Gr.* Curs'd old Rogue!

*Ar.* He said right indeed, that he cou'd find Means to be reveng'd.

*Ter.* The Captain swore he wou'd carry away You and my [15  
Brother, unless you marry'd *Clarice*.

*Gr.* I! I marry that Coquet! I had as lief be marry'd to the  
Opera.

*Ter.* I'll go then and tell him so.

*Ar.* Stay, Nephew. Let us take an Expedient that may [20  
content every body, it must certainly be indifferent to them which  
of you two marries *Clarice*.

*Ter.* Ah, Uncle, I understand you.

*Ar.* And *Hortensia* must have the Captain.

*Hor.* What, Shall I marry a Man that will carry me to the [25  
End of the World

*Cat.* Go, go, Madam, I know Women, who shew their Husbands  
more Countries than . . . But the Contracts are drawn, and here  
come our People.

### Last SCENE <XIII>

*Enter to them, M. Rigaut, at the further End of the Stage, M. de St.  
Alvar, Clarice, Mondore, Brillon and Mamurra.*

*Mon.* Sir, upon the Promise given me on your Part, there's your  
Son, whom I bring you with Pleasure

*Gr.* You have used me . . . But, no more of that; we will  
talk of that another time: Where's my Writing?

*Mon.* I will restore it you, when you have sign'd the two [5  
Contracts.

*Gr.* Let's sign then.

*Ma.* Sir!

*Gr.* Oh! Get you gone to *Madagascar*.

*Br.* Do, pray Father, let me go with the Marquis. [10

*Gr.* Peace, Sirrah.

*Al.* Come, Sir, let us sign if you please; you must begin.

*Gr.* Do you begin, if you will.

III. xiii. 14.

*Al.* (*Signs.*) Don't let us lose time in useless Compliments, 'tis late. [15

*Gr.* (*Signs.*) Well, let me sign.

*Ter.* Father, I declare howsoever . . .

*Gr.* Only sign, I say. [Ter. *signs.*

*Hor.* I will not go to . . .

*Gr.* Make haste, or I'll shew who's Master. 20

[*She and Clarice sign.*

*Rig.* *M. Mondore* now is only to sign

*Mon.* I do willingly.

*Gr.* *Mondore!* What means this?

*Cat.* Yes, Sir, 'tis *Mondore*. He it was, who by my Order, listed you and *Brillon*. 'Twas I, who made him a Marquis and the [25  
Governour of *Madagascar*. Now since he has his Wish, he renounces those Titles

*Gr.* Damn'd *Abigail!* I'll choak thee You Hussy; it is so, Is it?  
<Cl> Sir, she has only obey'd your Will. Yesterday you were  
resolv'd to give her to *Mondore*, you have given her to him [30  
to day; What have you to complain of?

*Mon.* Sir, the Honour of your Alliance and Love .

*Gr.* Fiddlestick of Honour and Love . . . I rave, I burst;  
I'm sold, cheated, betray'd, Assassinated on all sides, but thou shalt  
be hang'd, execrable Forgery! [35

*Rig.* Sir, you shall hang no body, these two Contracts were drawn  
by your Order yesterday, you have sign'd them to day.

*Ar.* (*Smiling*) Brother, if you had been of another Humour,  
we shou'd have taken other Measures.

*Gr.* Zoons, it shall cost the Lives of above four . . . [40  
[*Exit.*

*Cat.* Of his Patients he means, I suppose; but let us go and  
rejoice, and the Grumbler may hang himself if he will.

# POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS ASCRIBED TO SEDLEY ON DOUBTFUL AUTHORITY

From Kemp's Collection, 1672.

## XCIV

### DISTICH

Although no Art the Fire of Love can tame,  
'Tis oft extinguish't by an equal flame.

## XCV

The painted Apples that adorn,  
Of you'd fair Tree, the Airy top,  
And seems our dull approach to scorn,  
From their weak Stalk must one day drop,  
And out of reach of Mortals plac't, 5  
Be the vile food of Worms at last,  
Thus ends of Humane things the Pride,  
Borne down Times ever-flowing Tide.

Thy matchless Beauty, that we all  
Now with such heat and passion court, 10  
Though kept from worthy Lovers, shall  
Confess its Tyranny but short :  
Then do not Love with Anger meet,  
Nor cruel be, to seem discreet ;  
Shunning what nature does intend, 15  
Things seldom meet a nobler end

From Stephens's Miscellany Poems, 1685

## XCVI

### UPON THE SLIGHTING OF HIS FRIENDS LOVE

Love guides my hand, and shews me what to write,  
That (thou) mayst know 'tis she that doth Indite.  
When Love's concern'd to make her language known, }  
She doth by Numbers soft, and sweet, bemoan }  
(Thy silence) enough to make her sigh and groan. } 5  
She fears that thy sweet Natur's wing'd away,

Because not touch'd, by its enlivening Ray :  
 She doubts some Veil has overspread its Light,  
 Which threatens more than an Aegyptian Night ,  
 Wherein nought but sad mournful Clouds appear, 10  
 Enough to strike thee into endless fear.  
 When she on every side doth cast an Eye, }  
 To see (perhaps) if once she might descry }  
 Her pleasing, look'd for Object passing by. }  
 There's nought appears, her Vigilance is vain ; 15  
 Her careful Eye is recompenc'd with pain  
 Then down she sinks, bereav'd of her sweet breath  
 The only sign, that now she's seiz'd with Death.  
 Weep now ye Heavens ; and let each pearly tear  
 Accompany mounting grief, and trembling fear. 20  
 For since Love's dead, the Beauty of our Isle,  
 Its more than madness to attempt a smile ,  
 This rather would become some pompous, nuptial train,  
 Than him, whose Heart feels griefs insulting pain.  
 When once a Jewel's lost, how careful is each Eye, 25  
 In prying out this Author of our misery ?  
 No less is he depriv'd of courting rest  
 When Love has left a drooping, panting Breast.  
 Curs'd be that Person, who has chas'd thee hence,  
 Heaven, with this black crime, can ne're dispence ! 30  
 Curs'd be that time, that e're she fix'd on thee,  
 The Mother of such unheard of Cruelty.  
 Curs'd be that place, in which she did impart  
 Her amorous smiles, her most alluring Art.  
 In fine a Curse all Curses else above 35  
 On her, that dar'd to stab our darling Love !  
 May never once Loves Charms attend thee more,  
 Till thou atones for what is done before.  
 What have I said ! this, this, can never be  
 Done by the hands of basest Treachery. 40  
 No, no we must the Gods above implore,  
 Who only can the dead, to life restore.  
 Be propitious then, ye ruling Pow'rs above,  
 And send us back our hence departed Love.  
 That we may see her raise a tow'ring frame }  
 Adorn'd with lustre from her radiant flame } 45  
 Too great to be exprest by empty name. }  
 Bless us but in this, and then shall we }  
 In reverence bow, a lowly thankful Knee, }  
 Before the throne of your own sacred Deity. } 50  
 Our words, like well tun'd Instruments shall be,  
 Breathing forth nought but grateful Harmony  
 Our Actions, they shall pay you Tribute, too,  
 For all is yours, when once we are blest by you. 54

From Poetical Recreations, 1688

## XCVII

UPON A GENTLEWOMANS REFUSAL OF A LETTER  
FROM ONE SHE WAS INGAGED TO

Not hear my *Message*, but the *Bearer* shun !  
 What hellish *Fiend* inrag'd could more have done ?  
 Surely the *Gods* design to make my Fate  
 Of all most wretched, and unfortunate  
 'Twas but a *Letter*, and the *Words* were few, 5  
 Fill'd with *kind wishes*, but my *Fate's* too true.  
 I'm lost for ever banish'd from her sight,  
 Although by *Oaths* and *Vows* she's mine by right  
 Ye *Gods* ! look down and hear my Sorrows moan,  
 Take the faint *Echoes* of a dying groan 10  
 But now is't possible so fair a *Face*  
 Shou'd have a *Soul* so treacherous and base,  
 To promise *constancy*, and then to prove  
 False and unkind to him she vow'd to love ?  
 Oh, Barb'rous *Sex* ! whose Nature is to rook 15  
 And cheat *Mankind* with a *betraying look*  
 Hence I'll keep guard within from all your *Charms*,  
 And ever more resist all fresh *Alarms* ,  
 I'll trace your windings through the darkest *Cell*,  
 And find your *Stratagems*, though lodg'd in *Hell* 20  
 Your gilded *Paintings*, and each treacherous *Wile*,  
 By which so eas'ly you *Mankind* beguile ;  
*Winds* are more *Constant* than a *Womans* Mind,  
 Who holds to none but to the present kind  
 For when by *absence* th' object is remov'd, 25  
 The time is gone and spent wherein she lov'd  
 And is it not the very same with me,  
 To slight my *Love*, when I must absent be ?  
 Perhaps sh' has seen a more attracting *Face*,  
 And a new *Paramour* has taken place, 30  
 And shall my injur'd *Soul* stand *Mute*, and live,  
 Whilst that another reaps what she can give ?  
 Glutted with *pleasures*, and again renew  
 Their past delights, although my claim and due  
 Oh, no, my *Soul's* inrag'd, revenge calls on, 35  
 I'll tear her piece-meal e'er my fury's gone ;  
 Stretch out my *Arm* all o'er th' inconstant stain,  
 And then cleave down her treach'rous *limbs* in twain :  
 The greatest *plagues* Invention e'er cou'd find,  
 Is not sufficient for th' *inconstant Mind*. 40  
 I think I have o'ercome my *Passion* quite,

And cou'd not *love*, although 'twere in despight.  
 As for the *Man* who must enjoy my room,  
 He'll soon be partner in my wretched doom ;  
 He by her *Faith*, alas, no more will find, 45  
 Than when she swore to me to prove most kind.  
 Therefore I'll leave her and esteem her less ;  
 And in my self both *joy* and acquiesce.  
 But oh, my *Heart*, there's something moves there still,  
 Sure 'tis the vigour of *unbounded Will*. 50  
 Too much, I fear, my *Fetters* are not gone,  
 Or I at least again must put them on.  
 Methinks I feel my *Heart* is not got free,  
 Nor all my *Passions* set at liberty, }  
 From the bright glances of her am'rous *Eye*. } 55  
 Down *Rebel-love*, and hide thy boyish Head,  
 I'm too much *Man* to hear thy follies plead .  
 Go seek some other *Breast* of lower note ;  
 Go make some Old decrepit *Cuckold* dote  
 Begone I say, or strait thy *Quiver*, Bow, 60  
 And thou thy self fall to destruction too  
 And oh, I'm gone, my *Foes* have all got ground,  
 My *Brains* grow giddy, and my *Head* turns round.  
 My *Heart's* intangled with the *Nets* of Love ;  
 My *Passions* rave, and now ye *Gods* above 65  
 Help on my doom, and heave me to your Skies ,  
 Look, look, *Merrinda's* just before my Eyes :  
 Help me to catch her e'er her *Shadow* fly,  
 And I fall downward from this rowling Sky. 69

## XCVIII

## SONG

## The Prodigal's Resolution

## I

I am a lusty lively Lad,  
 Arriv'd at One-and-Twenty ;  
 My Father left me all he had,  
 Both Gold and Silver plenty.  
 Now He's in Grave, I will be brave, 5  
 The Ladies shall adore me ;  
 I'll Court and Kiss, what hurt's in this ?  
 My *Dad* did so before me.

II

My *Father*, to get my Estate,  
 Though selfish, yet was slavish ; 10  
 I'll spend it at another rate,  
 And be as leudly lavish.  
 From *Mad-men*, *Fools*, and *Knaves* he did,  
 Litigiously receive it ;  
 If so he did, Justice forbid, 15  
 But I to such shou'd leave it

III

Then I'll to Court, where *Venus* sport,  
 Doth revel it in plenty ,  
 And deal with all, both great and small,  
 From twelve to five and twenty 20  
 In Play-houses I'll spend my Days,  
 For there are store of Misses ;  
*Ladies*, make room, behold I come,  
 To purchase many Kisses. 24

XCIX

SONG

The Doubtfull Lover Resolv'd

Fain wou'd I *Love*, but that I fear,  
 I quickly shou'd the *Willow* wear .  
 Fain wou'd I Marry, but Men say,  
 When *Love* is try'd, he will away  
 Then tell me, *Love*, what I shall doe, 5  
 To cure these Fears whene'er I Wooe.  
 The *Fair* one, she's a mark to all ;  
 The *Brown* one each doth lovely call ,  
 The *Black* a Pearl in fair Mens Eyes,  
 The rest will stoop to any prize. 10  
 Then tell me, Love, what I shall doe,  
 To cure these *Fears* when e'er I Woe.

Reply

Go, Lover, know it is not I  
 That wound with fear or jealousy ;  
 Nor do Men feel those <killing> smarts, 15  
 Untill they have confin'd their *Hearts*.  
 Then if you'll cure your *Fears* you shall  
 Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all. 18

## C

## SONG

## The Cavalier's Catch

## I

Did you see this *Cup of Liquor*,  
 How invitingly it looks,  
 'Twill make a *Lawyer* prattle quicker,  
 And a *Scholar* burn his Books.  
 'Twill make a Cripple for to Caper, 5  
 And a *Dumb Man* clearly Sing;  
 'Twill make a *Coward* draw his Rapier,  
 Here's a Health to *James* our King

## II

If that here be any *Round-head*,  
 That refuse this *Health* to pledge, 10  
 I wish he then may be confounded,  
 Underneath some rotten *Hedge*,  
 May the *French Disease* o'er-take him,  
 And upon his *Face* appear,  
 And his *Wife* a *Cuckold* make him, 15  
 By some *Jovial Cavalier*.

## CI

## SONG

## I

*Evadne*, I must tell you so,  
 You are too *cruel* grown,  
 No *smiles* nor *pity* you bestow,  
 But *Death* in ev'ry *frown*.  
 My *Love*, though *chast* and *constant* too, 5  
 Yet no relief can find;  
*Curst* be the *Slave* that's *false* to you,  
 Though *you* are still *unkind*.

## II

Were you as merciful as fair,  
 My *wishes* wou'd obtain; 10  
 But *love* I must, though *I despair*,  
 And perish in the pain.



If in an *Age* I can prevail,  
I happy then shall be,  
And cou'd I live, I wou'd not fail  
To wait Eternally. 15

From Buckingham's Miscellaneous Works, 1704

CII

THE ROYAL KNOTTER

I

Ah happy People ye must thrive  
Whilst thus the Royal Pair does strive  
Both to advance your Glory ;  
While he (by's Valour) conquers *France*,  
She Manufacturers does advance, 5  
And makes Thread-fringes for ye

II

Bless'd we ' who from such Queens are freed,  
Who by vain Superstition led,  
Are always telling Beads,  
But here's a Queen, now, thanks to God, 10  
Who, when she rides in Coach abroad,  
Is always knotting Threads.

III

Then hast, victorious *Nassau*, hast,  
And when thy Summer Show is past,  
Let all thy Trumpets sound · 15  
The Fringe which this Campaign has wrought,  
Tho' it cost the Nation scarce a Groat,  
Thy Conquests will surround. 18

CIII

ADVICE TO LOVERS

I

*Damon*, if thou wilt believe me,  
'Tis not Sighing round the Plain,  
Songs and Sonnets can't relieve thee,  
Faint attempts in love are vain.

## II

Urge but home the fair Occasion, 5  
 And be Master of the Field ;  
 To a powerful kind invasion  
 'Tis a Madness not to yield

## III

Love gives out a large Commission,  
 Still indulgent to the brave ; 10  
 But one Sin of large Omission,  
 Never Woman yet forgave,

## IV

Though she swears she'll ne'er permit you,  
 Cries you're rude, and much to blame,  
 Or with Tears implores your Pity, 15  
 Be not merciful for shame.

## V

When the fierce Assault is over,  
*Chloris* soon enough must find  
 This her cruel furious Lover  
 Much more gentle, not so kind. 20

## CIV

## AGAINST HIS MISTRESS'S CRUELTY

## I

Love, How unequal are thy Laws,  
 That Men that least endeavour  
 Thou favour'st, and neglect'st the Cause  
 Of those that most persever !

## II

What careless Lovers have been blest, 5  
 Untouch'd with Grief and Anguish,  
 Since cruel *Sylvia* charm'd my Breast,  
 Unmov'd to see me languish !

## III

I find my fatal Error now  
 In thinking e'er to move her, 10  
 Too great the Difficulty grew  
 For any mortal Lover.

IV

But what Advantage can it bring  
That I at last perceive it ?  
'Twas rash to undertake the thing, 15  
And 'tis too late to leave it.

CV

THE PETITION

Oh *Lycidas*, why thus alone  
With Arms a cross, dost sigh and moan ?  
Can thy *Cosmelia* prove unkind,  
Or ought prevail to change her Mind ?  
She was, she is great Nature's Pride ; 5  
In Goodness, to the best ally'd  
In her bright Eyes such Beauties Shine,  
Mercy would make her all divine,  
O ye propitious Powers above,  
That gently do incline to love, 10  
Convey into her Breast soft Fire,  
Amorous Thoughts, and kind Desire.  
But if it be decreed by Fate,  
That I must love, and she must hate,  
Ah ! let her not Disdain to give 15  
A Tear, when I no longer live.

From the Diverting Post, 1704

CVI

By Sir Charles Sidley. Written Extempore

The Noble Man, why he's a thing  
Thats next in Honour to the King ;  
But if his Lordship's Knave or Fool,  
At best he's but a Noble Tool,  
Either to work with or be wrought on, 5  
As odd a thing as can be thought on :  
What signifies an empty Word,  
His Grace, his Highness, or my Lord, }  
Saving your Presence, not a T——d. }  
'Tis Virtue stamps his Character, 10  
And adds a lustre to his Star.

From Poems on State Affairs, 1705

## CVII

## A FABLE

In Aesop's Tales an honest Wretch we find,  
 Whose Years and Comforts equally declin'd;  
 He in two Wives had two domestick Ills,  
 For different Age they had and different Wills  
 One pluckt his Black Hairs out, and one his Grey,       5  
 The Man for quietness did both obey,  
 Till all his Parish saw his Head quite bare,  
 And thought he wanted Brains as well as Hair.

*The Moral*

The Parties hen-peckt *W—m*, are they Wives,  
 The Hairs they pluck are thy Prerogatives,       10  
 Tories thy Person hate, the Whigs thy Power,  
 Tho much thou yieldest, till they tug for more,  
 Till this poor Man, and thou, alike are shown,  
 He without Hair, and thou without a Crown       14

From Briscoe's Edition of 1707

## CVIII

## ON THE HAPPY CORYDON AND PHILLIS

Young *Corydon* and *Phyllis*,  
 Sat in a lovely Grove,  
 Contriving Crowns of Lillies,  
 Repeating toys of Love,  
 And something else, but what I dare not name;       5  
 But as they were a playing,  
 She ogled so the Swain,  
 It sav'd her plainly saying,  
 Let's kiss to ease our pain, and something else.  
 A thousand times he kist her,       10  
 Laying her on the Green,  
 But as he further prest her  
 A pritty Leg was seen, and ——  
 So many Beauties viewing,  
 His Ardor still increast,       15  
 And greater Joys pursuing,  
 He wander'd o'er her Breast, and ——  
 A last effort she trying

His Passion to withstand, Cry'd, but 'twas faintly Crying,	20
Pray take away your Hand, and ——	
Young <i>Corydon</i> grown bolder, The Minutes wou'd improve, This is the time, he told her	
To shew you how I Love, and ——	25
The Nymph seem'd almost dying, Dissolv'd in amorous Heat, She kiss'd, and told him sighing,	
My Dear, your Love is great, and ——	
But <i>Phyllis</i> did recover,	30
Much sooner than the Swain, She blushing ask'd her Lover,	
Shall we not kiss again, and ——	
Thus Love his Revells keeping, Till Nature at a stand,	35
From talk they fell to sleeping, Holding each other's Hand, and——	

CIX

ON A LADY THAT DID NOT LOVE APPLES

Happy our Race ; and blessed all Mankind, Had but <i>Eve's</i> Palate been, like yours, refin'd, Nor meanly stoop'd, while in her natures Pride, To taste the poorest Fruit, that Heav'n deny'd But nought tempts Woman, more than a Restraint,	5
Access deny, and strait on that they're bent , And had your Coyness, in her place been found, The Devil had strove in vain to give the Wound Tho' cast his Serpents Skin, to be more fair,	
Tho' dress'd like Beau, and courted with an Air, } For where Man fails, the Devil must sure despair }	10
In vain, he'd strove your Virgin Heart to Storm, We'd all been sav'd, had you her part perform'd But since long time will not that change allow, Be but a second EVE, and save us now.	15

CX

ON FRUITION

None, but a Muse in Love, can tell  
The sweet tumultuous joys I feel,  
When on *Celia's* Breast I lye,  
When I tremble, faint, and dye ,

Mingling Kisses with Embraces, 5  
 Darting Tongues, and joyning Faces,  
 Panting, stretching, sweating, cooing,  
 All in the extatic, of doing. 8

From Briscoe's Edition of 1722

## CXI

## TO CELINDA

*Celinda*, think not by Disdain,  
 To vanquish my Desire  
 By telling me, I sigh in vain  
 And feed a hopeless Fire  
 Despair it self too weak does prove, 5  
 Your Beauty to disarm,  
 By Fate I was ordain'd to Love,  
 As you were born to Charm 8

## CXII

## A SONG

*Celinda*

Prithce tell me, faithless Swain,  
 Why shou'd you such Passion feign,  
 On purpose to deceive me?  
 So soon as I to love began,  
 Then you began to leave me. 5

*Damon*

*Celinda*, you must blame your Fate,  
 Kindness has its certain Date,  
 E'er we the Joys have tasted,  
 Had you not then with feigned Hate  
 Love's kindest Hours wasted. 10

Then weep no more, nor sigh in vain,  
 But lay your Baits to catch again  
 A more deserving Lover;  
 For know, a Slave who's broke his Chain  
 You never can recover. 15

CXIII

CUPID'S RETURN

Welcome, thrice welcome to my frozen Heart,  
Thou long departed Fire,  
How could'st thou so regardless be  
Of one so true, so fond as me,  
Whose early Thought, whose first Desire 5  
Was pointed all to thee ?  
When in the Morning of my Day,  
Thy Empire first began,  
Pleased with the Prospect of thy Sway,  
Into thy Arms I ran ; 10  
Without Reserve my willing Heart I gave ,  
Proud that I had my Freedom lost :  
Contending which I ought to boast  
The making thee a Sov'reign, or my self a Slave  
  
Still I am form'd to execute thy Will, 15  
By me declare thy Power and Skill ,  
My Heart already by thy Fire  
Is so prepar'd, is so refin'd,  
There's nothing left behind 20  
But infinite Desire  
O ! would'st thou touch that lovely Maid,  
(Whose Charms and thine I have obey'd)  
With such another Flame,  
The Heav'n that would appear in me,  
Wou'd speak such Goodness dwelt in thee ,  
Thy Bow, thy Art, 25  
No more need guide thy Dart ;  
No Art so stubborn but at that would aim

## THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL

### THE PREFACE

*As the chief Aim of Poetry ought to be the copying of Nature, so the principal Design of Translation should be the Resemblance of its Original.*

*That this may be most nearly and compleatly taken, 'tis requisite, beside our Author's Language, to know his utmost Meaning and Intention, and as far as possible the very Disposition and Frame of his Mind, and Temper of his Genius. For Authors generally in their Works give in some measure an Image of themselves, and every one has something in him particularly remarkable and distinguishable from all others.*

*And though a too servile or pedantic following is by all means to be avoided, because it necessarily cramps the Vigour and Gracefulness required in a good Translation, yet a just Translator ought by no means farther to deviate in any respect, than that Necessity compels him, and whoever has most of the Likeness of every particular Part with an equal Share of the Beauty and Force of the whole, undoubtedly shews the noblest Skill, and is the most accomplish'd, and happy in his Performance.*

*How far I have succeeded here, I must leave others to judge.*

*Yet since an earnest Zeal to do some right to this incomparable Author has engag'd me in this Undertaking, I hope the candid and ingenious will forgive me the Faults I may have committed, if they are not many or considerable.*



CXIV

THE FIRST PASTORAL

*Tityrus Melibæus*

*Melibæus*

You *Tityrus* ' in the cool refreshing Shade  
Of a broad *Beach*, thus negligently lay'd,  
In your sweet Pipe and rural Muse delight  
We forc'd, alas ! from our dear Country's fight  
And pleasant Fields, in sad Distress to fly, 5  
Are doom'd in woful Banishment to lie :  
You undisturb'd here sing your am'rous Lays,  
And make the Groves sound *Amaryllis* Praise

*Tityrus*

This Leisure 'twas a God bestow'd for he,  
Oh *Melibæus* ! shall be such to me ; 10  
Oft shall his Altar with Devotion due,  
The streaming Blood of my young Lambs imbrue.  
He suffer'd as you see my Herds to stray,  
And will'd that on my Pipe, I shou'd securely play.

*Melibæus*

I envy not thy Case, but wonder much, 15  
While of our Plains the sad Distraction's such ,  
See ailing thence, I my *She-Goats* convey.  
This, *Tityrus* ! I can hardly drag away,  
Amid'st the Hazels, as I came along,  
She yeanning unexpectedly two young ; 20  
(The Hope of my unhappy Flock) has left  
On the hard Stone of ev'ry Help bereft.  
This sad Mischance, was I not stupid grown !  
My blasted Oaks had oftentimes made known,  
And often from a hollow Holm the *Crow* 25  
Did on the left the coming Mischief show :  
But yet oh ! *Tityrus* ! I pray disclose  
The God who this distinguish'd Favour shows.

*Tityrus*

The City they call *Rome*, as yet unknown,  
I thought, oh *Melibæus* ! like our own, 30  
(Fool that I was) whither we us'd to go,  
And oft the young-ones of our Flock bestow,  
So Whelps I had perceiv'd, were like their Damms,

And like the Mother Ews, the tender Lambs :  
 So little Things I did compare with great, 35  
 But other Cities thus excels in State,  
 Rising o'er all, as Cypresses exceed  
 The creeping Osier, or the binding Reed.

*Melibæus*

And what was the prevailing Cause that drew  
 Your mind this great aspiring *Rome* to view ? 40

*Tityrus*

'Twas Liberty, which tho', it scarce appear'd,  
 When the grey Hairs were sprinkled in my Beard,  
 Long look'd-for kindly did arrive at last,  
 When *Galatea's* early Love was pass'd,  
 And *Amaryllis* did my Heart possess ; 45  
 For dallying with the first, I must confess,  
 No hope of Liberty, nor Care had I  
 T' increase my Store, or gain a fit Supply,  
 To cure my Wants, tho' often of the best,  
 Pass'd from my Folds, and store of *Cheese* was press'd 50  
 Unprofitably to the City sent,  
 For what I got, I there profusely spent.

*Melibæus*

Oh *Amaryllis* ! little guess I had  
 For whom you pray'd, for whom you was so sad ;  
 For what Occasion, for whose sake so long 55  
 Th' ungather'd Apples on their Branches hung  
*Tityrus* was hence, oh *Tityrus* ! thy lov'd Name,  
 The Springs, the Pines, nay Bushes did proclaim.

*Tityrus*

What shou'd I do ? what cou'd I hope to be  
 By other means from lasting Service free ? 60  
 Nor cou'd I think to find another, where  
 A fav'ring God so ready to my Prayer !  
 Here *Melibæus* ! I beheld him here,  
 The Youth for whom our Altars twice a Year  
 Shall smoke with Incense. He (when I address'd) 65  
 Kindly and soon, thus answer'd my Request.  
 Go Boy ! be still on Rural Works employ'd,  
 And hold whatever ye before enjoy'd.

*Melibæus*

Oh bless'd old Man <sup>1</sup> thy Lands shall then endure,  
 And all Possessions still to thee secure, 70  
 And large enough shall for thyself be found,  
 Tho' *Stones* and *Reeds* o'erspread the nearest Ground  
 Thy *Flocks* from *Beasts* of *Prey* no harm shall find  
 Nor catch Infection from their neighbouring kind  
 Oh fortunate old Man <sup>1</sup> who may abide 75  
 Thus sweetly by this noted River's side,  
 Here with Delight thy leisure Time employ,  
 And of these sacred Springs the cool enjoy  
 Here from the bord'ring Hedge the passing *Bees*,  
 Thy Ears shall with continual Murmurs please, } 80  
 Soft Sleep invite, and give thy Labours ease. }  
 The Pruner from the lofty Mountain there,  
 With chearful Songs shall chase intruding Care  
 Here thy lov'd Pidgeons shall delight thy view,  
 There on sweet Elms the *Turtles* sweetly coo 85

*Tityrus*

Therefore the *Stags* shall mounting feed in Air,  
 And Oceans sinking, leave their Fishes bare  
 On the dry Sands, the *Parthians* from their home, }  
 And hardy *Germans* shall be forc'd to roam, } 90  
 And to each others Land in Exile come,  
 Before the Figure of this Youth depart,  
 And quit Possession of my grateful Heart

*Melibæus*

But we must hence dispers'd and driven go  
 To sultry *Africk*, and to *Scythia's* Snow,  
 Part must with speed repair to spacious *Crete*, 95  
 And near the swift *Oaxis* take their Seat :  
 Part must on *Britain's* barb'rous Land be hurl'd,  
 Amongst a Race divided from the World  
 Yet when a long unhappy Time is pass'd,  
 Oh <sup>1</sup> may I see my Country's Bounds at last, 100  
 And pleas'd, and wond'ring visit once again  
 My poor thatch'd Dwelling where I us'd to reign <sup>1</sup>  
 Shall a vile Soldier these neat Fields command ?  
 This Harvest bless a wicked barb'rous Hand ?  
 Oh fatal Strife <sup>1</sup> from thee what Sorrows flow ? 105  
 From thee what Ills we wretched People know ?  
 See who the Fruits of all our Toil possess,  
 Now graft thy Pears, fond Swain ! thy *Vineyards* dress <sup>1</sup>  
 Hence ye *She-goats* ! once prosp'rous and my Care, }  
 Begone, henceforth stretch'd on the Grass, I ne'er } 110  
 Shall see ye hanging on a Rock afar ;

Henceforth no Verses shall I sing, nor more  
Protect and feed ye as I did before.

*Tityrus*

With me this Night however chuse to stay,  
Forgetting Care yourself reposing lay 115  
On the green Leaf, and of our present Fare,  
(*Curds, Chestnuts, Apples*) take a welcome Share,  
For see the Village Tops begin to fume,  
And vaster Shadows from the Mountains come. 119

CXV

THE SECOND PASTORAL

The fair *Alexis* was his Master's Joy,  
And *Coridon* lov'd the delicious Boy,  
But failing of his Hope, he daily go's  
Where *Beachen* Boughs a constant Shade compose,  
There to the Woods and Mountains thus alone, 5  
Makes in imperfect Strains his fruitless Moan.  
Cruel *Alexis* ' must my Verse and I  
Be thus disdain'd by thee? Ah ' must I die,  
Thro' thy Unkindness most unhappy made?  
Now Cattle seek the cool refreshing Shade, 10  
And *Thestylis* sweet Herbs do's mixing beat  
For weary Mowers vex with Toil and Heat;  
But while in eager Search of thee I run,  
With me beneath the persecuting Sun,  
The *Grashoppers* from ev'ry Bush bemoan 15  
Their Case, and grate my Ears with a harsh Tone,  
Had it not better been for me poor Swain }  
Of peevish *Amaryllis* to sustain }  
The direful Anger and the proud Disdain? }  
Better had I *Menalcas* made my Care? 20  
Tho' swarthy he, tho' thou as Lillies fair '  
Oh Youth ' tho' bless'd with ev'ry blooming Grace,  
Trust not too much to thy enticing Face  
White Blossoms from the Trees neglected fall,  
The black uncomely Berry's sought by all. 25

Me you despise, *Alexis* ' nor incline  
To know what *Choice* and plenteous *Stores* are mine;  
A thousand *Lambs* I call my own each Day,  
That scatter'd o'er *Sicilian* Mountains stray;  
Plenty of Milk in Summer fills my Pails, 30  
Not even in the Winter-Season fails;  
Nor sweet *Amphion* singing to his Herd,  
Cou'd be for Voice before myself prefer'd

Nor am I free from Grace, I lately stood,  
And view'd my Image in the briny Flood, 35  
When not a Breath of Wind disturb'd the Sea,  
Not *Daphnis* in his Form surpasses me,  
And him (thyself a Judge) I cannot fear,  
If like ourselves, our Images appear.

Oh ! that with me, you wou'd these *Shades* admire, 40  
And to our humble Cottages retire,  
Pursue the *Harts*, and to the verdant Boughs,  
Consent to drive the wanton *Goats* to brouze ,  
To the delightful Groves confine your Will,  
And strive with me to rival *Pan* in Skill 45  
*Pan*, first, the Shepherd's Pipe and Skill improv'd ,  
By *Pan* the Sheep and Shepherds are belov'd ,  
With the melodious Pipe thy Lip to gall,  
Grudge not, fair Youth ! nor think it harm at all :  
What, that this pleasing Art he might have known, 50  
Wou'd not *Amyntas* willingly have done ?

A Pipe of seven unequal Reeds I have,  
That me of old, *Dametas* dying gave ,  
Take this last Token of my Love, said he, }  
And prosp'rous may it ever prove to thee, } 55  
The Fool *Amyntas* did with Envy see. }  
Beside two *Kids*, I in a Valley found  
Their *Skins* ev'n now with white are *sprinkled* round  
A Yew's swoln Udders twice they daily drain,  
And both for thee still carefully remain 60  
Yet *Thestylis* to gain them often try's, }  
And she at last may have the hop'd-for Prize, }  
Why shou'd she not, since you my Gifts despise ? }

Come hither fairest, dearest Youth ! and see 65  
The lovely Presents here in Store for thee ,  
Behold the courteous Nymphs in Baskets bring  
The choicest Beauties of the blooming Spring,  
For thy Delight, pale Lillies and the blue  
Soft Violets ; the bright *Narcissus* too,  
To which they Heads of sleepy Poppies joyn, 70  
And Leaves of the sweet smelling *Anethine*.  
Then having nicely cull'd each chosen Flow'r,  
With each most fragrant Herb they dress thy Bow'r :  
I joyning too will here employ my Care,  
And downy Peaches for thy Tast prepare ; 75  
To these I'll add Chessnuts the most approv'd,  
Such as my beauteous *Amaryllis* lov'd,

And waxen Plumbs, a Fruit deserving Praise :  
 Thou Myrtle ! too I'll crop, and Laurel-Spraves,  
 So plac'd, that both may grateful Scents dispence,  
 And mingling fully, entertain thy Sence. 80

Oh *Coridon* ! thy clownish Gifts forbear,  
 For thy mean Presents will *Alexis* care ?  
 Or were thy Offsprings ne'er so worthy ; yet  
 Wou'd *J<ola>s* in such to thee submit ? 85  
 What have I done ? in mentioning that Name,  
 How is my rash unwary Tongue to blame ?  
 A Southern Wind to blast my Flow'rs I bring,  
 And plunge the *Boars* into the christal Spring !  
 Whom fly you ! frantic Youth ? ev'n Gods have made 90  
 With Joy their Dwellings in the Sylvan Shade,  
 Here *Trojan Paris* liv'd . let *Pallas* go  
 To Tow'rs that to her Art their Structure owe ,  
 There let the Warrior-Goddess proudly rest  
 The peaceful Groves of all things please me best 95  
 Fierce *Lionesses* urg'd by strong Desire,  
 Pursue *He-Wolves* to quench their raging Fire ,  
 The *Wolves* themselves with hungry Appetite  
 Pursue the *Goats* , green Leaves the *Goats* invite,  
 Thou me, *Alexis* ! all things seek Delight } 100

See Ev'ning comes , from Toils the Cattle cease,  
 And by the setting Sun the Shades increase ,  
 Yet do's my Pain its lasting Fury prove .  
 For oh ! what Measure can be found in Love ?

Ah ! *Coridon* ! what wretched Frenzy's thine ? 105  
 Behold, at home, a tender blooming Vine  
 Ly's half undress'd , haste thither, and apply  
 To useful Things, lay fruitless Wishes by ;  
 If this *Alexis* scorns you, you may find  
 Some other Youth to your Endeavours kind. 110

## CXVI

## THE THIRD PASTORAL

Dametas, Menalcas, Palæmon

*Menalcas*

Tell me, *Dametas* ! whose'n Sheep these are :  
 Do's *Melibæus* own them ?

*Dametas*

No, my Care,  
Ægon employs, if you wou'd understand  
They're his late giv'n.

*Menalcas*

To an unhappy Hand ;  
For while he courts *Næra*, fearing she  
Disdaining him, shou'd better think of me, 5  
To bribe her Favour from his Master's Store ;  
'Twice in an Hour he milks the Cattle o'er,  
And thus he drains the Moisture from the Damms,  
And of their Food defrauds the little Lambs 10

*Dametas*

Yet softly thus to Elders, I know too,  
Pert Youngster ! Who did you now ? what with you ,  
The rank *He-Goats* appear'd the Deed to blame,  
Turning their Heads another way for Shame ,  
I noted well the sacred Place and Time, 15  
But th' easy Nymphs by laughing pass'd the Crime

*Menalcas*

'Twas when they saw this envious Hand of mine  
Break *Micon's* Shoots, and cut his tender Vine

*Dametas*

Or at th' old Beachen Trees, when you thought fit  
To *Daphnis* here to set your manly Wit, 20  
Whose broaken *Bow* and *Shaft*, your Malice show'd, }  
For when you saw them on the Boy bestowed, }  
You griev'd, and from that time a *Grudge* you ow'd, }  
And if your Spleen had not been satisfy'd,  
E'er this *Menalcas* ! You had surely dy'd 25

*Menalcas*

What shall we Masters do, when Varlets we  
Audacious find to such a high Degree ?  
Did I myself not see you : Thou, most vile !  
(*Lycisca*, barking greatly all the while,) 30  
Attempt a *Goat* of *Damon's* to betray,  
And shily from the Flock to bear away ?  
And when I cry'd Ho ! where now flies he to ?  
*Tityrus* ! take care, observe your Cattle ! you  
Did close behind the Hedges sneaking lie

## Dametas

Pray can you tell me, strict Accuser ! why, 35  
 When he in singing was by me out-done,  
 He shou'd not yield the *Goat* I fairly won ?  
 The *Goat* you saw was mine (if you must know) }  
*Damon* himself confess'd it to be so,  
 But did deny he cou'd the Due bestow } 40

## Menalcas

You him in singing ' such a wond'rous Deed '  
 Was you e'er Master of a waxen Reed ?  
 You *Ignoramus* ' who on the high Ways  
 Did use to squander miserable Lays,  
 And with a tuneless Pipe and senseless Song 45  
 Suit the dull Fancy of the gaping Throng

## Dametas

Then will you that we present Trial make  
 Of both our Skills ? This Heifer here I stake,  
 Lest you refuse, and think the Prize too mean,  
 Know in a Day, twice at the Pail she's seen, 50  
 Two Young besides she nurses, Stripling ' say  
 What Wager now with me you chuse to lay ?

## Menalcas

As at this time my Circumstances are,  
 To wager from the Flock, I do not dare,  
 I have at home a Father, whom I fear, 55  
 And a Step-Mother that is too severe,  
 Twice in a Day, my Charge they numb'ring see,  
 Both the grown Cattle, and the young ones he,  
 But since the mad Man you're resolved to play,  
 What yourself shall worthier own, I'll lay 60  
 A Beachen Cup, with curious Carving grac'd,  
 By spreading Vines and Ivy 'round embrac'd,  
 Two Figures in the mid'st are neatly plac'd }  
*Conon* and what's his Name ? The Man that drew  
 The World and all its various People shew, 65  
 The Times when Harvest shou'd begin and end ;  
 And when the Ploughman at his Task shou'd bend ;  
 The Work Divine *Alcim* <e>don's I keep  
 This up, as yet untouch'd by mortal Lip.

## Dametas

And this *Alcim*edon, whom you have nam'd, 70  
 Two Cups for me has in like manner fram'd ;



The Rims *Acanthus* twining do's embrace,  
 The middle Part *Orpheus* appears to grace,  
 And following Woods, the sweet Musician trace }  
 These too, like you, with Care I hidden keep, 75  
 Nor to their Edges yet have laid my Lip;  
 Nevertheless, you'll small occasion find  
 To praise the Cup, if you the Heifer mind.

*Menalcas*

No where shall you escape this live-long Day,  
 Where e'er you slip, I'll follow strait away, 80  
 Our Diff'rence now, let any fairly try,  
 Let any Man be judge who passes by.  
 See there *Palæmon*, from this time I shall  
 Teach your bold Tongue more humble Words to all

*Dametas*

Come on Pretender! and your utmost try, }  
 I'm ready, and the worst you can defy, 85  
 Nor ever do I any basely fly.  
 But, Friend *Palæmon*! ponder well withal  
 Our present Cause, the matter is not small

*Palæmon*

Then let your Skill be mutually express'd,  
 While here upon the tender Grass we rest, 90  
 The Trees now bloom, and each delightful Field  
 Do's now its choicest Sights and Odours yield,  
 Leaves crown the Woods, and in its Beauty's Prime,  
 The Year now reigns; most lovely is the Time 95  
 Begin *Dametas*! and *Menalcas*! you  
 Shall in alternate Strains his Steps pursue, }  
 Alternate Verses please the Muses too.

*Dametas*

Be your first Off'ring, Oh ye Muses! *Jove's*, }  
*Jove* fills the World, and ev'rything improves; 100  
 He gives us Plenty, and my Verses loves.

*Menalcas*

And me his Favour bright *Apollo* shows, }  
 His Gift the Laurel ever with me grows,  
 He the sweet ruddy *Hyacinth* bestows. }

*Dametas*

A wanton Lass, brisk *Galatea*, me }  
 With Fruit allures; then passes swiftly she 105  
 And hudes; yet wishes that I first shou'd see.

*Menalcas*

But scarce from me will kind *Amyntas* go,  
 Who freely comes and haunts my Dwelling so,  
 That not our *Dogs*, now *Delia* better know. } 110

*Dametas*

My *Venus* soon shall have a Gift; for I }  
 Lately a *Pidgeon's* Nest observ'd on high,  
 I mark'd the Place, and have it in my Eye. }

*Menalcas*

Ten Wildings I have sent my lovely Friend,  
 'Twas what I cou'd; yet further I intend,  
 Ten more to morrow carefully to send. } 115

*Dametas*

How oft has *Galatea* bless'd my Ear?  
 What has she say'd? ye gentle Breezes! bear  
 Some Part to Heav'n, that all the Gods may hear! }

*Menalcas*

Small is thy valu'd Kindness in this Case } 120  
*Amyntas* ' while the savage Boar you chace,  
 I hold the Nets, nor view thy comely Face. }

*Dametas*

Hither (for this is my Birth's joyful Day) }  
 Send *Phyllis*, *Jolas* ' and when I slay  
 A Heifer for my Fruits, come thou thyself away. } 125

*Menalcas*

Of all my Loves, fair *Phyllis* is the Head, }  
 She Tears at my Departure kindly shed,  
 And oh! a long Farewell fair *Jolas*! she said. }

*Dametas*

To Folds the *Wolf*, winds to tender Tree, }  
 Show'rs to ripe Fruits most dreadful ever be,  
 And *Amaryllis* when intrag'd to me. } 130

*Menalcas*

The Moisture's lov'd by Grain that's newly sown }  
 Wean'd *Kids* to *Shrubs*, young are to *Sallows* prone,  
*Amyntas* is my Choice, and he alone. }

*Dametas*

*Pollio* the Ditties of my rural Reed,  
My Verse tho' humble condescends to heed, } 135  
A Heifer Muses ! for your Reader feed. }

*Menalcas*

And Verses freely flow from *Pollio's* Hand,  
*Pollio* himself the Muses do's command }  
Feed a fierce *Bull* that butts and spurns the Sand } 140

*Dametas*

Whom *Pollio* loves, may he all Pleasures know, }  
Each where to him, let plenteous Honey flow, }  
And prickly *Thorns*, *Arabian* Sweets bestow. }

*Menalcas*

Who *Ticko's* empty Verse imagin's fine, }  
Oh lib'ral *Maurus* ' may be pleas'd with thine, } 145  
The same may milk *He-Goats* and *Foxes* joyn }

*Dametas*

Ho, ye rash Boys ! who here so heedless pry, }  
For Strawberries and Flow'rs hence quickly fly, }  
Lo ! a fell *Snake* hid in the Grass do's lie }

*Menalcas*

My *Sheep* ' forbear approaching, I advise, } 150  
Who comes too near the Bark, not safely try's, }  
For see the *Ram* his Fleece this instant dry's }

*Dametas*

My *Goats*, oh *Tityrus* ' from the River bring, }  
When Time shall make it a convenient Thing, }  
I'll wash them all in yonder Chrystal Spring. } 155

*Menalcas*

Boys ! drive the *Sheep* to some protecting Shade, }  
Lest, for their Milk, vain Trial shou'd be made ; }  
(Dry'd up thro' Heat) and we as late betray'd. }

*Dametas*

How lean a *Bull* in a fat Field I view ? }  
This Love, alas ! do's mortal Things undo, } 160  
Ruins the Herd, the wretched Herdsman too. }

*Menalcas*

These tender *Lambs* ! their Misery ne'er sprung  
 From Love, their Skins scarce on the Bones are hung,  
 What evil Eye has thus bewitch'd my Young.

*Dametas*

Say in what Land the Heav'ns open lye } 165  
 Three Ells alone ? (to the observing Eye,) }  
 And for thy Skill with great *Apollo* vye.

*Menalcas*

Say in what Land ? if thou hast found declare, }  
 Where growing Flow'rs the Names of Monarchs wear, } 170  
 And from all Rivals lovely *Phyllis* bear.

*Palæmon*

Me for a Judge, but illy you provide  
 A Cause of so great Moment to decide,  
 The *Heifer* both deserve, and all who fear  
 A Love that's kind, or prove a too severe ;  
 Now let the River's running be restrain'd  
 Enough, my Boys ! this time the Meads have gain'd. 175

## CXVII

## THE FOURTH PASTORAL

*Sicilian* Muses ! yet a higher Strain,  
 Let's sing mean Shrubs and Bushes on the Plain,  
 Delight not all, arise, and try to prove  
 The Woods deserving of a Consul's Love  
 Now ! now ! the last auspicious Times behold, 5  
 By the *Cumean*'s sacred Verse foretold,  
 A glorious Race of Ages is begun,  
 And now springs forth successively to run,  
 The Virgin now returns, and *Saturn*'s reign  
 Is to the joyful World restor'd again. 10

See a new gracious Progeny descends  
 From the high Heavens ! at whose appearance ends  
 This Iron Age, and a new golden Race,  
 With ev'ry Virtue crown'd, assumes its Place.  
 Oh chaste *Lucina* ! speed the glorious Birth, 15  
 For now thy own *Apollo* reigns on Earth.

And thou transcendant Infant ! shall be born  
In *Pollio's* Rule ! his Consulship adorn !  
Thence shall the wond'rous Time its Date begin,  
And thou our Guide, if of our former Sin  
Some Print remains, they shall be ras'd by thee,  
And Earth from Dread of future Guilt set free. 20

He shall a God's exalted Life receive,  
And like the Gods and mingled Heroes live,  
Viewing and view'd by each, and Man's vile Race,  
Shall sway and alter with Paternal Grace 25

Thou Child ! when born from the neglected Earth  
Choice Herbs and Flowers shall derive their Birth,  
With voluntary speed, *She-Goats* shall come,  
Their Udders stretch'd with Milk undriven home,  
And wand'ring Herds (no careful Keepers near)  
Securely feed, nor the grown *Lions* fear 30

To thee the Field its blooming useful Store  
Shall offer, baneful Herbs shall be no more,  
No more the lurking fiery Serpent's Sting  
Shall sudden and severe Destruction bring,  
In common Ways *Assyrian* Sweets shall spring, }  
But when advanc'd in Years, thyself shall read }  
Of Heroes Fame, and each paternal Deed, }  
Extracting thence their Virtue's hopeful Seed, }  
By soft Degrees the yellow-waving Corn  
Arising, shall th' extended Plains adorn,  
On Hedges purple Grapes in Clusters grow,  
And from hard Oaks delicious Honey flow 35 40

Yet still of ancient Fraud there shall remain }  
Some Signs, and bold and greedy Men for Gain }  
Shall tempt the Billows of the raging Main. }  
Cities shall be with Walls begirt around,  
And the sharp Plough in Furrows tear the Ground.  
Another vent'rous *T<iphy>*s shall appear, 50  
An *Argo* its elected Heroes bear,  
New Wars and Sieges shall Mankind annoy,  
And great *Achilles* shall again to *Troy*.

But when at full-grown Manhood thou shall be,  
The most successful shall renounce the Sea,  
The Ships shall sail for mutual Wares no more,  
But all things shall abound on ev'ry Shore, 55

No Plough shall vex the Ground, nor Hook the Vine,  
 The lab'ring Cattle shall the Yoke decline,  
 Nor more forc'd painful Servitude shall know, 60  
 Nor Wool its various Dyes dissembling show ;

But lordly *Rams* shall in the flow'ry Mead  
 In Robes of native Purple proudly tread,  
 And sweat beneath unborrow'd State, the *Lamb*  
 Shall gaily prancing to its bleating Dam, 65  
 Repair in *Crimson* that the lib'ral Field  
 To grace the Wanton shall unsought for yield.

The *Parcæ* shall with joynt Consent agree  
 To keep thy Ages Thread from Mixture free,  
 And when they have the happy Clue begun, 70  
 Shall bid it smoothly and securely run.

Advance ! advance ! thy Time is now at hand,  
 Receive thy Honours and supream Command,  
 Thou precious Offspring of the Gods above !  
 Thou bless'd and vast Munificence of *Jove* ! 75  
 Behold the World by sinful Weight oppress'd,  
 Inclines to yield, Earth, Sea, and Heav'n distress'd,  
 Require thy Help · Lo ! Nature lifts her Voice,  
 And all things at th' approaching Age rejoyce !

Oh wou'd my Life endure, cou'd I but raise 80  
 My Skill to suit thy Due, thy lofty Praise ;  
 Tho' *Thracian Orpheus* did with me contend,  
 Not *Thracian Orpheus* shou'd in Verse transcend,  
 Nor *Linus* in sublimer Raptures fly,  
 Tho' each had his illustrious Parent by, 85

*Orpheus Caliope* to grace his Song,  
*Linus Apollo* ever fair and young !  
 Shou'd *Pan* ev'n in *Arcadia* vye with me,  
 Ev'n in *Arcadia Pan* shou'd vanquish'd be !

Begin, oh little Boy ! with Smiles to know 90  
 Thy Mother ; this small Recompence bestow  
 On her, who has ten tedious Months so late,  
 With nauseous Illness born thy growing weight.  
 Begin, oh little Boy ! with gracious Mind,  
 Who smile not on their Parents ne'er shall find 95  
 A courteous God at Board, in Bed, a Goddess kind.

CXVIII

THE FIFTH PASTORAL

*Mopsus Menalcas*

*Menalcas*

Oh *Mopsus* ! since thus luckily we meet,  
Thou good to pipe, I Verses to repeat  
Why sit we not in this delightful Shade,  
Which Hazles mixt with lofty Elms have made ?

*Mopsus*

As you exceed in Years and Worth, to you 5  
I must *Menalcas* ' give Precedence due,  
Whither a lovely Seat we chuse to take,  
Where wanton *Zephyrs* waving Shadows make,  
Or in yond Cave round which the clasping Vines,  
Loaden with Purple Grapes do's sweetly twine. 10

*Menalcas*

*Amyntas* only of our Mountain Swains,  
Presumes to equal thy delicious Strains

*Mopsus*

And what if that bold Swain presume to do  
Yet more, and equal great *Apollo* too ?

*Menalcas*

*Mopsus* ' begin, if either *Alcon's* Praise, 15  
Or Loves of *Phyllis* have employ'd thy Lays  
Or wou'd you the Disputes of *Codrus* try ?  
Begin, thy *Goats* shall brouze securely by, }  
And *Tityrus* guard them with a watchful Eye }

*Mopsus*

No, but the Verses that I lately made, } 20  
And on the Bark of a green Beech display'd, }  
And nicely measur'd, and exactly weigh'd, }  
I'll try, then let *Amyntas*, if he dare,  
The Skill you boast he has, with mine compare.

*Menalcas*

As much as Shrubs in Sight and Value yield 25  
To the pale Olives that adorn the Field,  
As the mean Swallow that neglected grows

In Scent and Beauty to the blushing Rose.  
 (If I may claim a proper Judge to be)  
 So much *Amyntas* must submit to thee. 30

*Mopsus*

But now my Boy ! thy Commendation wave,  
 For see already we've approach'd the Cave

The pitying Nymphs thro' ev'ry Grove and Plain,  
 Bewail'd th' untimely Fate of *Daphnis* slain,  
 Did vast Regret and Lamentation show, 35  
 Ye Hazles, and ye Streams, confess'd their Woe !  
 When his dear Mother (most of all distress'd)  
 His bleeding Corps in strict Embraces press'd,  
 She did (with Rage and Sorrow fill'd) exclaim,  
 And all the Gods and Stars severely blame, 40  
 In those sad Days no lab'ring Swain for Drink  
 Drove his fed Ox to the cool River's Brink  
 The Brooks were then by Cattles Feet unstain'd,  
 And hung'ry Herds their needful Food disdain'd,  
 That furious *Lions*, *Daphnis* ! mourn'd thy Fate, 45  
 The Woods and unfrequented Hills relate

By *Daphnis* taught *Armentian* Tygers drew  
 The peaceful Chariot, *Daphnis* did renew  
 The Rights of *Bacchus* and religious Chcar,  
 And deck'd with Ivy wreaths the trembling Spear. 50

As spreading Vines o'er other Trees have Place  
 In goodly Show, as them their Product grace  
 As lusty *Bulls* the lowing Herds adorn,  
 And Fields are beautify'd by standing Corn,  
 Thou wert the Grace of thine, in Sorrow due } 55  
 To thy sad Fate, ev'n from the Plains withdrew, }  
*Pales* herself with great *Apollo* too

Where oft the golden Grain we us'd to strow  
 Wild Oats and Darnel now insulting grow,  
 Where once the soft blue Violet appear'd, 60  
 And once its Head the Daffodilly rear'd,  
 With mingled Scent and Beauty sweetly grew,  
 Now Burs and bristly Thistles vex the View

Let Earth be strow'd with Leaves, and let a Shade  
 Be o'er the Brooks and murm'ring Fountains made, 65  
 Ye Shepherds ! thus *Daphnis* himself commands,  
 And claims this Service from your grateful Hands,



Then to his sacred Memory with Care  
Erect a Tomb, and place these Verses there,  
' I *Daphnis*, known hence to the starry Sky,  
Kept a fair Flock, but fairer much was I.' 70

*Menalcas*

Oh Bard Divine ! thy Verses charm me so,  
Not they a more delicious Pleasure know,  
Who rest on tender Grass their weary Limbs,  
Or quench their raging Thirsts in running Streams. 75  
Thy Master's Skill thou hast not only gained  
With warbling Pipe, but with thy Voice obtain'd  
Oh glorious Youth ! each way compleatly bless'd,  
Equal to him thou shalt be now confess'd !

Such as they are, I'll now repeat my Lays 80  
To thee, and *Daphnis* to the Stars we'll raise -  
*Daphnis* we'll place among the Stars, for lie  
Good Will and Favour also bore to me

*Mopsus*

Then such a Gift, what wou'd I rather chuse ?  
The Youth was worthy of the choicest Muse 85  
And *Stimicon* much my Desire has rais'd,  
Who to me lately these thy Verses prais'd.

*Menalcas*

The candid *Daphnis* th' unaccustomed Seat  
Of Heav'n surveys, and far beneath his Feet,  
Beholds the passing Clouds with vast Surprise, 90  
And num'rous Stars that glitt'ring grace the Skies ;  
Therefore a mighty Transport fills the Plains,  
*Pan* and the rural Nymphs, and rustick Swains, }  
And gen'rous Mirth each where *unbounded* reigns, }  
Now prouling *Wolves* neglect their Rage and Wiles, 95  
The Net no more the tim'rous Deer beguiles ,  
All Hatred, Fraud, and fierce Contention cease  
*Daphnis* loves Leisure and the Joys of Peace.

The high rough Hills to Heav'n their Voices raise,  
The hollow Rocks rejoicing sound his Praise 100  
The very Shrubs advance his Name on high,  
And, oh *Menalcas* ! he's a God, they cry.  
Then to thy own, oh ! kind and gracious be,  
Four goodly Altars here erected see ;  
Receive, oh *Daphnis* ! Adoration due, 105

Two Altars are thy Right, *Apollo's* Two ;  
 Two Bowls of Milk will I before thee lay,  
 And two of Oil, a yearly Off'ring pay,  
 And being first with gallant Chear supply'd }  
 In cooling Shades in Summer's sultry Tide, } 110  
 In Winter's Season by the Fire's side ! }  
 New Wine in plenteous Streams I'll pour to thee,  
 That like the Liquor of the Gods, shall be,  
*Dametas* then a chearful Lay shall sing,  
 And *Lictus Egon* make the Vallies ring . 115  
*Alph(e)siba us* too shall featly trip  
 In antic Jiggs, and like a Satyr skip

These things shall to thy Honour e'er be paid, }  
 When to the Nymphs our solemn Vows are made, }  
 And when of rural Gods we crave the usual Aid } 120

While *Boars* on Mountains Tops delight to stray,  
 While in the Silver Streams the Fishes play,  
 While *Grashoppers* are fed with Morning Dew,  
 And *Bees* their Toils in flow'ry Fields pursue  
 Thy Honour, Name and Praise with ev'ry Swain, 125  
 Shall in Request eternally remain

As still to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres* we  
 Offer our Vows, the Husbandman to thee,  
 The fame with Zeal shall yearly give, and thou  
 Shalt claim th' Observance of each offer'd vow 130

#### *Mopsus*

What for such Lines, what Gift shall I bestow  
 On thee, that my Esteem may fitly show ?  
 For not the coming of a Southern Breeze,  
 That softly stealing Whistles thro' the Trees,  
 Cou'd with its rustling Noise delight me more, 135  
 Nor Billows striking on the sounding Shore,  
 Nor Streams that trickle from a steepy Hill,  
 And stony Vallies with their Murmurs fill

#### *Menalcas*

But let me first a grateful Present make,  
 This Pipe in Token of my Friendship take 140  
 Two Strains this taught me ; *Coridon* the Fair }  
*Alexis* lov'd, his Lord's delicious Care. }  
 And, tell *Dametas* ! whose'n *Sheep* these are ? }

Mopsus

Take thou this Crook that from me oft in vain  
*Antigenes*, tho' lovely, strove to gain, 145  
 Deserving not *Menalcas* ' to be scorn'd,  
 With equal Knots and shining Brass adorn'd

CXIX

THE SIXTH PASTORAL

My Muse first sported with *Sicilian Strains*,  
 Nor blush'd *Thalia* in the *Woods* and *Plains*  
 To dwell, when aiming at sublimer *Things*,  
 War's wastful Fury, and the Deeds of Kings,

*Apollo* gently whisper'd in my Ear, } 5  
 And thus he said, rash *Tityrus* ' beware,  
*Sheep* and low *Strains* best suit the *Shepherd's* Care }  
 Thus, while oh ' *Varus* ' other Bards proceed  
 To sing thy Fame, and tell each dreadful Deed,  
 Inferior Aims provoke my Muse's Lays, 10  
 And yet not wholly she despairs of *Prize*,  
 While she engraves on ev'ry Tree thy Name,  
 While *Varus* ' thee ev'n lowly Shrubs proclaim,  
 For he whose Lines thy worthy Mention bear,  
 Is sure of *Pharbus* the peculiar Care 15

Proceed, ye Muses, in his usual Guize  
*Chromus* and *Mænasyllus* by Chance surprize  
*Silenus*, in a Cave to sleep compos'd,  
 With Fumes of yester's Wine and the God was doz'd 20  
 High hung his Pitcher old and in decay,  
 And fall'n far off his rosy Garland lay,  
 With Joy (for oft the Sire in vain believ'd,  
 Had both the Youths with promis'd Verse deceiv'd).  
 Approaching softly, they secure his Hands,  
 With his own Wreath transform'd to sudden Bands. 25  
 Herself to these the beauteous *Ægle* joyn'd  
 A Nymph ' the fairest of the war'ry Kind,  
 And as awak'd he casts around his Eyes,  
 With Mulb'ry's Juice his Front and Temples dies.

He smil'd at their Design, for what he said, 30  
 For what Offence am I your Pris'ner made?  
 Lose me, presumpt'ous Boys! without Delay,  
 The promis'd Verses instantly I'll pay }  
 To you, the Nymph I'll please another way. }

He then began, and from the *Woods* and *Lawns*, 35  
 A num'rous Croud of *Satyrs* and of *Fawns*  
 Rejoycing come, ev'n savage Beasts attend,  
 And stubborn Oaks their lofty Branches bend.  
*Parnassus* ne'er more joyfully restor'd  
 The sounding Strains of its harmonious Lord, 40  
 Nor *Rhodope*, nor *Ismarus* before  
 At *Orpheus's* wond'rous Skill were ravish'd more,  
 Than all things here united, did admire  
 The high exalted Strains of this experienc'd Sire.

He sung, how when thro' the vast Void compell'd, 45  
 The Seeds of Earth, Sea, Fire, and Spirits held  
 Their casual way, productive as they flew,  
 All things from these their Forms and Beings drew, )  
 And hence the World's delightful Order grew ! )  
 Then Earth appear'd, and hard'ning by Degrees, 50  
 Rear'd its fair Head above surrounding Seas,  
 With a young Offspring grac'd, the glorious Sun  
 Then his aeth'ral Course began to run,  
 And Clouds exalted o'er the Land, to pour  
 The fruitful Blessing of a plenteous Shower, 55  
 Then Wood- arose and Beasts a lonely Way,  
 (Few yet and Strangers) o'er the Mountains stray,  
 Then *Saturn's* happy Reign the Song pursu'd,  
 And how Man's Race was in the World renew'd  
*Prometheus's* Theft and Punishment it nam'd, 60  
 And how the parting Mariners exclaim'd  
 For lovely *Hylas*, in the Fountain drown'd,  
 While *Hylas* ' *Hylas* ' all the Rocks re-ound

And thou, *Panophae* ' who a happy Queen  
 Might have been stil'd, if Herds had never been, 65  
 A snowy Bullock here thy Care do's prove,  
 And has the Gift of thy unnat'ral Love.

Ah ' wretched Dame ! in thee what Madness reigns ?  
 The *Prætexes*, who roving fill'd the Plains  
 With feigned Lowings, never did require 70  
 Such Mates, nor burn'd with such a foul Desire,  
 Tho' each for Horns explor'd her tender Brow,  
 And fear'd the Yoke and Labour of the Plough<.)

Ah, wretched Dame ! thou do'st the Mountains pass  
 In fruitless Search, while on the springing Grass 75  
 Heedless he feeds, or else perchance is lay'd  
 Beneath a spreading Oak's refreshing Shade,

Or follows some fair Heifer of the Herd,  
Who is before unhappy thee preferr'd.

Oh, all ye Nymphs ! of ev'ry Stream and Grove, 80  
Bound, bound his Course, restrain his roving Love,  
With all your Might the careless Wand'rer stay,  
And to her longing Eyes the Fugitive convey.

The Sire then sung the swiftly-running Maid 85  
Stopp'd in her speed, by golden Fruit betray'd,  
The Song did then the Sisters Fate display  
Of him, who rashly aim'd to rule the Day,  
Mourning his Lot, them sudden Barks inclose,  
And each with speed a weeping Alder grows.

He sung how *Gallus* by a Muse convey'd 90  
A grateful Journey to *Parnassus* made,  
Rising to whom the sacred Choir express'd  
A full Respect, and *Linus* thus address'd.  
Receive this Pipe delicious Bard ! he said,  
On which before th' *Ascræan* Shepherd play'd, 95  
Who did the Rage of Savage Beasts restrain,  
And charm the Mountain Ashes to the Plain,  
This the *Grynæan* Grove's arise shall tell,  
That *Phæbus* most may there delight to dwell.

Why shou'd I either *S(c)ylla's* Tale relate ? 100  
Or taught by Fame declare the latter's State ?  
Who in the Sea a lov'ly Maid is plac'd,  
But barking Monsters rave beneath her Waste,  
That cause in passing Mariners such dread,  
And often on their broken Limbs are fed. 105  
How *T(e)reus* chang'd the various Song, express'd  
The Rape of *Phylomel* the horrid Feast,  
How since in Woods sad *Phylomel* complain'd, }  
*Progne* (her Breast with filial Blood yet stain'd) }  
Now hovers o'er the Palace where she reign'd. } 110

What e'er the God of Verse divinely thought,  
*Eurotas* heard, and to the Laurels taught  
*Silenus* sings, the Valleys all around  
In Ecchos to the Skies convey the Sound,  
Nor did the length'ned Song receive its End, 115  
Till driven Sheep did to the Cottage tend,  
And slow unwilling Night from Heav'n descend.

## CXX

## THE SEVENTH PASTORAL

*Daphnis* by Chance his Seat reposing took  
 Beneath the Covert of a spreading Oak,  
 And *Coridon* and *Thyrsis* thither led  
 Their Flocks, that joyning now together fed :  
*She-Goats* fair fruitful *Coridon* did keep, 5  
 The Charge of *Thyrsis* was his bleating Sheep,  
 Both in their Prime ! and both *Arcadian* Swains !  
 Both apt and ready at alternate Strains

Now while I for my tender Myrtles made  
 A Fence from Cold, unhappily had stray'd 10  
 My *Goat* the Husband of the Flock, and I  
 Seeking th' unlucky Truant *Daphnis* spy,  
 When me again he had rejoicing spy'd,  
 Hither, oh *Melibæus* ! haste, he cry'd,  
 Safe be thy *Goats* ! and if Affairs permit, 15  
 In this cool Shade a while, I prithee sit,  
 Hither will come thy *Bullocks* thro' the Meads  
 To drink, and here behold, with waving Reeds  
 The River *Mencius* ouzy Banks are crown'd,  
 And from the sacred Oak the murm'ring *Bees* resound. 20

What shou'd I do in this Uncertainty ?  
 I had not *Phyllis*, nor *Alappe* nigh,  
 Who from the Call of their inviting Damms,  
 Might now secure at home my weaned Lambs,  
 And Numbers on the crowded Plain appear, 25  
 These youthful Shepherds fam'd Dispute to hear ;  
 I idly too prefer their light Affairs  
 Before my Bus'ness, and more serious Cares.

The Shepherds then began to try their Skill  
 In Strains alternate, which the Muses will, 30  
 I shou'd remember ; thus his Art each shows,  
 These *Coridon* recites, and *Thyrsis* those.

*Coridon*

Ye lov'ly Muses ! my Delight ! incline  
 To grant my Lays a Harmony divine ;  
 Like those of charming *Codrus*, let them be, 35  
 Who is in worth *Apollo* ! next to thee,  
 Or if my Prayer unkindly is deny'd,  
 My pipe shall on this sacred Oak abide.

*Thyrsis*

*Arcadian* Swains ! around my Temples place  
An Ivy Wreath, that *Codrus* in Disgrace, 40  
May burst with Spight, or if malicious Praise  
From his ill Tongue, too high my Value raise :  
With *Baccar* bind my Brows (a sacred Charm)  
Your growing Poet to secure from Harm

*Coridon*

This rough *Boar's* Head with Favour *Delia* ' sec, 45  
That little *Micon* now devotes to thee,  
Who do's with this submissively impart  
The branchy Horns of a long-living *Hart*,  
If this proves well, thou shalt be wholly plac'd  
Of smooth *Punicean* Stone, with Buskins grac'd. 50

*Thyrsis*

This Bowl of Milk and Cakes, *Priapus* ' take,  
A slender Present, that I yearly make  
Thy Care, my Garden is a little Spot,  
A Marble Statue therefore's now thy Lot ;  
But if thy Blessing shall increase my Told, 55  
Thy Marble Statue shall be chang'd to Gold.

*Coridon*

Oh *Galatea* ! sweeter far to me,  
Than Honey of the choice *Hyblæan* Bee,  
Whiter than *Swans* that swim the Chrystal Streams,  
And fairer than the clasping Ivy seems ; 60  
If thou for *Coridon* hast kind Concern,  
Come ! come ! when ever my fed *Bulls* return.

*Thyrsis*

May I to thee more bitter seem than Ruc,  
More course than Fuz, than Seaweed abject too,  
If this one day do's not to me appear, 65  
(To weary me) more tedious than a Year,  
Not yet suffic'd, what will ye ever feed ?  
Hence ye gorg'd *Bullocks* ! home, for shame, with speed.

*Coridon*

Ye murm'ring Fountains ! and thou tender Glade !  
More soft than Sleep, thou sweet refreshing Shade ! 70  
By you protected, let my Cattle shun  
The Summer's Heat that is ev'n now begun :

Lo ! Warmth ev'n now is in th' encreasing Year,  
And budding Gems upon the Vines appear.

*Thyrsis*

Here store of Fuel do's the Flames provoke, 75  
The Posts are blacken'd by continual Smoke ;  
Here we the Rage of *Boreas* safely mock,  
As *Wolves* despise the Number of the Flock ;  
Or, as the rapid Streams impetuous Force,  
The useless Bank that wou'd obstruct its Course. 80

*Coridon*

Here stands the Juniper ' rough Chessnut grows,  
And Apples fallen from their loaded Boughs,  
Each where appear, the Fields with Joy are crown'd,  
And Mirth and Pleasure are dispens'd around ;  
But from these Mountains shou'd *Alexis* go, 85  
Even the Rivers wou'd refuse to flow.

*Thyrsis*

The Sun with scorching Beams the Meadows fires,  
Thro' blasting Air the Verdure all expires,  
Ev'n *Bacchus* to his own denys his Aid,  
Nor yields the gen'rous Vine a needful Shade : 90  
When *Phyllis* comes, will bloom the Trees and Flow'rs,  
And Rain descend in joyful plenteous Show'rs.

*Coridon*

The Poplar to *Alcides* grateful proves,  
The curling Vine gay youthful *Bacchus* loves,  
The Myrtle pleases well Love's beauteous Queen : 95  
*Apollo* likes his Laurel ever green ,  
But while the Hazle, *Phyllis* ! is thy Care,  
None than the Hazle shall be thought more rare.

*Thyrsis*

The Ash in Woods do's ever fairest seem,  
The Pine in Gardens, Poplars by the Stream ; 100  
The Firr of lofty Mountains is the Pride -  
But wou'd'st thou charming *Lycidas* ! abide  
More often here, thy Grace my Boy ! would be  
Far more conspicuous than the fairest Tree.

Thus, *Thyrsis* did contend, but all in vain, } 105  
Vanquish'd by *Coridon*, who on the Plain,  
Is since that Time our most applauded Swain. }



CXXI

THE EIGHTH PASTORAL

*Damon, Alph(e)sibæus*

Sad *Damon's* and *Alph(e)sibæus* Muse,  
At which the Herd admiring, did refuse  
Their needful Food, amaz'd the *Lynxes* stood,  
And the chang'd River sto

>

p'd its rapid Flood,  
The melancholly and the magic Strains 5  
Of these we'll sing, that charm'd the wond'ring Plains.

And thou who do'st our rough *Timavus* awe,  
Or o'er th' *Illyrian* Seas extend thy Law,  
Shall ever come that Day's auspicious Date,  
When I thy glorious Actions shall relate? 10  
It shall, and I o'er all the World disperse  
Thy Praise, fit only for the tragic Verse  
Of *Sophocles*, take from my willing Hand,  
What now derives its Birth from thy Command,  
And 'round thy Temples let thy Ivy twine, } 15  
And there with thy victorious Laurels joyn, }  
For first and last my Labours shall be thine. }  
Now scarcely from the dawning Skies withdrew }  
The Shades of Night, and left expos'd to view, }  
The tender Grass o'erspread with grateful Dew, } 20  
When on a blasted Olive as reclin'd,  
Thus *Damon* utter'd his despairing Mind.

*Damon*

Haste *Lucifer*! the ling'ring Day constrain,  
While of false *Nisa* injur'd I complain,  
And call the Gods to testify my Woe; 25  
And tho' in vain my Rage and Grief I show,  
Unhelp'd, yet must I to my latest Hour  
Invoke them still, and blame Love's cruel Pow'r

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
My mournful Flute! a soft *Menalian* Strain. 30

*Menalus* has its Groves and speaking Pines,  
It ever to the Lover's Moans inclines;  
The shepherds<'> kindly hears, great *Pan* is there,  
Who makes the tuneful Pipe his constant Care.

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain, 35  
My mournful Flute! a soft *Menalian* Strain.

*Nisa* to *Mopsus* is in Wedlock joyn'd,  
 What may not Lovers now expect to find ?  
 Now *Mares* may match with *Griffins* void of Fear, }  
 And in succeeding Ages shall appear  
 Mingling to drink, the Hound and tim'rous *Deer*. } 40  
 Haste, *Mopsus* ! haste, and with officious Care  
 Oh happy Man ! the Marriage Rites prepare,  
 Scatter the Nuts, thy Bride is present, see,  
 And th' Evening Star do's *Æta* quit for thee. 45

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful Flute ! a soft *Menalian* Strain.

Of what a worthy Man art thou the Bride ?  
 Proud Maid ? so full of Scorn for all beside,  
 Who hate my Pipe and *Goats*, and so are scar'd 50  
 At my rough Lip, and long bristly Beard.  
 And think the Gods thy Business will allow,  
 Nor more regard each mortal thing than thou.

Begin with me while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful Flute ! a soft *Menalian* Strain. 55

I call to mind once with your Mother you  
 Came to our Orchard ; there I first did view }  
 Thy growing Charms, was your Conductor too. }  
 Then twelve Years old ! my tender Arms cou'd stretch.  
 Up to the Boughs, and nearest Apples reach, 60  
 I gaz'd and dy'd ! what Error did betray  
 My Soul, and steal me from myself away ?

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful Flute ! a soft *Menalian* Strain.

Now know I what is Love, the rugged *North* 65  
 In Mountains, Rocks, or Desarts brought him forth ;  
 Or *Ismarus*, or *(Rh)odope*, sure fed  
 Him young, or farthest *Garamentes* bred .  
 His Birth or Breeding here he cou'd not find ;  
 Nor is he of our Blood or gentle Kind. 70

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
 My mournful Flute ! a soft *Menalian* Strain.

Oh savage Love ! by thy Instruction led,  
 Her own dear Childrens Blood a Mother shed ;  
 This in the Mother was a cruel Deed, 75  
 And impious Love the Cruelty decreed,  
 Which of the two did most pernicious prove ?  
 Was she more cruel, or more impious Love ?

Impious was Love the Mother cruel too,  
Each in Extreme, and neither did out-do ! 80

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
My mournful Flute ! a soft *Menalian* Strain.

From *Sheep* let *Wolves* now fly possess'd with Fear, }  
Let Oranges on rugged Oaks appear,  
And ev'ry Alder the *Narcissus* bear. } 85

Let from mean Shrubs the choicest Honey flow,  
And hideous Owls of Swans the Rivals grow ;  
Let rustic *Tityrus Orpheus* ! change to thee ; }  
Let ev'ry Wood in him an *Orpheus* see,  
And let him with the *Dolphins* an Orion be } 90

Begin with me, while injur'd I complain,  
My mournful Flute ! a soft *Menalian* Strain

O'er all things let th' unbounded Ocean flow :  
Adieu, ye Woods ! with sudden speed I'll go,  
And from some Mountain plunge into the Sea ; 95  
Take thou this last and dying Legacy.

Now cease with me, for I no more complain,  
Cease, my sad Flute ! thy soft *Menalian* Strain  
Thus, *Damon* his unhappy Fortune mourn'd,  
And what *Alphesibæus* then return'd, 100  
Ye Muses ! to my Memory recall ;  
For all things cannot be perform'd by all.

*Alph(e)sibæus*

Bring Water forth, and 'round this Altar twine }  
Green Ivy, and the tender springing Vine,  
To these male Frankincense and Vervin joyn } 105  
That my lost Husband, I by Magic Skill  
May gain, and turn his Sences to my Will,  
Reduce the Wand'rer to his Nuptial Vow,  
All needful Things but Charms are present now.

Bring from the Town my mighty magic Charms ! 110  
Bring *Daphnis* home to my forsaken Arms.

The mighty Force of magic Charms can make  
Ev'n the Moon her heav'nly Sphere forsake  
*Circe* by Charms transform'd *Ulysses* Friends,  
Their Force the deadly Snake to pieces rends. 115

Bring from the Town my mighty magic Charms !  
Bring *Daphnis* home to my forsaken Arms.

This Ribbon of three divers Hues I wind  
 Three times about, then to thee first, thus bind,  
 And 'round this Altar thrice this Image bear ;  
 Odd Numbers to the God delightful are. 120

Bring from the Town my mighty magic Charms !  
 Bring *Daphnis* home to my forsaken Arms.

Make *Amaryllis* ' make immediately,  
 Three Knots of various Colours each, and cry, }  
 I th' everlasting Bonds of *Venus* tye. 125

Bring from the Town my mighty magic Charms !  
 Bring *Daphnis* home to my forsaken Arms

As now by one and the same Fire this Clay  
 Grows harder, and this Wax dissolves away,  
 Such thorough me, let perjur'd *Daphnis* prove,  
 So let him harden and dissolve with Love ;  
 Besprinkle Meal, and then with Brimstone fire  
 These Laurel Leaves, as magic Rites require ,  
*Daphnis* inflames my Soul, and in return  
 Against false *Daphnis*, I this Laurel burn. 135

Bring from the Town my mighty magic Charms !  
 Bring *Daphnis* home to my forsaken Arms

As a stray *Bullock* thro' the Woods do's go  
 Weary and wand'ring, and oppress'd with Wo ;  
 At last in vain attempting many Ways,  
 Himself despairing on the Grass, he lays,  
 By frequent Lowings mourns his lost Estate,  
 Not knowing whither to return, tho' late  
 Let wand'ring *Daphnis* such Distress endure,  
 Nor from my Hands obtain a needful Cure 145

Bring from the Town my mighty magic Charms !  
 Bring *Daphnis* home to my forsaken Arms.

These Garments (sometimes worn) perfidious he  
 Dear Pledges of himself bequeath'd to me,  
 These now beneath this Threshold I bestow  
 In thee, oh Earth ! these Pledges *Daphnis* owe. 150

Bring from the Town my mighty magic Charms !  
 Bring *Daphnis* home to my forsaken Arms.

This Poison, and these Herbs that vastly grow  
 In *Pontus*, *Mæris* did on me bestow ;  
 By such a *Wolf* I've seen him oft become,  
 Then hude in Woods, and from the dismal Tomb, 155

The ghastly Scepter often make appear, }  
And often Fields of Corn with Fury rear, } 160  
And into other Fields transplanting bear. }

Bring from the Town my mighty magic Charms !  
Bring *Daphnis* home to my forsaken Arms.

Bring Ashes *Amaryllis* ! forth with speed, }  
Then mark which way the flowing Stream do's lead, } 165  
And with it backwards cast them o'er thy Head  
Look not behind ; thus *Daphnis*, I'll surprize,  
He scorns the Gods, and all my Charms defies !

Bring from the Town my mighty magic Charms !  
Bring *Daphnis* home to my forsaken Arms. 170

See, of their own accord (while I delay  
To bear them hence) the Coals new Flames display,  
Which trembling from the Altar now ascend,  
It shou'd, I think, some prosp'rous thing portend .  
I know not certainly the Meaning ; hark, 175  
Our *Hylax* at the Door begins to bark ;  
Do we vain Lovers, but ourselves deceive  
By Dream, or may I what I wish believe ?

Now cease ! now cease ! my mighty magic Charms !  
*Daphnis* returns to my desiring Arms. 180

CXXII

THE NINTH PASTORAL

*Lycidas, Mæris*

*Lycidas*

Whither away, my Friend ! ho ! *Mæris* ! ho !  
This leads to Town, say whither dost thou go ?

*Mæris*

Oh *Lycidas* ! how are our Hopes deceiv'd ?  
Things are as once we cou'd not have believ'd ;  
All is my own, the rugged Souldier says, 5  
Hence ancient Rustics ! march with Speed your Ways.

Forc'd to submit, yet with a heavy Heart  
(For Fate and Force change all things) we depart,  
And these two *Kids* t' appease his furious Mood  
Now send ; and may they never do him Good. 10

*Lycidas*

I'm sure, I heard from where these Hills ascend,  
 And their mean Summits gently sloping bend,  
 As far as thence the passing Eye can reach,  
 Ev'n to the Water and the broken Beach;  
 All your *M<sup>e</sup>nalcas* had secur'd from Wrong, 15  
 And safely guarded by his charming Song.

*Mæris*

'Twas so reported, but alas ! what Charms  
 Have Verses *Lycidas* ! for martial Arms ?  
 Here all the Muses gentle Graces fail,  
 As *Doves* must fly when furious *Hawks* assail, 20  
 And had not from a hollow Holm, the *Crow*  
 On the left hand forewarn'd me to forego  
 All new Debates, not *Mæris* on this Plain  
 Had been, and our *Menalcas* had been slain.

*Lycidas*

How ? cou'd in any so much Baseness be ? 25  
 Were all our Comforts almost lost with thee ?  
 Thou dear *Menalcas* ! who the Nymphs shou'd sing ?  
 Who strow the Ground with blooming Herbs, or bring }  
 Delightful Shadows o'er the chrystal Spring ?

What Verses lately did I shily view, } 30  
 And softly read, as little heeding you }  
 Near to my darling *Amaryllis* drew.

' Oh *Tityrus* ! going hence a little way,  
 ' Let not my *Goats* 'till my returning stray,  
 ' But feed them near this gentle River's brink, 35  
 ' When fed, then drive them to the Flood to drink,  
 ' And driving them along yourself take care,  
 ' And of the rough *He-goat* who Butts beware.

*Mæris*

Ay ! or what he to *Varus* did repeat,  
 Which th<sup>o</sup> imperfect I remember yet, 40  
*Varus* ! if *Mantua* keeps from Ruine clear,  
 ' (*Mantua* to sad *Cremona*, ah ! too near)  
 ' The *Swans* sweet Voices shall declare thy Fame,  
 ' And to the Stars exalt thy glorious Name.

*Lycidas*

So may thy <i>Bees</i> from harmful <i>Yews</i> be freed,	}	45
So may thy <i>Cows</i> within the flow'ry Mead		
Their Udders fill, and ever safely feed.		
If thou hast ought begin, the Muse has shown,		
Ev'n me some Favour, I some Verses own :		
The Shepherds call me Poet, but I know		50
I merit not the Title they bestow ;		
Aim not at <i>Varus</i> , nor at <i>Cinna's</i> Ear,		
But like a gabling <i>Goose</i> among the <i>Swans</i> appear.		

*Mæris*

'Tis <i>Lycidas</i> ! what now employs my Mind,	}	55
And I am aiming secretly to find,		
Which, if I can remember, I'll rehearse,		
Nor is it worthless or ignoble Verse.		

' Haste hither <i>Galatea</i> ! what Delight	}	60
' Can in the raging Deep thy Stay invite ?		
' Here blooms the purple Spring in all its Pride,		
' And sweetly by the curling River's side :		
' The bounteous Earth distributes various Flow'rs,		
' Here woven, compose delicious Bow'rs ;		
' The Poplar too in lov'ly green array'd,		
' Yields to the Cave both Gracefulness and Shade		65
' Haste hither ! let the Billows vainly roar,		
' And madly beat on the resounding Shoar		

*Lycidas*

Say what I heard you sing one Night alone,  
The Tune I yet retain, the Words are flown.

*Mæris*

' <i>Daphnis</i> ! regard not any ancient Sign,	}	70
' Lo ! <i>Cæsar's</i> Star do's now proceeding shune ;		
' This shall to Corn and Fruits Perfection give,		
' And make the luscious Grape its purple Hue receive.		
' Now <i>Daphnis</i> ' on thy Fruits employ thy Care,		
' Thy Childrens Children shall the Blessing share.		75

Time conqu'ring all things do's our Minds destroy,  
I well remember when I was a Boy,  
My Voice at my Command wou'd sweetly run,  
And oft sing down a lingring Summers Sun ;

Now I forget, my Voice, as it has been, 80  
 Is nothing too, *Wolves* first have *Mæris* seen ;  
 But all these things, and more than I forget  
*Menalcas* to thee often will repeat.

*Lycidas*

You by Excuse, but my Desire increase, }  
 And lo ! to thee, now *Ocean's* Murmurs cease, } 85  
 And ev'ry Wind is gently hush'd to Peace.  
 We're now half Way, for lo ! before our Eyes,  
*Bianor's* Sepulchre begins to rise.  
 Let's sit and sing in this refreshing Shade,  
 That with green Boughs the lab'ring *Hinds* have made, 90  
 Let us, I prithee, rest a while, lay down  
 Thy *Kids*, we'll yet be time enough at Town ,  
 Or if you fear e'er Night the coming Rain,  
 Let's go together singing o'er the Plain,  
 'Twill seem by far more short and easy Way, 95  
 As thus we spend the time, and that we may  
 Go thus together singing on the Road,  
 I'll lend my help to ease thee of thy Load.

*Mæris*

Cease now my Bov ! and our Affair let's Mind  
 When e'er he comes, plenty of Songs we'll find. 100

## CXXIII

## THE TENTH PASTORAL

Oh *Arethusa* ! this my last Work aid,  
 Some Verses for my *Gallus* must be made,

And what *Lycoris* may herself peruse, }  
 Who for the sake of *Gallus* can refuse }  
 His proper Right, the Tribute of a Muse ? } 5

So may thy Stream beneath *Sicansa's* Sea, }  
 In everlasting Ease and Safety be, }  
 Nor *Doris* mix her briny Waves with thee. }

Then let's begin, and while my *Goats* (my Care)  
 Securely feed ; oh ! *Gallus* ! We'll declare 10  
 Thy anxious Love, we sing not quite in vain,  
 The Groves shall answer to the mournful Strain.



Ye wat'ry Nymphs ! what Woods or Mountains strove }  
 To check your Help, when *Gallus* thus did prove } 15  
 The fatal Victim of unworthy Love ?  
*Parnassus* never had your Course withstood !  
 Nor *Pindus* high ! nor *Aganippe's* Flood !  
 Ev'n from the Laurels trickling Tears distill'd,  
 And flowing Grief the Shrubs and Bushes fill'd,  
 Pine-bearing *Menalus* Compassion felt, 20  
 And Stones of cold *Lycæus* seem'd to melt,  
 As stretch'd beneath a lonely Rock he lay,  
 The straggling *Sheep* around their Master stray.

Oh Bard divine ! think it not shame to keep,  
 Like us on humble Plains the fleecy *Sheep*, 25  
 His snowy Flocks the fair *Adonis* fed,  
 And unrepining to the River led.

*Uplio* and the Neat-herds thither drew,  
 And smear'd with Winter-Mast *Menalcas* too,  
 All shew'd Concern, and whence arose thy Flame, 30  
 With Pity ask'd, to thee *Apollo* came.  
*Gallus* ! what Madness fills thy Mind, (he cries)  
 Thy false *Lycoris* with another flies  
 To distant Realms, and unrelenting go's  
 Thro' horrid Wars and everlasting Snows ! 35  
*Sylvanus* came, and on his Head was fixt  
 A Fennel Wreath, with quiv'ring Lillies mixt.  
*Pan* came *Arcadia's* God, (by us descri'd)  
 His Cheeks and Temples were with Crimson dy'd,  
 Says he, what measure can in Love be shown ? 40  
 Not Love as yet has any Measure known !  
 Fierce Love to flowing Grief no Bounds allows,  
 As *Goats* are ne'er suffic'd with verdant Boughs !  
 As *Bees* are ne'er suffic'd with Store of Flow'rs,  
 Or rising Grass with Streams or frequent Show'rs. 45

He mourning, thus reply'd, *Arcadian* Swains,  
 Record my Fate in your melodious Strains,  
 This let your Hills resound, your Songs alone  
 Are fit to make the Dying's Sorrow known !  
 How wou'd my Bones enjoy more perfect rest, 50  
 If by your Pipes my Passion was express'd ?  
 And oh ! that Fate had me like you decreed  
 To dress the Vines, or bleating Flocks to feed ;  
 That I had been on the delightful Plain,  
 A chearful Shepherd of your tuneful Train : 55  
 To *Phyllis*, or *Amyntas* made my Court,

Or any other of the rural sort,  
 Tho' brown or black, they yet might yield Delight,  
 Not Violets, nor Berries please the Sight!  
 Among the Sallows and the Vines we'd lay'd  
 Our careless Limbs, and innocently play'd;  
*Phyllis* had crown'd my Head with Wreaths of Flow'rs,  
 With pleasing Songs *Amyntas* bless'd the Hours.

60

By these cool Fountains! in these shady Groves!  
 (The proper joyful Scene of mutual Loves)  
 In these soft Meadows so profusely gay!  
 With thee *Lycoris*! cou'd I chuse to stay,  
 And well-delighted pass an Age away!

65

Now frantic Love keeps me in horrid Arms,  
 Expos'd to War's fierce Rage and hostile Harms,  
 While most unkindly and perversely you  
 (Nor am I willing to believe it true)  
 Over the lofty *Alps* perpetual Snow  
 To *Rhenus's* Coasts and dreary Regions go,  
 Ye bleaky Winds! your wonted Rigour spare,  
 Ah! hurt not, vex not the too vent'rous Fair,  
 And thou sharp *Ice*! her tender Limbs forbear.

70

75

I'll go, and with *Sicilian* Pipe rehearse  
 My once compos'd, yet long-neglected Verse,  
 Amidst the Dens of savage Beasts I'll be,  
 And carve my Flame on ev'ry tender Tree,  
 The lonely Wilds my hopeless Love shall know,  
 And as the Trees increase, the Love shall grow.

80

Then *Menalus*, I'll tread with eager Pace,  
 And mixing with the Nymphs, pursue the Chace,  
 Or hunt wild *Boars*, nor sharpest Colds shall stay  
 My steps, as 'round *Parthenian* Hills I stray.

85

And now, methinks, with op'ning *Hounds* I fly  
 Thro' sounding Woods that echo to their Cry;  
 Over *Cydonia's* Plains and Mountains go,  
 Rush thro' the Brakes, and bend the *Parthian* Bow,  
 As if such Toils cou'd cure my painful Mind,  
 Or any chosen Way the Means cou'd find,  
 Oh rigid Pow'rs of Love! to calm thy Rage,  
 Or human Ills thy Fierceness cou'd assuage.

90

95

And now my Thoughts (averse to all of these,)  
 Not Nymphs, nor Woods, nor charming Strains can please:

The cruel God our Labours cannot change,  
Not tho' o'er *Thrac*(i)a's bleaky Realms we range,  
To *Heber*'s frozen Waters shiv'ring go, 100  
In depth of Winter press *Sisbonia*'s Snow,  
Or when the Sun do's to the Scales incline,  
Drive our scorch'd Flocks beneath the Tropic Line.

The World is with his Pow'r and Presence fill'd,  
Love conquers all, and we to love must yield ! 105  
Here cease ye sacred Muses ! nor prolong  
Beyond due Limits the devoted Song,  
These mournful Verses, shall to *Gallus* prove  
A grateful Token of my zealous Love,  
My Love to *Gallus* ! that do's hourly show 110  
Increasing Force as springing Alders grow.

Now let's arise ! for often by the Shade,  
The Singer's Voice is hoarse or feeble made ;  
The Shades of Junipers unwholsome are,  
Shades hurt the Fruits, 'tis Ev'ning<, > leave your Fare, 115  
Ye fill'd *Ske-goats*, and to your home repair

CXXIV

A PINDARIQUE ODE

*Written in a Garden*

I

Blest Shade ! where I securely stay,  
And taste the Fragrance of the Plain ;  
Which wanton *Zephyr* does convey  
In his refreshing Play,  
To cheer the panting Flock, and panting Swain. 5  
Here on this flow'ry Carpet laid,  
By Nature's Hand, in Nature's Pride array'd ;  
My Soul, unus'd to balmy Ease,  
By Sympathy at Rest,  
Is lull'd within my Breast, 10  
Unhurt by Care or Sorrow's worse Disease.

II

So have I seen the warb'ling Lark,  
When Winter's cheerless Frosts were o'er,  
And noisy Bear has ceas'd to roar,  
The Day no longer cold, nor dark, 15  
The narrow Compass of a Cage forget,  
And broadling o'er a Turf, in silent Pleasure sit.

Here Solitude and gentle Ease combine  
 To give a Taste of Joy divine ;  
 Here every Object seems design'd, 20  
 Whither thro' blooming Groves or flow'ry Meads we stray,  
 To drive Anxiety away,  
 And help Philosophy to cure the Mind.

## III

With Joy I hear the tuneful Choir,  
 Which now are hov'ring o'er my Head ; 25  
 Whilst I beneath supinely spread,  
 Their various Notes, and little Cares admire :  
 The Bird that sits upon this Bough,  
 Fearless by me to be distress'd,  
 Pursues the Building of her Nest ; 30  
 Sure she by Instinct knows me now :  
 But my harmonious Friend, beware,  
 In me tho' safely you confide,  
 Thy Nestlings for the future hide ;  
 All are not gentle, nor thy Work would spare. 35

## IV

I feel, ah ! lovely Seats, I feel your Influence, }  
 That native Truth, and Innocence, }  
 Which liv'd, e'er Virtue was deprav'd by Sense ; }  
 E'er momentary Trifles, transient Joy, 40  
 Did Man's Posterity destroy ;  
 E'er foul Oppression had its Rise,  
 When all was blissful Paradise, }  
 Before the Birth of Law, or its curs'd Parent Vice. }  
 Oh ! Let me here, kind Fate, remain  
 Upon this harmless, happy Plain ; 45  
 Secure of peaceful Virtue and Content,  
 In no inglorious Ease and Banishment.

## V

The Sun withdraws his genial Ray,  
 And reddens in the Western Sky ;  
 The wand'ring Rooks do Homeward fly, 50  
 And, 'till the Morn appears, forsake the Prey  
 The Nightingale her mournful Story trills  
 In yonder Hawthorn Shade ;  
 The Bleating Sheep are laid,  
 And on the Earth the nightly Dew Distills : 55  
 The Shepherd hasts to sound Repose,  
 Such sleep the Guilty never knew ;  
 'Till *Phæbus* shall again his Beams disclose,  
 Blest Solitude, Adieu. 59

CXXV

THE FALL

I

As *Chloe* o'er the Meadow past,  
 I view'd the lovely Maid;  
 She turn'd and blush'd, renew'd her Haste,  
 And fear'd by me to be embrac'd,  
 My Eyes my Wish betray'd.

5

II

I trembling felt the rising Flame,  
 The Charming Nymph pursu'd,  
*Daphne* was not so bright a Game,  
 Tho' Great *Apollo's* Darling Dame,  
 Nor with such Charms endu'd.

10

III

I follow'd close, the Fair still flew  
 Along the Grassy Plain,  
 The Grass at length my Rival grew,  
 And catch'd my *Chloe* by the Shoe,  
 Her Speed was then in vain.

15

IV

But Oh! as tott'ring down she fell,  
 What did the Fall reveal?  
 Such Limbs Description cannot tell,  
 Such Charms were never in the *Mall*,  
 Nor Smock did e'er conceal.

20

V

She shriek'd, I turn'd my ravish'd Eyes,  
 And burning with Desire,  
 I help'd the Queen of Love to rise;  
 She check'd her Anger and Surprise,  
 And said, Rash Youth, retire.

25

VI

Be gone, and boast what you have seen,  
 It shan't avail you much;  
 I know you like my Form and Mien,  
 Yet since so insolent y'have been,  
 The PARTS disclos'd you ne'er shall touch.

30

## CXXVI

TO *PHILLIS*: WHO SLIGHTED HIM

Since you no longer will be kind,  
 But my Embraces shun,  
*Bacchus* shall ease my am'rous Mind,  
 To his embrace I run.

Wine gives a Pleasure unrestrain'd, 5  
 Dispells the frantick Spleen;  
 Tho' Wishes cannot be attain'd,  
 Looks still are joyful seen.

The God within his gladsome Cave  
 No Care nor Grief allows; 10  
 He laughs to Scorn the Sober, Grave,  
 And Sighing Lover's Vows.

Then, *Phyllis*, do whate'er you can,  
 I dully will not pine,  
 I'll ne'er forget I am a Man, 15  
 But seek my Cure from Wine.

That sullen Look, and hasty Kiss,  
 That Air reserv'd and coy;  
 That cold Denial of the Bliss  
 Shall not my Ease destroy. 20

If you no more can love like me,  
 Why should it give me Pain?  
 Frail Woman will inconstant be,  
 Nor Art their Will can chain.

As well I might cross Winds deplore, 25  
 At rising Tempests rave,  
 As hope a wav'ring Mind to cure;  
 Nature its Course will have.

Then welcome more enduring Joys,  
 Long shall my Doctor be, 30  
 A Club of Witty, Topping Boys,  
 And Love, adieu to thee.

CXXVII

SOPHRONIA'S ANSWER TO A COXCOMB

I

Satisfy your self, fond Youth,  
I can believe you love ;  
I know the Charms of Wealth and Youth  
Are Charms which you approve<.)

II

Regardless of my Wit, and Mind, 5  
With Truth and Virtue fraught,  
To meaner Beauties you are kind,  
By Lust or Int'rest taught.

III

But know, the Person I shall choose,  
Must have a Taste like mine ; 10  
I never shall consent to loose  
The Charms in which I shine.

IV

To other Nymphs your Vows address,  
Your sordid Accents, prate  
Of Airs, Complexion, Mien and Dress, 15  
And cringe your empty Pate.

V

You're handsome, fine, can caper, sing,  
Of Coxcombs lead the Van,  
Yet have not SENSE, the only thing, 20  
That I can like in Man.

CXXVIII

TO CLARISSA

*Upon dirtying her Lodgings*

Dust from my earthy Surface fell,  
And soil'd the fair *Clarissa's* Cell ;  
*Clarissa's* Eyes have Pow'r Divine,  
And with uncommon Lustre shine ;  
I'm form'd of sordid Earth, which must, 5  
When shin'd upon, be turn'd to Dust ;

This *Phæbus* meaner Force can do,  
 Who is not half so bright as You ;  
 Be not severe then in your Doom,  
 Since from your Self my Fault did come ; 10  
 'Twas Wonder, when so near the Ray,  
 I did not moulder quite away ;  
 She smiles, forgives ; I feel the Pain,  
 Be angry, Charming Nymph, again ;  
 Better to dye, than thus endure 15  
 What, You, ah Cruel ! will not cure.

## CXXIX

*A Lady, asking the Author's Opinion of two Gentlemen, her Lovers,  
 occasioned the following Lines*

With decent Carriage, and an artful Stile, }  
 The prudent *Cynthia* does the World beguile, }  
 And hides the Satyr underneath the Smile. }

Not so *Astolpho*, gen'rous and sincere,  
 He ne'er at common Failings is severe ; 5  
 Open his Words, and undisguis'd his Soul,  
 He let's no trifling Humour spool the Whole :  
 Ne'er soothes the harmless Foibles of Mankind,  
 Vainly, inhumanly, to laugh behind ;  
 Wisely, at nobler Merit, he aspires, 10  
 And more the Name of Man, than Wit desires.

Teach me, kind Heav'n, to make so good a Choice ;  
 Let Truth alone inspire an honest Voice :  
 Far from me keep the frothy Part of Wit ;  
 Let me be dull, — but not an Hypocrite. 15

## CXXX

## SONG

## I

Unveil, divinely Fair, your Eyes,  
 And from the downy Bed arise ;  
 Ah ! did you *Strepson's* Love partake,  
 You would not sleep, but ever wake.

## II

Hence, hence, dull God of Sleep, away, 5  
 Let my *Celinda* bless the Day :  
 Insensibly, you close those Eyes,  
 At whose each Look, a Shepherd dyes. 8



CXXXI

SONG

I

Since Wine, Love, Musick, present are,  
Let's banish ev'ry Doubt and Care;  
This Night is ours, and we'll enjoy,  
To Morrow shall not *Now* destroy.

II

Let us indulge the Joys we know 5  
Of Musick, Wine and Love;  
We're sure of what we find below,  
Uncertain what's above. 8

CXXXII

SONG

I

Young *Strepbon*, who thro' ev'ry Grove,  
Had chas'd the fleeting God of Love,  
Met *Hymen* once, who cross'd his Joy,  
And chain'd the Am'rous Captive Boy

II

Happy the Swains, who only stray 5  
Where Love and Pleasure lead the Way;  
Where *Hymen's* Arts can never move,  
And Love receives no Tye, but Love. 8

CXXXIII

SONG

I

Why flies *Clarissa* from her Swain,  
Regardless of Desire?  
The Wanton sees his Pain,  
And, of the Conquest vain,  
Derides the Love-sick Fire. 5

## II

Beware, ah ! Cruel ! Tempt not Fate,  
 Nor with Love's Arrows Toy ;  
 Tho' now unhurt, Elate,  
 You'll surely find, too late ! 10  
 There's Danger in the Boy.

## CXXXIV

## THE MINOUE

## A SONG

## I

My lovely Charmer, will you Dance  
 With *Strephon*, your obedient Slave ;  
 She look'd the kind consenting Glance,  
 And then her snowy Hand she gave.

## II

The Youth with Joy the Nymph receiv'd, 5  
 And gently press'd her tender Palm,  
 'Till Musick's Sound the Hand rehev'd,  
 And robb'd him of his healing Balm.

## III

The Am'rous Swain, thro' eager Haste,  
 Both *Time* and *Measure* did disdain : 10  
 Twice careless, he the Figure trac'd,  
 And snatch'd the snowy Hand again.

## IV

The blushing Maid his Flame approv'd,  
 And with like gen'rous Passion mov'd,  
 Again, they round the Figure glow'd, 15  
 Then turn'd, and curtsy'd ; *Strephon* bow'd.

## CXXXV

## THE TOPER

## A SONG

## I

Let's Tope and be Merry,  
 Be Jolly and Cheary ;  
 Since here is good Wine, good Wine.

Let's laugh at the Fools,  
Who live by dull Rules, 5  
And at us Good-Fellows repine.

II

Here, here, are Delights,  
To amuse the dull Nights,  
And equal a Man with a God ;  
To enliven the Clay, 10  
Drive all Care away,  
Without it a Man's but a Clod.

III

Then let us be willing  
To spend t'other Shilling,  
For Money we know is but Dirt ; 15  
It suits no Design,  
Like paying for Wine,  
T'other Bottle will do us no hurt. 18

CXXXVI

VENUS AND ADONIS: OR THE AMOUR OF VENUS

*Omnia vincit Amor* ———  
Virgil.

In *Ida's* Grove a secret Place there lies,  
That seems secure from *Man's* and *Heav'n's* Eyes :  
No raging *Heat* but *Love's* cou'd this invade  
Ever protected by a grateful Shade  
With rising Grass the plenteous Earth is Spread, 5  
And various Flowers form a fragrant Bed :  
Close by a softly-stealing Stream complains,  
As if it self endur'd a Lover's Pains.  
Around the Turtles, gently moaning seem,  
And mix their Murmurs with the purling Stream. 10  
*Venus* distress'd in Pallaces above,  
Found no Content while absent from her Love ;  
The Residence of Gods cou'd yield no Joy,  
Without the Presence of the lov'ly Boy :  
She therefore left *Heav'n's* Courts (oppress'd with Cares,) 15  
And to this humble, quiet Seat repairs.  
Here now she seeks (her Comfort and Delight,)  
The Youth, who must each soft Regard requite ; }  
But ah ! No Youth appears to bless her Sight.

The appointed Time was pass'd, th' exalted Sun 20  
To th' utmost Summit of his Course was run ;

Yet still *Adonis*, with an eager Pace,  
Thoughtless of Heat, or Rest, pursues the Chace;  
Thoughtless of Danger, or her kind Embrace.

But She (in whom nothing can Love controul  
Love ! The sole Joy and Essence of her Soul,) 25

Full of Desire, cannot her self contain,

But thence as Winds sweep o'er the stormy Main,  
She swiftly springs . . . stops ev'ry Nymph and Swain,

Some Tidings of the ling'ring Boy to know, 30

And where, and how employ'd, and why so slow?

Her Voice and Eyes, and eager Steps proclaim

The fierce Impatience of the heav'nly Dame.

So flies the wounded Deer along the Plains,  
Seeking Redress . . . while of its cruel Pains,

The fatal Cause fixt in it's Side remains.

To ev'ry Hill that a far Prospect makes

Thro' pathless Ways, a desp'rate Flight she takes,

In frantick Mode, her loose dishevell'd Hair.

Toss'd by the Winds, her Limbs expos'd and bare. 40

Toss'd by the winds, her limbs expos'd and bare,  
Careless of Beauties that so meanly charm.

Careless of Beauties that so meanly charm,  
And heedless in his Cause of ev'ry Harm.

Much Pains th' impatient Goddess does' implore

Much Pains th' impatient Goddess does employ  
In fruitless Search of the neglectful Boy.

Wear'd at length with Toil, and faint with Heat 45

Weary'd at length with Toil, and faint with Heat, 45  
Remains again to her cool shady Seat.

Repairs again to her cool shady Seat,  
Hesperia is Sleep's inviting Arms to find

**Hoping in Sleep's inviting Arms to find**  
A place to rest, a place to dwell, a place to call home.

A Solace, to relieve her harrass'd Mind,  
And from Ideas of that Plague to win

And faint Idea of that Bliss to gain,  
 For him who's *not* a *Slave* to *Love* and *Wine*;

For which, she waking fought so much in vain. 50

Now, now to needful Rest she's softly lay'd

In the Recess of the most secret Shade,

The ravish'd Earth, it's grassy Carpet spreads,

And new sprung Flowers nod their fragrant Heads.

Twine round her Limbs, and grateful Ōdours give ; 55

But far more grateful Odours thence receive.

The Breezes ev'ry part with Kisses greet,

And by those Kisses make their Breaths more sweet:

The Trees in circling Crouds behold the Sight.

And shake their leafy Limbs, and tremble with Delight. 60

The curling River in a vast Amaze.

The curling River in a vast Amaze,  
 Restrains his murmuring Flood, and stops to gaze :

Restraints his murmuring Flood, and stops to gaze;  
Transported views the Grace of every Limb

Transported, views the Grace of every Limb,  
And grasps its dear Resemblance in his Stream

And grasps its dear Resemblance in his Stream.  
Each am'rous Turtle far more am'rous grows. 65

Each am'rous Turt'le far more am'rous grows, 65  
And in tumultuous Meane its Passions shew/ \

And in tumultuous Means its Passions shows<.)

Her heavenly Charms all but *Adonis* fire,  
Whole Nature sees with Wonder and Desire !

The little Love's in silent, solemn State,  
With due Obedience on the Goddess wait, 70  
Part guard, Her sleeping with the strictest Care,  
The Rest to seek the Darling Youth prepare.

Thus *Venus* do's her ardent Mind employ  
The dear, the beauteous, wild, and wand'ring Boy, }  
Tho' shy t' embrace, tho' careless yet t' enjoy : 75

At least some fancy'd Blessing to procure  
From Hind'rance, and from Interruption sure.

But ah ! No cautious Dealing can delude  
Close Envy, nor her jealous Sight exclude :  
For whom shou'd simple Love securely blind, 80  
Contrive, or act what Envy cannot find ?

She slyly lurking, this Intrigue do's know,  
Disclosing all to Love's severest Foe.

And now th' abstemious Goddess of the Groves,  
Cruel *Diana*, conscious of their Loves, 85

With Fury burns, and to pursue her Hate,  
Had search'd the Volume of eternal Fate ,

(For Fate all Actions sways, his Laws confine,  
All aims, and curb even the Pow'rs Divine.)

Its brazen Leaves all Mortals Dooms comprize  
In Characters of various Hue and Size ; 90

The smaller still each happy Doom express,  
Which human Malice (as it can) makes less

A sanguine Dye, and sullen Black unfold  
The bad . . . the Prosp'rous are display'd in Gold, 95

So deeply writ, that neither Force nor Skill  
Can fully raise Them, both the good and ill

Slow Care, Discretion and Advice are by,  
And all the bad t' abolish vainly try. 100

Here for *Adonis*'s Doom the Goddess pry's  
With dire Intent . . . and while her Hands and Eyes,

With Expedition, yet with Caution move,  
She finds the Pages of disastr'ous Love

There sees his sudden Lot in sanguine Hue,  
Engraven deep, the Characters yet new. 105

And scarcely dry, the woful Deed reveal,  
And seem an Image of the Case they tell,

How in small Time assaulting on the Plain  
A furious Boar, the Hunter shou'd be slain.

At this well pleas'd, she smil'd, and cry'd *Caress*, 110  
Thy Youth, fond *Venus* ! thy Delight possess ;

But short's th' allotted Time, and I the Joy  
Of that short time shall labour to destroy.

This said, with furious Haste the Path she trod,  
 (And *Mind* with *Vengeance* fraught) to sleep's abode, } 115  
 There took a Fantom from the drowsy God.

Fram'd like *Adonis*, in that dismal State,  
 To which he quickly must be doom'd by Fate.  
 This Envy had in Keeping to convey  
 With speed to where expecting *Venus* lay. 120

And now soft Sleep with welcome sweet Surprise }  
 Approaching *Venus* shuts her radiant Eyes ;  
 Yet ah ! full Conquest anxious Thought denies, }  
 By sudden Fits she shakes it from her breast  
 With fearful sad prophetick Dreams oppress'd. 125

No sooner had soft Slumber seiz'd the Dame, }  
 (Ever within her Thoughts) *Adonis* came,  
 But how surprizing ! How unlike the same ? }  
 His Eyes distorted ! stupid ! gastly ! stare,  
 Pale were his Cheeks, and clotted was his Hair ; 130  
 His feeble Limbs with Dirt besmeer'd around,  
 And Blood in Streams flow'd from a direful Wound :  
 From's Lips Words broken and imperfect, fell,  
 Some mournful Tale, he stamm'ring, seem to tell, }  
 He sigh'd, and bad eternally Farewel. 135

Th' astonish'd Goddess vast Endeavours made  
 To grasp the dear, the lovely, dismal Shade :  
 But all alas ! were vainly loss'd in Air,  
 Waking, she finds no sad Resemblance there.

O'er all the gloomy Grove with Care she pry'd,  
 But when no true *Adonis* she descri'd,  
 Again, t' inviting Sleep her self resign'd ;  
 Again, the gastly Vision haunts her Mind :  
 Again, with Blood and Dirt obscene appears :  
 Again, the dismal long Farewel she hears : 145

Then, rising puts the horrid Dreams to Flight,  
 And frees her from the dire distracting Sight :  
 But oh ! th' Impression still remains behind,  
 And with vast Doubts and Fears, torments her Mind.

As grievous Cares the Tender Mother seize, 150  
 Who from her Arms, and such indulgent Ease,  
 Her Life's Delight ! her Age's Hope ! for Gain,  
 Her only Son ! has ventur'd on the Main.  
 When told by Fame, that on some rocky Coast,  
 The hapless Youth with all his Wealth is loss'd , 155  
 Such now of *Venus* seems the wretched Case ;  
 Such weighty Grief in her sad Mind takes Place.

But now the Loves (by ranging all around,)  
 The long'd-for and lamented Youth had found ;  
 And by his Side, in close Attendance came, 160

And introduc'd him to the wishing Dame :  
 Upon the dear delicious Boy she fly's,  
 As swift as Lightning flashing from the Skies, }  
 Or as the Glances of her brighter Eyes :  
 Her circling Arms upon his Neck she flung, 165  
 And with fixt Kisses on his Lips she hung.

A while the Transport of the present Joys,  
 All Thought of future, or of pass'd destroys ;  
 But when her Flame (that Grief more raging made)  
 By softest Dalliance was in Part allay'd, 170  
 Reflecting on her Dream, she silence broke,  
 And sighing thus, the tempting Goddess spoke :

Forbear, regardless Youth ! at length forbear ; }  
 Nor prosecute with Beasts an endless War,  
 Thy *Venus* do's in all the Danger share. } 175  
 Or, if, alas ! thy too licentious Mind

Is still to vig'rous *Sylvan* Sports inclin'd,  
 At least, dear Youth ! be cautious in thy Way,  
 Fly ! fly with Care each furious Beast of Prey,  
 Ne'er arm'd with Launce provoke the raging *Boar*, 180  
 And dread the *Lion's* most tremendous Roar :

From the rough *Bear's* rude Grasp, oh ! swiftly run,  
 The *Leopard*, and the cruel *Tyger* shun,  
 With strict Regard, oh ! ever such avoid,  
 Lest all my Joy shou'd be with thee destroy'd : 185  
 But Nets, or fleetest *Hounds* for *Deer* prepare,  
 Or chace the crafty *Fox*, or tum'rous *Hare*  
 Mix Safety ever with thy Sports, be wise,  
 And ne'er approach where Danger may arise.

For oh ! a dismal Dream, portending Ill, 190  
 Do's all my Soul with wond'rous Horror fill ;  
 Some mighty Mischief now impending shows,  
 And seems to threaten with unusual Woes :

What Apprehensions hence my Peace destroy,  
 And even in thy Presence, blast my Joy ? 195  
 How will they then, while thou'rt hence surprize,  
 What countless Store of Jealousies will 'rise ?  
 Oh ! what Mistrust ? What Terrors will impart  
 A constant Anguish to my aching Heart ?  
 Be ever careful, and afford me Rest, 200

For both our sakes, *Adonis* ! this Request :  
 Let not thy Mind be tempted to refuse,  
 Nor slight a Goddess, when she humbly sues.

Yet oh ! most happy and secure to live,  
 To Love and Me, all, all thy Moments give. 205  
 I not with *Juno*, covet boundless Reign,  
 Nor strive with *Pallas* on the fatal Plain,  
 Such Triumphs, such dire Victories to gain : }

Nor with *Diana* to the Chace inclin'd.  
 Do's thy affected Sport delight my Mind. 210  
 I all my Thoughts on Love alone employ,  
 That yields the truest and sublimest Joy;  
 Of all Diversions, only this is mine,  
 And dearest Youth ! let it be ever thine ;  
 Let's bid to ev'ry vainer Thing, Adieu, 215  
 You only bless'd in Me, and I in You.

Here by increasing soft Concern possess'd,  
 She ceas'd to speak, and ardently she press'd  
 His Hand, and Looks, and Kisses plead the rest. }  
 But ah ! the Sallies of a roving Mind, 220  
 No soft Endearments, or Entreaties bind :  
 Still in his Thoughts the wild Infection reigns,  
 He Freedom loves more than Cælestial Chains :  
 Nor can th' greatest Beauty of the Skies,  
 With all her Fondness and her Grace suffice ; 225  
 But as young Striplings from the watchful Eye,  
 Break wildly forth, and to their Pastimes fly,  
 Their Friends, and their secure Abodes neglect,  
 And Counsel, and 'forewarning Care reject :

He vent'rously again the Chace pursues, 230  
 And Fearless in the Woods his Haunts renews,  
 Too soon, alas ! forsakes her safer Arms,  
 Heedless of her Advice, and all her Charms,  
 Spurns at the Pleasures of his blissful State,  
 Perversely blind, and rushes on his Fate. 235





## EXPLANATORY NOTES



## LIST OF SIGLA USED IN EXPLANATORY AND TEXTUAL NOTES

(Catch Titles from the Bibliography are given, see pp. 235-261.)

- K = Kemp's Collection, 1672, 8vo. Bibliography, No. 9a.  
 A = Miscellaneous Works, 1702, 8vo. " " 30.  
 B<sub>1</sub> = The Poetical Works, 1707, 8vo. " " 36.  
 B<sub>2</sub> = The Poetical Works, 1710, 8vo. " " 37.  
 B<sub>3</sub> = The Works, 1722, 2 vols. in 12mo. " " 40.  
 B<sub>4</sub> = The Works, 1776, 2 vols. in 8vo. " " 41.  
 B<sub>5</sub> = The Works, 1778, 2 vols. in 12mo. " " 42.  
 G = Gildon's New Miscellany, 1701, 8vo. " " 29.  
 Gent.'s Journ. = "The Gentleman's Journal," 1691/2-4. 4to.  
     Bibliography, No. 24.  
 I = D'Urfey's "The Intrigues at Versailles," 1697, 4to. Biblio-  
     graphy, No. 26.  
 Com. = Commendatory Verses, 1700, fol. Bibliography No. 28.  
 W = Wit and Mirth, 1719, 8vo. " " 39.  
 SP = Poems on Affairs of State, 1698, 8vo. " " 27.  
 D<sub>1</sub> = Dryden's Miscellany, 1684, 8vo. " " 16a.  
 D<sub>2</sub> = Dryden's Miscellany, 1692, 8vo. " " "  
 D<sub>3</sub> = Dryden's Miscellany, 1702, 8vo. " " 16b.  
 V = Buckingham's Miscellaneous Works, 1704, 8vo. Bibliography,  
     No. 32.  
 P = Poetical Recreations, 1688, 12mo. Bibliography No. 21.  
 Q, Q<sub>1</sub>, Q<sub>2</sub>, etc. = Quarto editions of plays.  
 Ff. = Folio editions of the "Happy Pair," 1702 and 1705.  
 etc. = "and all subsequent editions."

## EXPLANATORY NOTES TO *BELLAMIRA, or the MISTRESS*

### BELLAMIRA

The Preface to the Reader, l. 8. A Friend

Malone (quoted by Genest, l. 455) says that this was the dramatist, Thomas Shadwell, who dedicated his translation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal to Sedley in the same month as the production of "Bellamira." See "Sir Charles Sedley," pp. 168-171.

Prologue, l. 11. *Bully-rocks*

Originally this word was a term of familiar endearment, as in Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," I. iii., where the older form "bully-rook" is found. Afterwards it came to mean a hectoring ruffian. *Woodcock*, in Shadwell's "The Sullen Lovers" (4to, 1668), however, still gives it the old sense.

l. 15 *Perruque comb'd . . . Pocket tortoise stir'd*

There are many contemporary allusions to the fashionable habit of combing periwigs with a pocket comb in the theatre. Shadwell's *Briske* in "The Humorists" says:

"Look you, no man appears better upon a Bench in the Play house, when I stand up to expose my person between the Acts, I take out my Comb and with a *bonne mien* combe my Periwig to the tune the Fiddles play" (4to, 1671, V. i.).

l. 17. *huff,*

"to speak arrogantly or insolently; to storm, bluster, talk big."—N.E.D.

l. 17. *dumbfound*

Dumbfounding was apparently a kind of practical joke much in vogue among Restoration playgoers. It seems to have consisted in striking a blow unexpectedly and then feigning innocence. Cf. Otway's "The Soldier's Fortune" (4to, 1681, II. 1.): "We are on his blind side; I'll dumb found him (*Strikes him on the shoulder*)"; also Dryden's Prologue to "The Prophetess," l. 47: "That witty recreation call'd dumbfounding."

l. 18. *scowre,*

"to depart in haste, run away, decamp."—N.E.D.

"To scamper, to rubb, to scowre, To run away." Shadwell, "Explanation of the Cant" prefixed to "The Squire of Alsatia," 4to, 1688.

For another meaning of this word see note to III. iv. l. 10.

l. 21. *When our two houses did divide the Toron.*

*I.e.* before 1682, when the old King's and Duke's companies were united. The articles of union were signed on May 14, 1682, and the joint company started acting on November 16. The union lasted till 1695.

l. 34. *Our Author try'd his own and cou'd not hit.*

Clearly a reference to the bad reception of "The Mulberry Garden."

I. i. l. 31 *Marshal Gloves*

Marshal is an anglicized form of *Maréchale*, a French scent used commonly for gloves. In Shadwell's "The Virtuoso," *Sir Samuel Hart* disguised as an Exchange woman proffers the ladies "choice of good Gloves, Amber, Orangery, Genoa, Romane, Frangipane, Neroly, Tuberose, Jessimine, and Marshal" (4to, 1676, III. iii.).

l. 62. *the Rose*

The celebrated tavern in Russell Street, Covent Garden. It was a favourite haunt of the Wits and is frequently mentioned in contemporary comedies. See "Sir Charles Sedley," p. 58.

l. 74. . . . one leap out of your low Window . . .

Genest's comment is, "this has strongly the appearance of being an allusion to the story told of young Churchill and the Duchess." The story in question is told as follows by Wolseley in his "Life of Marlborough" (I 69): "This Affair had become known to Charles through the Duke of Buckingham, who had quarrelled with Barbara Palmer and wished to ruin her in the king's favour. Aware of her intimacy with Churchill, he bribed her servant, and so contrived that the king should find the young guardsman in her bedroom." A similar version is given in the curious little pamphlet called "*Hattegé ou les Amours du Roy de Tamaran*" (Cologne, 1676, Engl. translation: Amsterdam, 1680, 12mo), where, according to a key given by Ch. Nodier in his "*Mélanges tirées d'une Petite Bibliothèque*," the king of *Tamaran* is Charles, *Hattigé* Lady Castlemaine, *Rajep* Churchill, and *Osman* Buckingham. Neither the author of this work nor Wolseley mention the incident of jumping out of the window.

l. 100. *A Flam*

A lie, or trick. Cf. Shadwell's "Bury Fair," II. i., where *Mrs. Gertrude* denounces *Mrs. Fantast*'s compliments as "a Flam, a meer Flam." "*Eh Mondieu!*" answers *Fantast*. . . . "Call generous complements Flams." (4to, 1689, II. i.)

l. 100. Wheadle

A lie or cozenage; used as the proper name of a cheating gamester by Etherege in "The Comical Revenge" (4to, 1664).

l. 103. *Jamaica*

Jamaica was captured by the English naval expedition under Penn and Venables sent by Cromwell to seize Hispaniola in 1655. Charles II refused to restore it to Spain after the Restoration.

l. 108. Kidnappers

According to the N.E.D., from kid (= child) + nab or nap (= seize). Both the word and the practice which it denotes seem to have arisen in England about this time. The following quotation throws some light on *Bellamira's* story:

"Mr. John Wilmore haveing kidnapped a boy of 13 years of age to Jamaica, a writt de homine replegiando was delivered to the sheriffs of London against him."—Luttrell's "Brief Relation," l. 183, *s.d.* May 10, 1682.

l. 123. two Whiskers!

The N.E.D. gives as a meaning of "whisking," great, excessive, "bouncing," "whopping"; so "whiskers" here presumably means "whoppers." Hicckeringill's "News from Colchester" (1673), quoted by N.E.D., has "this Whisking Lye." Professor Ernest Weekley gives me the following quotation: "A whisking lye. mendacium impudens. Littleton's Latin Dictionary, 1678."

l. 134. *Dangerfield*

Aphra Behn, in her novel "The Dumb Virgin, or the Force of Imagination," writes, "he call'd himself *Dangerfield*, which was a Name that so pleas'd me, being satisfied that it was a Counterfeit, I us'd it in a Comedy of mine." The name is not found in any of Mrs. Behn's plays, and Mr. Montague Summers, in the note on this passage in his edition of Aphra Behn's works (V. 523), conjectures that she made a present of it to Sedley. It is, however, quite as possible that Sedley took the name from the notorious Thomas Dangerfield, one of the concocters of the Popish Plot, who was tried and executed in 1685. It may be noticed that Dangerfield was actually a "Beau Garçon" and that his intrigues were well known.

l. 153. Puppy-water

A reference to the disgusting practice of using puppy's urine as a cosmetic, which seems to have been common among seventeenth-century ladies. Cf. Middleton's "A Chaste Maid in Cheapside" (4to, 1630, III. i.):

"Now in goes the long fingers that are wash't  
Some thence a day in Urine; my wife vases it!"

and Swift's "The Lady's Dressing Room" :

"With Puppy-water Beauty's help,  
Distill'd from Tripsy's darling Whelp."

l. 162. As our modern Poet hath it.

The "modern Poet" is Dryden and the line is from "The Indian Emperour" (4to, 1667), I. ii, where it is spoken by *Montezuma* to *Orbellan* and *Guyomar* :

"My Sons, let your unseemly discord cease,  
If not in friendship, live at least in peace."

l. 218. a *Cloyster*

Apparently a common threat : cf. Dryden's "Limberham" (4to, 1680, II. i.), where *Mrs. Trickry*, Limberham's mistress, exclaims : "To show I can live honest, in spite of all mankind, I'll go into a Nunnery, and that's my resolution." It may be noticed that Dryden's own reputed mistress, *Mrs. Ann Reeve*, retired from the stage and took the veil in 1675.

l. 261. I will carry them my self, . . .

The rest of this speech, though printed continuously in all editions, is clearly an aside.

I. ii ll. 5, 6. *New Spring Garden* !

This is the old name of Vauxhall Garden. It distinguished it from the old Spring Garden at Charing Cross. The new Garden was laid out soon after the Restoration. Evelyn visited it on July 2, 1661, and found it "a pretty contrived plantation" Pepys often went to Vauxhall and walked in the Spring Garden. On May 28, 1667, he heard the nightingales singing there ; he also comments on the loose company that frequented it. It is mentioned in many comedies. Wycherley's *Hippolita*, in "The Gentleman Dancing Master," complains that she is not allowed "to eat a Sillybub in new Spring-Gar'n with a cousin," and *Mrs. Frail*, in Congreve's "Love for Love," remarks that if she had "gone to *Knights-bridge*, or to *Chelsey* or to *Spring-Garden*, . . . with a man alone"—something might have been said.

l. 7. *Colambor*

According to N.E.D., which quotes this passage, a variant of Calambour, which is a French form of Calambac, a Malay or Javanese word for aloes or eagle-wood, greatly prized for its scent. Madame de Sévigné mentions a rosary of Calambac in a letter of June 8, 1680.

l. 8. *Angel-water*

For angelica water, "a perfumed liquid of which angelica once formed a chief constituent ; afterwards containing ambergris, rose, myrtle and orange-flower waters."—N.E.D., which quotes this passage.



l. 15. the Mall

The famous walk in St. James's Park, so called from the game of Pall Mall. The original Mall was the street now called Pall Mall, which was built over under the Commonwealth. The new "Mall" was laid out by Charles II after the Restoration.

ll. 122, 123, a Parson Marry you to a great Fortune without a Licence; . . .

Sedley himself had personal experience of a "marriage" of this kind: see "Sir Charles Sedley," pp. 129, 130.

l. 137. *Knightsbridge*

Cf. Otway's "The Soldier's Fortune" (4to, 1681), III. 1., where Sir *Davy Dunc* says of his wife:

"Or it may be taking the Air as far as Knightsbridge, with some smoothfac'd Rogue or another: 'tis a damn'd house that Swan, that Swan at Knights-bridge is a confounded house."

I iii. l. 46. The Groom-Porter

An officer of the Royal Household who regulated all matters concerning gambling within the precincts of the Court. He furnished cards and dice and settled disputes arising from games of chance.

l. 74. *A Beau Garçon*

This term was used in two senses: either for an ugly, old beau or ogler, or else for a kept bully. For the first meaning cf. "*A Faithful Catalogue of Our Most Eminent Ninnies*".

"'Tis strange Kilgore, that refin'd Beau Garçon  
Was never yet at the Bell Savage shown,  
For he's a true and wonderful Baboon,"

("Political Satires," ed Goldsmith, 8vo, 1885, p 14)

Also Rochester's "On the Supposed author of a Late Poem in defence of Satyr".

"Who needs will be an ugly Beau-Garçon,  
Spit at, and shun'd by every Girl in Town"

("Miscellaneous Works," 8vo, 1709, p 97)

For the second meaning cf. "The Rehearsal" (ed. Montague Summers, I. ii.):

"*Bayes*. I am kept by another woman, in the City.

*Smith*. How kept? for what?

*Bayes*. Why for a *Beau Gerson*: I am ifackins."

l. 104. forfeited his Charter

This phrase must have had a very topical ring in 1687. After the dissolution of the Whig and exclusionist Parliament in 1681, the Government of Charles II turned its attention to attacking the municipalities, which were mostly Whig strongholds. Shaftesbury's acquittal by the London Grand Jury in November 1681 convinced the Government that they would never be able

to coerce rebellious Whigs until the Corporations were remodelled. By means of writs of *Quo Warranto* all the city charters, beginning with that of the city of London, were attacked and forfeited and only restored on conditions that placed them completely in the royal power.

## II. i. l. 11. Terse

Restoration slang for claret. Of uncertain origin. Perhaps from *terse* = clean, neat, smooth: cf. *merum*. Thiers, a wine-growing district in Puy-de-Dôme, has also been suggested. Cf. Shadwell, "The Humorists" (4to, 1671, IV. i.):

"Must I stay, till by the strength of Terse Claret, you have whet yourself into courage?"

## l. 60. Does my Patron lose? . . .

Sedley seems to be expanding Terence with the aid of a hint from Lucretius. Terence's *Gnatho* (Smoothly's prototype) merely says.

"Quidquid dicunt laudo, id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque;  
Negant nego, ait, aio; postremo imperavi egomet  
Omnia adsentiri . . ."

Smoothly's description of his methods of dealing with his patron are probably suggested by the famous lines in Lucretius (IV. 1160):

nigra melichrus est, immunda et fetida acosmos,  
cæcia Palladium, nervosa et lignea dorcas,  
parvula pumilio, chanton mis, tota merum sal,  
magna atque immanis cataplexis plenaque honoris

ll 176, 177. nor any of the little Tinsel, short Liv'd Beauties of the Town, . . .

Very happily adapted from Terence's

haud similis virgost virginum nostrarum, quas matres student,  
demissis umbris esse, vincto pectore, ut gracilæ sent.

## l. 192. *Hockamore*

See note to "The Mulberry Garden," IV. i. l. 149.

## II. ii. l. 93. Juniper Water, for good Humor.

"A Cordial drink made from or flavoured with juniper"—N.E.D., which quotes the following passage from a letter of Sir W. Temple to Godolphin written in 1666: "A little Bottle of Juniper Water which is the common Cordial in that Country."

## III. i. l. 68. *Bartholomew-Fair*?

The ancient fair held on St. Bartholomew's Day (August 22) at Smithfield, lasting for fourteen days. Originally it was a Cloth Fair, but after the reign of Elizabeth it was chiefly a place of amusement. Ben Jonson's famous comedy (first acted 1614) gives a vivid picture of the Fair in James I's reign. Pepys saw Lady Castlemaine there on August 30, 1667.

l. 75. Cony!

Laterally a rabbit; often used as a term of endearment for a woman. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Prologue:

*Wife.* Husband, Husband.

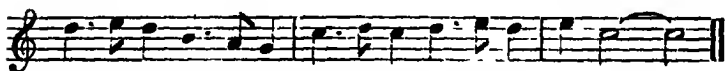
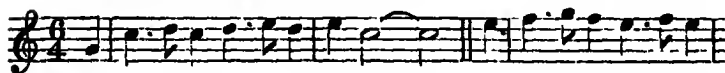
*Cit.* What sayst thou, Conie?

l. 93. Song.

The following version of this Song appears anonymously on p. 308 of Vol. VI of "Wit and Mirth," London, 1720 (see Bibliography, No. 39 b):—

When first I lay'd Siege to my *Chloris*,  
 When first I lay'd Siege to my *Chloris*,  
 Cannon Oaths I brought down,  
 To batter the Town,  
 And boom'd her with amorous Stones.  
 Billet deux like small shot did so ply her,  
 Billet deux like small shot did so ply her,  
 And sometimes a Song,  
 Went whistling along,  
 Yet still I was never the nigher.  
 At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,  
 At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,  
 That if I lik'd the Life,  
 She would be my Wife,  
 But she would be no Man's Strumpet  
 I told her that Mars would ne'er Marry,  
 I told her that Mars would ne'er Marry,  
 I swore by my Scars,  
 Got in Combates and Wars,  
 That I'd rather dig Stones in a Quarry.  
 At length she granted the Favour,  
 At length she granted the Favour,  
 With? out [sic] the dull Curse,  
 For better for worse,  
 And saved the Parson the Labour.

This version is preceded by the following setting, to which no composer's name is attached:—



l. 158. *Ethiopia*

Strictly Abyssinia, but used loosely in seventeenth-century English to denote any of the more remote parts of Africa.

l. 162. a Warden Roasted in the Embers

A warden pie was a pie made of warden pears, baked or stewed

without a crust and coloured with saffron, which gave it a yellow appearance. Cf. "A Winter's Tale," IV. iii.: "I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies."

III. ii. l. 83. *Jane Shore*.

Edward IV's mistress. She did not "Dye in a Ditch" as the popular legend had it, and the name Shoreditch existed long before her time. She is said to have strewn flowers at Henry VII's funeral, and she knew Sir Thomas More in her extreme old age.

The Duchess of Cleveland (the alleged "original" of Bellamira) was compared to her more than once. In 1682 a bitter lampoon was published entitled "A Dialogue between the D[utchess] of C[leveland] and the D[utchess] of P[ortsmouth] at their meeting in Paris with the Ghost of Jane Shore."

III. iii l. 70. *Ecclaircissement*.

One of the fashionable French words which came in after the Restoration. It is in the list that *Philotis* reads to her Frenchified mistress *Melantha* in Dryden's "Marriage-à-la-mode" (4to, 1673), III. 1.:

"*Embarasse, Double entendre, Equivoque, Ecclaircissement, Suttè, Beveue, Facôn, Panchant, Coup d'etourdy and Ridicule.*"

1. 102. *Mirabilis*?

A fashionable cordial. Cf. Aphra Behn's "Sir Patient Fancy" (Works, ed. Montague Summers, IV. 4).

"But, Oh I'm sick at Heart, Maundy fetch me a bottle of *Mirabilis* in the Closet."

1. 157. *Epsome* nor *Tunbridge* Waters.

Epsom and Tunbridge were both fashionable health resorts noted for the supposed healing powers of their waters and the free and easy manners of the company that frequented them. The story of Wycherley's meeting with the Countess of Drogheda, his future wife, at Tunbridge Wells as told by Dennis is a good illustration of this passage:

"He went down to *Tunbridge* to take either the Benefit of the Waters or the Diversions of the Place, when walking one Day upon the Wells Walk with his Friend Mr *Fairbeard* of *Grey's Inn*, just as he came up to the Bookseller's, my Lady *Drogheda*, a young Widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came to the Bookseller and enquir'd for the *Plain Dealer*. *Madam*, says Mr *Fairbeard*, *there he is for you*, pushing Mr *Wycherley* towards her. . . . In short Mr. Wycherley walk'd with her upon the Walks, waited upon her home, visited her daily at her Lodgings, while she staid at *Tunbridge*."

("Letters, Familiar, Moral and Critical," 8vo, 1721, p. 222.)

III. iv. l. 10. *scour'd*

To scour was to make a disturbance in the streets, fight with passers-by, beat the watch, etc. The *Scowrers* was the name given to a sect of hooligans who played these pranks and who resembled the later fraternity of Mohocks. Shadwell's comedy, "The Scowrers" (4to, 1691), gives a vivid picture of these ruffians.

l. 67. *Pretty Padder*.

Padder = thief, from pad, to rob on the highway, originally to tread or tramp. Cf. Dryden, "Limberham," Epilogue.

"Lord with what Rampant Gadders  
Our Counters will be throned and Roads with Padders."

III. v. l. 59. *thy Discourse has Fingers in it*.

I can find no parallel to this phrase.

l. 72. *Asinego*

An anglicized form of Spanish *asnico*, a little ass, hence a fool or dolt. The word is fairly common in seventeenth-century English and is found in Shakespeare:

"An Asinego may tutor thee."

*Troilus and Cressida*, II. i.

IV. i. l. 53. *the Siege of Dunkirk*.

Dangerfield had presumably served with the English Royalist contingent in Flanders which assisted the Spaniards against the French and Cromwellians. Dunkirk was invested by Turenne on May 15/25, 1658. At the battle of the Dunes on June 4/14 the French gained a complete victory over the Spaniards. In this battle the English Royalists fighting for Spain met the Commonwealth troops, whom Cromwell had sent to help the French, hand to hand. The former, although they fought bravely, were completely worsted. Dunkirk surrendered ten days after the battle. (See "Royalist and Cromwellian Armies in France," by Sir C. H. Firth, *Journal of the Royal Historical Society*, New Series, Vol. XVII.)

IV. ii. l. 63. *Back-Gammon*.

This game was known since the Middle Ages, but was always called "tables" till the seventeenth century. The earliest quotation for the word "Back gammon" given by the N.E.D. is from Howell's *Letters*, c. 1645.

l. 63. *a Tout at Tricktrack*.

Tricktrack or Trictrac was an old variety of back-gammon. It survived till the nineteenth century, and is mentioned by Lamb in a letter to Dorothy Wordsworth (1819).

A Tout is "a term for a specially successful result in certain games."—N.E.D., which quotes the passage.

IV. iii. l. 46. *an Algerine*.

*I.e.* an Algerian vessel. Algiers had long been one of the chief nests of Moorish pirates.

- l. 46. An Eunuch after the *Turkish* manner.

*I.e.* the operation was complete.

- IV. iv. l. 18. Such as we us'd to Muster in Flanders.

Another reference to Dangerfield's service with the Royalist forces in Flanders before the Restoration. Charles was allowed by Spain to raise first four regiments and afterwards six. The total force never numbered more than 2000 to 3000 men. Sir C. H. Firth remarks that "as each of the regiments ought to have numbered 1000 to 1200 men apiece, it is evident that their ranks were never more than half full." ("Royalist and Cromwellian Armies in Flanders," *Journal of the Royal Historical Society*, New Series, Vol. XVII. p. 69.)

- ll. 51, 52. there is a Justice, swear your loss before him . . .

Mr. G. Thorn Drury gives me the following note on the legal aspect of this passage :

"By the Statute of Winchester—13 Edward I, ann. 1285—the Hundred was, upon failure to apprehend the offenders, made liable for robberies committed within its boundaries. Although no mention is made in the Statute of any time, it was judicially decided in the reign of Elizabeth that the robbery, to render the Hundred liable, ought to be committed in the day-time, but this was not to be interpreted so strictly as to exclude the whole period between sunset and sundown, for if there was at the material time sufficient light to discern and distinguish a man's countenance the victim was not deprived of his remedy against the Hundred. This Statute and others relating to the same matter were repealed in 1827. It may be of interest to add that people travelling on a Sunday were not protected, for it was said that one ought not to travel on that day. A worthy citizen in the reign of Charles II succeeded in his claim, because though he was robbed on a Sunday, he proved that he was going to church at the time."

- IV. v. ll. 31, 32. Wither'd, Worn-out, Weather-beaten, Weasil-faced.  
A clever rendering of Terence's

*Hic est victus, veterosus, senex, colore mustelino.*

("Eunuchus," l. 689.)

- l. 112. Stone-horse.

See "The Mulberry Garden," I. ii. 27 and note.

- IV. vi. ll. 8, 9. Mum and Wormwood.

Mum was a kind of beer originally brewed in Brunswick and very popular in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Cf. Prologue to "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," in "Covent Garden Drollery" (8vo, 1671, p. 79) :

*In Burgundy and Mant, the great ones rayle  
But their blind sides are found in Mum and Ale.*

- l. 9. Wormwood.

Wormwood wine was apparently a kind of bitters made of  
VOL. II. Q

wormwood. Johnson in his Dictionary cites "*Floyer on the Humours*":

"Pituitous Cacochymia must be corrected by bitters, as wormwood wine."

l. 10. Amber-greece

"A wax-like substance of marbled ashy colour, found floating in tropical seas, and as a morbid secretion in the intestines of the sperm-whale. It is odoriferous and used in perfumery and formerly in cookery"—N.E.D. quotes this passage.

Cf. Milton, "*Paradise Regain'd*," II. 341, where the meats of the feast with which Satan tempts Christ are described as

"In pastry built, or from the spit or boil'd  
Gnaw-amber-steam'd."

ll. 16, 17. Fennel Water

"A spiritous liquor prepared from fennel seed."—N.E.D.

l. 52. *Pontack*

Pontack's was a famous ordinary in Abchurch Street, named after its proprietor. see note to Poem No. LIII. Here the word seems to be used to mean wine from Pontack's

l. 54. *Her Breasts of Delight*.

This is part of a song sung by the squire Clodpate in Shadwell's "*Epsom Wells*," IV. 1.

Clodpate's song runs as follows:

*Her Laps are two Brimmers of Claret,  
Where first I began to miscarry,  
Her Breasts of Delight  
Are two Bottles of White,  
And her Eye, are two Cups of Canary*

It will be remembered that Sedley is said to have had a hand in "*Epsom Wells*."

l. 71. *Halcyon*

*I.e.* the kingfisher, traditionally supposed to be harbinger of calm weather.

IV. viii l. 5. *slit her Nose*.

This was a favourite method of revenge. Sir John Coventry's nose was split by bravoës in the hure of the Court because he made a sarcastic allusion to the king's mistresses in the House of Commons.

l. 5. *Trant'vne*.

Not in the N.E.D. Professor Weekley conjectures that it is a metaphor from a card-game, "*trente et un*," and compares German "*kaput machen*" and French "*faire caput*."

l. 17. *Monteculi*.

This is Raymond, Count of Montecuculli (1608-1681), a famous Italian general in the Austrian service. He was one of

the foremost strategists of the age, and left valuable military memoirs which were published in two folio volumes by Ugo Foscolo at Milan in 1807.

V. i. l. 37. leap the half Almond

"Almond" is here a form of "almain," which originally meant "German," and later was used to denote a kind of dance music and the dance which accompanied it. The "almain" apparently involved a high jump. Cf. Chapman's *Alphonsus*: "An Almain and an upspring that is all." Also Ben Jonson, "The Devil is an Ass," I. 1.: "And late his Almain leap into the Custard" (N.E.D., which quotes this passage).

l. 38 Thou ma'st well be active, . . . thy Bones have as much Quick-silver in 'em . . .

Congreve seems to have imitated this passage in "The Old Batchelour," I. 1., where Hartwell says to Sharper: "Good Mr. Young-fellow, your mistaken; as able as your self, and as nimble too, tho' I mayn't have as much Mercury in my Limbs" (4to, 1693).

l. 73. At once I hate her, and I love her too.

Clearly a reminiscence of the famous lines of Catullus (*Carmen LXXXV*)

Odi et amo Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.  
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

l. 81. a Gib'd Cat

*I* e a tom-cat: cf. Shakespeare, "Henry IV," Pt. I, II. 1. 82, where Falstaff exclaims: "I am as Melancholy as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare."

The word Gib was an abbreviation of Gilbert or Tibert, the name of the cat in the mediæval beast epic. The form Gibbed or Gib'd is common in the seventeenth century, and according to the N.E.D. is due to a mistaken derivation from an imaginary verb "gib," to geld.

l. 84. Calech.

One of the many anglicized forms of the French *calèche*, a kind of light carriage which became fashionable in England in the reign of Charles II. Cf. Dryden's "Marriage-à-la-Mode" (4to, 1673, III. 1):

"I have been at your Lodgings, in my new *Galeche*."

l. 129. Rascal Deer.

The youngest or leanest deer of the herd: cf. "As You Like It," III. iii.:

"The noblest Deere hath them (horns) as huge as the Rascall"

ll. 139-150. Cf. Shadwell's "A True Widow" (which that author acknowledged to have been revised by Sedley):

*Bellamour*. Why thou art fit to be hung up at *Barber-*



*Surgeon's Hall* for a Skeleton; a Woman had as good lye with a Faggot.

*Selfish.* Thou art envious, the Ladies are of another mind; I am sure you are above Whore-master's weight, and a Woman had as good lye with a pound of Candles. (4to, 1679, I. i.)

l. 130. Common shore of Physick.

The common shore according to N.E.D. was originally "the no man's land by the waterside, where filth was allowed to be deposited for the tide to wash away," but it was commonly used as equivalent to the "common sewer," and this seems to be the meaning here.

l. 144. Bear-Garden.

The Bear Garden on Bankside, Southwark, was a royal garden for the exhibition of bear and bull-baiting until the reign of William III, when it was removed to Hockley-in-the-Hole. It was closed by Col. Pride in 1655, but reopened after the Restoration.

l. 147. thou walking Skelleton that may'st be read upon alive.

The reference is undoubtedly to the lectures on skeletons or "anatomies" given to medical students, "read upon" being here the equivalent of "lectured on." Mr. P. Simpson gives me the following close parallel in Ben Jonson's "Ode to James Earle of Desmond" (Underwoods, fol., 1640, II. 194):

O vertues fall,  
When her dead essence (like the Anatomie  
in Surgeons hall)  
Is but a Statists theame, to read Phlebotomie

l. 540, 541. As I was going to draw, I heard a voice

Obviously a reminiscence of Falstaff's famous excuse in "Henry IV," Pt. I, II. iv.:

"I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? . . . beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter."

l. 541. dead doing.

An obsolete adjective meaning murderous. Cf. Spenser, "Faerie Queen," II. iii. 8, "Hold your dead-doing hand" The latest example quoted by N.E.D. is from Wesley.

## AN ESSAY ON ENTERTAINMENTS

This essay is based on a fragment of the section of the *Saturæ Menippeæ* of M. T. Varro entitled "Nescis Quid Vesper Serus Vehat." It is described by Aulus Gellius in his Thirteenth Book, where he quotes a portion of it. Sedley may have read it in the complete edition of the extant Works of Varro published at Dordrecht, 8vo, 1619, and reprinted in 1621. The following is the text given on p. 125 of the Sixth Part of the Dordrecht edition:

## NESCIS QUID VESPER

## SERVS VEHAT

Dicit autem convivarum numerū, incipere oportere à gratiarum numero, & progredi ad Musarum, id est proficisci à tribus, & consistere in novem : ut cū paucissimi convivæ sunt, non pauciores sint quā tres, cū plurimi, non plures quā novem. Nam multos esse non convenit, quōd turba plerumque est turbulenta, . . .

ut Romæ quidem constat, sed & Athenis.

*Desunt*

Nusquam autem plures cubabant.

*quadam.*

Ipsū deinde convivium constat, inquit ex rebus quatuor, & tum denique omnibus suis numeris absolutum est, si belli homunculi collecti sunt, si lectus locus, si tempus lectum, si apparatus non neglectus. Nec loquaces autem, inquit, convivas, nec multos legere oportet, quia eloquentia, in foro & apud subsellia : silentium verò non in convivio, sed in cubiculo esse debet. Sermones igitur id temporis habendos censet, non super rebus anxius et tortuosis, sed jucundos & invitabiles, & cum quadam illecebra & voluptate utiles; ex quibus ingenium nostrum venustius fiat & amoenius.

Quod profecto inquit eveniet, si de id genus rebus ad communem vitæ usum pertinentibus confabulemur, de quibus in foro atque in negotijs agendis loqui non est otium. Dominum autem, inquit convivij esse oportet, non tam lautum, quam sine sordibus.—A. Gell. *lib. 13. Cap. 11.*

In convivio legi nec omnia debent, & ea potissimum que sunt βωφελῆ, & delectant potius, ut id quoque videatur non superfluisse. *Ibidem.* Verba post delectant desunt in multis codicibus.

Bellaria, ea maxime sunt mellita, quæ mellita non sunt : πέρμασιν enim cum πέρπει societas infida. *Ibidem.*

## EXPLANATORY NOTES TO DOUBTFUL WORKS

## THE GRUMBLER

I. vi. l. 59. *Quinquerna,*

The older form of "quinine," being the Spanish version of the Indian name for the tree from whose bark quinine is extracted.

I. vii. l. 46. *John-a-Nokes . . . Tom-a-Styles,*

Fictitious names for parties in a legal action.

I. ix. l. 12. *Arriaga.*

There were several eminent Spaniards of this name, notably

Pablo José de Arriaga (1562-1622) and Roderigo de Arriaga (1592-1667). As the former was a famous educationist and founded schools in Peru, it is probably to him that Mamurra refers.

II. xii. l. 3. Crack

"A woman of broken reputation, a wench, a prostitute."—N.E.D., which incorrectly cites this passage as referring to a man. The French is "guese."

II. xvii. l. 22. Bourree

A famous French dance popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

It came originally from the Auvergne and the Berri, and is said to have been introduced to the French Court by Marie de Medicis (Grove's "Dancing," ed. 1895, p. 271). According to Grove it was "a careless dance."

l. 73. Minuet

The Minuet or Menuet is said to have been so called because of its short steps. It was the most popular Court dance in France and England in the eighteenth century.

l. 74. Gavotte

This was originally a peasant dance of Dauphiné. It was introduced at Court in the sixteenth century, but was never popular and became a stage dance (Grove, p. 264).

l. 76. Passy

An anglicized form of Passe-pied, a kind of "branle" danced by the Breton peasants.

l. 78, 79. Trocanny, Tricotez, Rigadon

The French is "tracanas, tricotez, rigaudon." I can find no details of dances called "tracanas" or "tricotez." Littré gives "tracaner, passer au tracanor, dévider" (tracanor = "engin de moulin pour dévider la soie"), and as a meaning of "tricoter," "dancer, baller, tripudier, sauter."

l. 79. Rigadon

In the French "Rigaudon," a Provençal dance described in Rameau's "Le Maître à Danser" (Paris, 8vo, 1725): "le pas dans sa construction est très singulier, il se fait à la même place sans avancer ni reculer, ou aller de côté, & si les jambes font plusieurs mouvements differens, il est fort gay dans sa manière" (p. 159).

l. 83. Courante, the Bocane, the Sarabande

The Courante (Italian "Corrente" or "*coranto*"), a favourite Court dance of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The Sarabande (originally Zarabanda) is a famous dance of Arabic-Spanish origin.

The Bocane (French "Bocanne") was a type of Courante:

"les autres Courantes figurées de ce tems là comme la Dauphine, la Duchesse, & la Bocane" (Rameau, p. 113).

III. vii. l. 16. *Flanders, . . . Piedmont, . . . Germany*

The scenes of Louis XIV's principal wars.

l. 24. *Madagascar*

In the latter part of the seventeenth century the French attempted to establish military posts on the east coast of Madagascar, and for some time held the extreme south-east point of the island.

l. 56. Shopp'd up

To "shop" meant to shut up, to imprison (N.E.D., which quotes this passage with the incorrect reference "III. i.>").

III. ix. Stage Direction. a Halberd

This weapon denoted the rank of sergeant. Cf. Fielding's "Tom Jones" (1749), VII. xi: "he . . . had . . . so well ingratiated himself with his officers, that he had promoted himself to a halbert"

III. xi l. 12. *Monomotapa*

The name given in old maps to an extensive region in South-east Africa. The Monomatapa was actually a Bantu monarch.

## DOUBTFUL POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

### XCIV, XCV.

These poems are reprinted from K (II. 32, 33), where they are attributed to Sedley by the annotators of Sir C. H. Firth's and Mr. Thorn Drury's copies.

### XCVI. UPON THE SLIGHTING OF HIS FRIENDS LOVE.

This poem is described in the Contents of Stephen's Miscellany Poems as follows. "*Upon the slighting of his Friends Love.* by Mr. C. S. of Wad. Coll."

The text is followed by the initials C. S. See Preface, Vol. I., p. xv.

### CII. THE ROYAL KNOTTER.

Cf. with No. XXXVI and note.

### THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL

### CXVI. THE THIRD PASTORAL.

#### ll. 144, 145. *Tucko . . . Maurus!*

The Latin here reads the names of Virgil's two notorious contemporaries, Bavius and Maevius. The translator has substituted nicknames for two poetsasters of his own day.

*Maurus* is probably Sir Richard Blackmore, the well-known rhymester and deadly foe of the Wits (see note to Poem LIV). He was attacked under the name of *Maurus* by Dryden, in

the lines "To John Driden" of Chesterton in the "Fables," and again in the Prologue to the "Secular Masque."

I am unable to identify "*Ticks*." If it stands for Thomas Tickell, the poet (1686-1740), the translation cannot be by Sedley, for Tickell was a boy when Sedley died.

CXVII. THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

l. 56. The Latin proves that the reading of B<sub>3</sub> is correct :

nec nautica pinus  
mutabit *merces*.

CXVII. THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

l. 27. Swallow

The Latin is "*salunca*" which means "wild or celtic nard." "Swallow" may possibly stand for "swallowwort," a name given both to a herb called "*vincetoxicum officinale*" and to the greater celandine (N.E.D., which, however, gives no parallel to the use of "swallow" for "swallowwort").

l. 115. *Lyctius Aegon*

The translator has merely copied the Latin epithet, which means "Cretan" from *Lyctos*, a town near Mt. Dicte.

CXIX. THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

l. 98. Thus the *Grynæan* Grove(')s arise shall tell,

The old texts read "Groves," which makes nonsense. If we take "Grove's" as possessive, we can suppose "arise" to be a substantive. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne, *Ps Ep.* 226, "At the arise of the Pleiades." The Latin is "*His tibi Grynei nemoris dicatur origo*."

CXX. THE SEVENTH PASTORAL.

l. 64. Fuz,

"An obsolete form of furze" (N.E.D.). The Latin is "*ruscus*," which means broom.

CXXVI. To *Phyllis* WHO SLIGHTED HIM

l. 30. LONG shall my Doctor be.

This is obviously a reference to Mr. Long, proprietor of the Rose Tavern, a favourite haunt of Sedley and his friends (see "Sir Charles Sedley," p. 58). It is a clear proof that the poem, whether it is Sedley's or not, was written in the reign of Charles II.

## TEXTUAL NOTES



## TEXTUAL NOTES

### BELLAMIRA

*Dramatis Personæ* (B<sub>5</sub> reads *MEN* before *Merryman*, and *WOMEN* before *Bellamira*)

- I. 1. l. 142. have her (Q have, her (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. have her  
     l. 163. Peace.<'') (Q, etc. Peace.  
     l. 194 you<:') *Isabella* (Q you *Isabella*, (B<sub>3</sub> you,  
         *Isabella* (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> you, *Isabella*,  
     l. 227, 228. shou'd, where shou'd I have such another (B<sub>3</sub>,  
         etc shou'd I have such another  
     l. 261. <(Aside)> (Q etc omit.
- I. 11 l. 78. me<,) But (Q me But (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. me. But
- I. 111 l. 68. *Dangerfield*<,) (Q *Dangerfield* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Dangerfield*,
- II. 1. l. 108. here<—> my (Q, etc. here my  
     l. 150. 'em<.) (Q em (B<sub>3</sub>, etc 'em:  
     l. 176. the little Tinsel, (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> the tinsel,  
     l. 219. care for you, nor me, nor any man. (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> care for  
         you, nor any man.  
     l. 251. went<.) (Q went (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. went.  
     l. 290. breathe. (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> breathe.  
     l. 337. let<'>s (Q le'ts (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. let's
- II. ii. before l. 1. *Stage Direction*, Enter *Bellamira*, <and> *Isabella*  
     (Q, etc. Enter *Bellamira*, *Isabella*, and *Thisbe*.  
     after l. 46. *Stage Direction* (Q, B<sub>3</sub> Enter *Thisbe* (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> omit  
         l. 93. to use (Q to to use (B<sub>3</sub>, etc to use
- III. 1. l. 22. dangers<.) (Q dangers, (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. dangers.  
     l. 86. Wit<.) (Q Wit (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. Wit.  
     l. 95. fi<r')d (Q, B<sub>3</sub> find (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> fir'd  
     l. 98. *Whizzing* (Q *Whizzing* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Whizzing*



- l. 121. Loves what (Q Loves, what (B3, etc. Loves what  
l. 179. <o>f (Q ef (B3, etc. of  
l. 190. ca<n>st (Q cast (B3, etc. canst  
l. 192. Dunghil<.> (Q Dunghil (B3, etc. Dunghil.  
III. ii. l. 3. <Lion.> (Q, B3 *Pissq.* throughout (B4, B5 *Lion.*  
l. 31. Q reads *Pissq.* before Pray leave me (B3, etc. after  
"me" and before "If I have"  
l. 57. withun<?> (Q within. (B3, etc. within?  
l. 69. not< > (Q not. (B3, etc. not.  
III. iii. l. 30. you<r> (Q you (B3, etc. your  
l. 93. Fellows<.> (Q Fellows (B3, etc. Fellows.  
l. 188. have (B4, B5 hate  
III. iv. l. 19. time<,> (Q time (B3, etc. Time,  
l. 40. well<.> (Q well, (B3, etc. well  
III. v. l. 83. then<?> (Q then, (B3, etc. then?  
IV. i. l. 20. <(aside)> (Q, etc read after "away."  
l. 32. terribly, (B4, B5 terrible  
IV. ii. l. 73. home! (B3, etc home?  
IV. iii. l. 63. mine <there> never (Q mine never (B3, etc.  
mine there never  
IV. iv. l. 19. that <in> *English*? (Q that *English*. (B3, etc that  
in *English*.  
l. 36. wou'd <not> tell (Q wou'd tell (B3, etc. wou'd not  
tell  
IV. v. l. 97. Sir you mistake, (B3, etc. You'll be mistaken;  
l. 132. Damn him Rogue, (B3, etc. Damn him a Rogue,  
IV. vi. l. 26. Feast, (B4, B5 feasts  
l. 29. saw Play (B3, etc saw a Play  
l. 39. the Bottles are upon the Table (B4, B5 Bottles are  
upon table  
l. 71. *Halcyon* (Q *Halcyon*, (B3, etc *Halcyon*  
l. 79. <(Aside)> *How shall we* etc. (Q [*How's hall we* etc.  
(B3 [*How shall we* etc. (B4, B5 *How shall we*  
get rid of him? [*aside*  
l. 91. possibl<y> (Q possible (B3, etc. possibly  
l. 112. to be rid (B4, B5 to get rid  
l. 113. him. <(to *Bellamira*)> (Q him. [*He is gone* (B3  
him. *He is gone* (B4, B5 him. He's gone.  
after l. 113. *Stage Direction* <Re-e>nter etc. (All texts *Enter*  
*Bellamira*.  
IV. vii. l. 56. *Eust.* <(Aside)> (Q omits (*Aside*) (B3, etc. place it  
after ravish'd.  
l. 78. <(Aside)> (All texts place this after "*Lionel*."  
IV. viii. l. 6. the Trant'vne. (B4, B5 a Trant'vne  
V. i. l. 17. <(Aside)> (All texts place this after "at."  
l. 32. No, before (B3, etc. Not before  
l. 46. ten as (Q ten of as (B3, etc. ten as

- l. 261. Friend<1> (Q Friend (B3, etc. Friend;  
 l. 328. so<1> (Q so? (B3, etc. so:  
 l. 384. instantly<1> (Q instantly (B3, etc. instantly,  
 l. 441. hope<1> see, (Q hope see, (B3, etc. hope I see,  
 l. 564. *Isabella*<1> (Q *Isabella* (B3, etc. *Isabella*,

## TEXTUAL NOTES TO DOUBTFUL WORKS

### THE GRUMBLER

After *Dramatis Personæ* (B4, B5 MEN

After *Lolive* etc. (B4 B5, WOMEN

Mon *Grichard*, (B4, B5 Grichard,

After *Mondore*, etc. (B4, B5 Brillon, youngest Son to Grichard.

Mamurra, Tutor to Brillon.

Fadel.

Lolive, Footman to Grichard.

After *Hortensia*, (B4, B5 Daughter to Grichard.

After *Catau*, (B4, B5 Maid to Hortensia.

The House of Monsieur *Grichard* (B4, B5 The House of Grichard.

I. i. before l. i. Stage Direction: (B4, B5 omit *the Grumbler's  
 Eldest Son and Daughter*

I. ii. before l. i. SCENE II (B4, B5 omit this and all subsequent scene divisions in the Act

before l. i. Stage Direction. *To them*, (B4, B5 *Enter*

I. iii. before l. i. Stage Direction. *To them*, (B4, B5 *Enter*

I. iv. before l. 16. [*A knocking.*] (B4, B5 [*Knocking*

I. v. before l. i. Stage Direction: *To them*, (B4, B5 *Enter*.

l. 5 you<1> (B3 you (B4, B5 your

I. vi. before l. i. Stage Direction *Grichard the Grumbler* (B4, B5 *Grichard the Grumbler and Lolive*

l. 54 Wage<s> (B3 Wager (B4, B5 Wages

I. viii. before l. i. Stage Direction *Enter to them*, Brillon, *Grichard's son, and Catau*. (B4, B5 *Enter Brillon and Catau*.

I. ix. before l. i. Stage Direction: *to them*, (B4, B5 omit.

II. i. before l. i. *Lolive Solus*. (B4, B5 *Enter Lolive*

II. ii. before l. i. SCENE II (B4, B5 omit this and all subsequent scene divisions in the Act.

II. iv. l. 5. light (B4, B5 alight

II. v. l. 9. look <for> him (B3, etc. look him

II. vii. before l. i. Stage Direction: *to her*, (B4, B5 omit.

II. viii. before l. i. Stage Direction: *to them*. (B4, B5 omit.

II. ix. before l. i. Stage Direction: *M. Grichard . . .* (B4, B5 *Enter Grichard . . .*

- after l. 38. Stage Direction : *Exeunt* etc. (B4, B5 read *Exeunt Ter. Hor. and Cat.*)
- II. xiv. before l. 1. Stage Direction : Manent, *M. Grichard and Arist.* (B4, B5 omit.)
- before l. 1. Stage Direction : *They stand . . .* (B4, B5 (*Gri. and Ari. stand . . .*))
- l. 7. <go>ing (B3, etc. being)
- II. xvi. before l. 1. Stage Direction . *Enter M. Grichard* (B4, B5 *Enter Grichard*)
- II. xvii. before l. 1. Stage Direction : *his Boy.* (B5 *the boy.*)
- after l. 38. Stage Direction : *He draws . . .* (B4, B5 *Draws . . .*)
- II. xix. before l. 1. Stage Direction : Manent, *Aristus, Catau.* (B4, B5 omit.)
- ad fin.* (B4, B5 [*Exeunt*])
- III. i. before l. 1. Stage Direction : *Lolive, Catau.* (B4, B5 *Enter Lolive and Catau.*)
- III. ii. before l. 1. SCENE II (B4 and B5 omit this and all subsequent scene divisions in the Act.)
- before l. 1. Stage Direction . *M Fadel.* (B4, B5 omit *M*)
- III. iv. l. 1. *M. Grichard* (B4, B5 omit *M*)
- III. vi. l. 34. Well, you won't . . . (B4, B5 *You wo'nt . . .*)
- III. vii. l. 19. 'em (B5 *him*)
- III. ix. before l. 1. Stage Direction : *Lol* (B4, B5 *Lolive*)
- III. x. Chaplain < . . > (B3, etc. Chaplain.)
- Last SCENE.* Stage Direction . (B4, B5 read *Enter Rigaut, at the further end of the Stage*, *M St Alvar . . .*)
- l. 29. <*Clar.*> (all texts *Cat.*)
- ad fin.* (B4, B5 read *Exeunt omnes.*)

## DOUBTFUL POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

### XCVII. UPON A GENTLEWOMAN'S REFUSAL, ETC.

- l. 3. design (B3, etc. design'd)
- l. 26. gone and spent (B3, etc. quite forgot)
- l. 29. attracting (B3, etc. attractive)
- l. 48. both *joy* (B3, etc. rejoyce)
- l. 52. at least (B3, etc. at last)
- l. 55. am'rous (B3, etc. killing)
- l. 61. destruction too. (B3, etc. destruction ; go)

### XCIX. SONG. *The Doubtful Lover* RESOLV'D.

- l. 15. those <killing> smart, (so B3, etc. P omits killing)

## C. SONG. THE CAVALIER'S CATCH.

- l. 8. *James* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. J—s
- l. 9. If that here (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. If here

## CII. THE ROYAL KNOTTER.

- l. 1. ye (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> you

## CIV. AGAINST HIS MISTRESS'S CRUELTY.

V reads beneath the title, By the Same Hand

- l. 2. that (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> who
- l. 16. tis (B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, B<sub>3</sub> its (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> is

## CVII. A FABLE.

- l. 4. (B<sub>4</sub>, &c For both had different Age to different Ills,
- l. 8. (B<sub>3</sub>, &c. And said he wanted Sense as well as Hair
- l. 12 till (B<sub>3</sub>, &c still
- l. 13. Till this poor Man, and thou, (B<sub>3</sub>, &c Till thou, and  
this old Man,

## THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL

## CXIV. THE FIRST PASTORAL.

- l. 1. *T<ity>rus* (B<sub>3</sub>, *Tytirus* (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> *Tityrus*
- l. 34. Mother Ews, (B<sub>3</sub> Mother, Ews (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> Mother Ewes
- l. 101. wond'ring (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> wand'ring

## CXV. THE SECOND PASTORAL.

- l. 20 *Menal<c>as* (B<sub>3</sub> Menaleas (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> Menalcas
- l. 85 *J<ola>s* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Jalus*

## CXVI. THE THIRD PASTORAL.

- l. 29. *L<y>cisca* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Lacisca*
- l. 68. *Alcim<e>don* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Alcimidon*
- l. 88. *Pal<x>mon* (B<sub>3</sub> *Palemon* (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> *Palæmon*

## CXVII. THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

- l. 50. *T<iphy>s* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Typhis*
- l. 56. Wares (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> Wars
- l. 85. his (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> is

## CXVIII. THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

- l. 116. *Alph<e>sbæus* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Alphisibæus* so throughout

## CXIX. THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

- l. 17. *M<n>asyllus* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Masyllus*
- l. 72. Plough<.> (B<sub>3</sub> Plough: (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> Plough
- l. 96. Grove<'>s (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. Groves,
- l. 100. *S<c>ylla* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Sylla*
- l. 106. *T<e>reus* (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Tireus*

CXXI. THE EIGHTH PASTORAL.

- l. 4. sto<p>p'd (B<sub>3</sub> stoop'd (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> stop'd
- l. 33. Shepherds' (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. shepherds
- l. 68. <Rb>odope (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Eodope*

CXXII. THE NINTH PASTORAL.

- l. 15. M<e>nalcas (B<sub>3</sub> *Minalcas* (B<sub>4</sub>, B<sub>5</sub> *Menalcas*
- l. 40. th<o'> (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. the
- l. 96. <m>ay (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. way

CXXIII. THE TENTH PASTORAL.

- l. 99. *Thrac*<i>a (B<sub>3</sub>, etc. *Thracea*

**A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORKS BY OR  
ASCRIBED TO SIR CHARLES SEDLEY**



## BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. *Earle of Pembroke's Speech*, 1648. Single sheet.  
 The Earle of / Pembroke's / Speech / in the House of / Peeres, /  
 Upon debate of the *Citties* Petition for a / Personall Treaty to be  
 had with His / Majesty in London. / And also upon debate of  
 those Reasons / given by their Lordships unto the / Commons  
 for not sending the / three Propositions before a Treaty. /  
 Printed the yeare 1648.  
 Single sheet. Broadside.  
 An old Cavalier satire wrongly attributed to Sedley by the  
 compiler of the 1722 edition of his works; see Preface, Vol. I,  
 pp. xx, xxiii.  
 (Br Mus. E 453. (30).)
2. *Last Will and Testament*, 1651. Single sheet.  
 The / Last Will and Testament / of the Earl of Pembroke.  
 Single sheet. Broadside.  
 Like the foregoing, wrongly attributed to Sedley by the  
 editor of the 1722 edition, see Preface, Vol. I, pp. xx, xxiii.  
 MS note in the Br Mus. copy runs: "This was written by  
 S. Butler, the Author of Hudibras."  
 (Br Mus. 1890. e 4 (40).) 7
3. *Pompey the Great*, 1664. 4to.  
 Pompey / the / Great / A Tragedy. / As it was Acted by the  
 Servants of His / Royal Highness the Duke of York. / *Translated*  
*out of French by Certain / Persons of Honour. / — Qui se Lectors*  
*credere malunt / Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi: Namque*  
*Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure Voluptas / Omnis, ad*  
*incertos oculos, & gaudia Fana.* / Horat. / London, / Printed for  
*Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold / at his Shop at the Sign  
 of the Anchor in the Lower / Walk of the *New Exchange*. / 1664.  
 Title + One leaf with prologue + B-H3 v. the Play + H4  
 Epilogue at the House + H4 v. Epilogue to the King at St.  
*James's* + 11 (unsigned) Epilogue to the Duchess at St.  
*James's* + 12, 13, 14 blank leaves:—*in fours*.  
 Translation of "La Mort de Pompée" of P. Corneille by the  
 "confederate translators," viz. Waller, Buckhurst, Sedley,  
 Godolphin, Filmer. First Act by Waller, last by Buckhurst.  
 The Act by Sedley (II, III or IV), his first published work.  
 (Br. Mus. 643. d. 50.)



4a. *Mulberry Garden*, 1668, Q1.

The / Mulberry Garden, / A / Comedy / As it is Acted by / His Majesties Servants / At the / Theatre-Royal / Written by the Honourable / Sir Charles Sidley / London / Printed for H. Herringman at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the / Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1668.

? A1 blank missing + Title + A3, Dedicatory Epistle to the Dutchesse of Richmond and Lenox + A4 *Dramatis Personæ* + A4 v. Prologue + B-L2 the Play + L2 v. Epilogue :—*in fours*.

(Br. Mus. 841. c. 1.)

4b. *The Mulberry Garden*, 1675, Q2.

The / Mulberry-Garden, / A / Comedy / As it is Acted by / His Majesties' Servants / At The / Theatre-Royal / Written by the Honourable / Sir Charles Sidley. / London, / Printed for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the / Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1675.

A1 (unsigned) blank before title + Title + A3 Dedication to The Dutchesse of Richmond and Lenox + A4 *Dramatis Personæ* + A4 v. Prologue + B-L2 the Play + L2 v. Epilogue :—*in fours*.

(Br. Mus. 841. c. 4 (3).)

A page for page reprint of Q1.

4c. *The Mulberry Garden*, 1688, Q3

I have never seen a copy of this edition. There is no example in the British Museum, Bodleian or Cambridge University Libraries, nor in the Dyce Collection, South Kensington, nor in Mr. Thorn Drury's Collection. I am assured of its existence by the Rev. Montague Summers and Prof. Allardyce Nicoll.

5. *Windsor Drollery*, 1671, 12mo.

Windsor-Drollery / An exact Collection / of the Newest / Songs, Poems and Catches, Now In Use Both in City and Count / rey. Collected by a Person of Quality / London, / Printed for J. M. And are to be sold / by the Booksellers of London and / *Westminster*, 1671.

? Frontispiece missing + Title + 6 leaves unsigned + H2-O8 Poems (half-title *New / Songs A la mode / Both / Amorous and Jovial* / by the Wits of this Age—Head title, *The Academy of Complements with many New Additions*) + O9-O12 Table (page numbers in the Table are all incorrect) :—*in twelves*.

Contains, p. 326, the Song in the *Mulberry Garden*, "Ah Cloris that I now could sit"; p. 325, "Tell me prethee faithless swain," ascribed to Sedley in B3 (No. CXII of this edition) (I. 3, a slightly different version); also p. 4, a poem beginning

"Bright *Celia* know, 'twas not thine eyes  
Alone that did me first surprise,"

which resembles Poem No. V of this edition.

(Bodl. Douce, D. 20.)

6. *Oxford Drollery*, 1671.

Oxford Drollery, / Being New / Poems, / and / Songs. / The first Part, composed by W. H. / The Second and third Parts being, upon several / occasions, made by the most Eminent and / Ingenious Wits of the said University / And Collected by the same / Author / *The like never before published.* / Oxford, / Printed for F C and are to be sold by Thomas Palmer / at the Sign of the Crown in Westminster / Hall, 1671

Title + unsigned leaf with lines To The Reader by W. Hickes on recto, and advt. of books sold by Thomas Palmer on verso + A-L6 Poems :—*in eights.*

p. 94, "Prethee tell me faithless Swain," No. CXII of this edition.

(Bodl. Malone, 384)

7. *New Academy of Complements*, 1671, 12mo.

The New Academy of Complements / erected / For Ladies, Gentlewomen, Court / -iers, Gentlemen, Scholars, Souldiers, / Citizens, Countrey men and all persons of what degree soever, of both Sexes, Stored with variety of Courtly and Civil Complements, Eloquent Let / -ters of Love and Friendship / with an Exact Collection of the Newest and Choicest / Songs a la Mode, / Both Amorous and Jovial. / Compiled / by L B Sir C S Sir W D and others, / the Most refined Wits of this age, / London / Printed for Tho Rooks at the Ink Bottle In Thread-needle Street. 1671 / Price 1s 6d.

(Br. Mus. copy) ? Frontispiece missing + B2-E7 v. "Complements," Letters, etc in prose + E8-P4 v. Songs (G9-H2 missing) + P5 "posies" + P6 Table of letters + P7-P9 v + ? (leaves missing) Table of Songs —*in twelves.*

Contains the following poems by or ascribed to Sedley (no authors' names are given here, but these poems are attributed to Sedley in later publications) :

p. 85 "As in those Nations where they yet adore."

p. 221 "Ah, Cloris, that I now could sit" (Song in Mulberry Garden).

p. 122. "Phillis, though your powerful charms," (version of "Though, *Phillis*, your prevailing charms." See Table, pp. 240, 241.

(Br. Mus. 1067. c. 29.)

8 *Westminster Drollery, the Second Part*, 1672, 8vo.

Westminster Drollery, / The Second Part, / being / a Compleat

Collection of all / the Newest and Choicest Songs / and Poems  
at Court and / both the Theatres. / By the Author of the First  
Part, / Never Printed before. / (Publisher's Device) / London, /  
Printed for William Gilbert at the Half-Moon in / St. Paul's  
Churchyard, & *Tho. Saxbridge* at the / three Flower de Lucies in  
Little Britain, 1672

Title + A2 Verses "to his honoured Freind, the Author of  
this Book, "signed Ric. Mangie," B1-K2 v. Poems:—*in  
eights*.

p. 114. "Get you gone, you will undo me." See note to  
Poem No. XVII.

(Br. Mus. 11621, 2. 45.)

9a. *Kemp's Collection*, 1672, 8vo

A / Collection / of / Poems, / Written upon several / Occasions,  
By several Persons / *Never before in Print* / London, / Printed  
for *Hobart Kemp*, at the Sign of the Ship in / the Upper Walk  
of the *New Exchange*, 1672.

Title + A2-A4 The Table + B-F3 Poems Part I + Aa-Ee4  
Poems Part II:—*in eights*

See the account of this book in my Preface, Vol I, p x. For  
poems ascribed to Sedley see Table, pp 240, 241.

In the Catalogue of the Gaisford sale (1890) the date of the  
Gaisford copy (Lot 1447) was wrongly given as 1671 This was  
merely due to the badly printed "2" on the title-page.

(Br. Mus. C. 57. k. 20 (not annotated))

(Annotated copies in the possession of Sir C. H. Firth and  
Messrs G. Thorn Drury and H. F. B. Brett Smith. Mr. Brett  
Smith's copy is that which was formerly in the Gaisford  
Collection.)

9b. *Collins's Collection*, 1673, 8vo.

A Collection / of Poems / Written upon several / occasions / By  
several / Persons. / *With many Additions, never before in Print.* /  
London. Printed for *Tho. Collins* and *John Ford* in *Fleet- /  
Street*, and *Will Cademan* at the Pope's Head *New- / Exchange  
Strand*. 1673.

Title + A3, A4 Table of Contents + B-N4 Poems:—  
*in eights*.

A second edition of *Kemp's Collection* with additions.  
Contains the same poems by or ascribed to Sedley: see Table,  
pp. 240, 241.

(Br. Mus. 11631. aa. 9.)

9c. *Saunders's Collection*, 1693, 8vo.

A / Collection / of / Poems / *By Several Hands.* / Most of them  
Written by Per- / sons of Eminent Quality. / *But who did ever  
in French Authors see / The Comprehensive English Energy? /  
The weighty Bullion of one Sterling Line, / Drawn to French Wire*

would ibrough / whole pages shine. / Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse. / London, / Printed by T. Warren, for Francis Saunders, / at the Blue-Anchor in the Lower- / Walk of the New Exchange, 1693.

Title + A3-A5 The Publisher to the Reader + A6-A8 the Contents + B1 The Preface to the Art of Poetry (by Roscommon) + B2-T3 the Poems + T3 v.-T4 Catalogue of Books, Printed and Sold for F. Saunders.—in eights.

The third edition of Kemp's Collection, considerably enlarged and altered. Names of authors of most of the poems are given in the Table. For Poems by or ascribed to Sedley see Table, pp. 240, 241.

Term Catalogues s.d. May, 1694. (Term Catalogues, ed. Arber, II. 501.)

(Br. Mus 1077, 1 5)

9d. *The Temple of Death*, 1695, 8vo

The / Temple of Death, / A / Poem; Wntten by the Marquess of / Normanby / Horace of the Art of Poetry, / Made English by the Earl of Roscommon / The / Duel of the Stags, / By the Honourable Sir Robert Howard. / Together / with several other Excellent Poems by the / Earls of Rochester and Orrery, Sir Charles / Sedley, Sir George Etheridge, the Honourable / Mr. Montague, Mr Granvill, Mr. Dryden, / Mr. Chetwood, and Mr. Tate / To which is added several Poems of the Honourable / Madam Wharion. / The Second Edition Corrected. / London / Printed by Tho. Warren for Francis Saunders at the Blue / Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. / MDCXCV

Title + A3-A5 The Publisher to the Reader + A6-A8 The Contents + B1 The Preface to the Art of Poetry + B2-T3 Poems + T3 v. T4 A Catalogue of Books Printed . . . for F. Saunders.—in eights.

A corrected reprint of the foregoing with new title-page.

(Br. Mus. 116, 44. bbb 13.)

9e. *Brown's Collection*, 1701, 8vo.

A / Collection of Poems / viz. / The Temple of Death: / By the Marquis of Normanby. / An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset / By Charles Montague, Lord Halifax. / The Duel of the Stags. / By Sir Robert Howard. / With several Original Poems, / never before Printed, / By /

The E. of Roscommon.

Sir George Etherege.

The E. of Rochester.

Mr Granville.

The E. of Orrery.

Mr Stepney.

Sir Charles Sedley.

Mr Dryden, &c.

London. Printed for Daniel Brown, at the Black / Swan and Bible without Temple Bar; And Benjamin / Tooke at the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleet Street, 1701.

TABLE OF POEMS ASCRIBED TO SEDLEY IN KEMP'S (K), COLLINS'S (C), AND SAUNDERS'S (S) COLLECTIONS, SHOWING ASCRPTIONS IN MESSRS, THORN DRURY'S (K1), BRETT SMITH'S (K2), AND SIR C. H. FIRTH'S (K3) COPIES OF KEMP'S COLLECTION.

Ascription in Table of S.	Ascription in K1	Ascription in K2.	Ascription in K3	First Line of Poem.	Page in K	Page in C	Page in S	Page in A (Ayloffe's ed) of 1702.	Page in B3 (ed of 1722)
Sir Charles Sedley	Sr Charles Sedley	Sr C Sedley	C S	You tell me, <i>Celia</i> , you approve, <i>Therius</i> , I wish as well as you, <i>Phœdra</i> make Laws by which their Subjects live, <i>Cloris</i> , I justly am betray'd Madam, tho' meaner Beauties might,	Pt I 17 19 20 21 23	16 18 19 21 22	83 85 86 88 90	27 28 36 64 [not included on p 39, a poem slight- ly resem- bling it]	1 52 1 53 1 55 1 64 1 5
No ascription in Table	Capt Aston	Cap Aston	"	<i>Cloris</i> , you live ador'd by all, Once more Love's mighty Charms are broke, Though, <i>Phyllis</i> , your prevailing charms	25 27 28	24 27 28	92 115 116	19 [not included] [not included]	1 46 1 9 1 9
The same Author	Ld Buckhurst	Lo Buckhurst	L B	Intreaty shall not serve, nor violence, As in those Nations where they yet adore	29 43	29 42	117 142	[not included] 31	1 11 1 62
Sir Charles Sedley	Sr C S	C S	C S	Ah, Pardon, Madam if I ever thought Fear not, my Dear, a Flame will never die, Thanks fair <i>Venus</i> , to your scorn, <i>Strephon</i> ! O <i>Strephon</i> ! once the jolliest Lad	44 46 47 46	43 44 46 44	144 146 148 145	52 24 69 24	1 51 1 51 1 69 1 31

Sir George Etherege "The same Author" A Person of Honour	[no ascription] — — Ld Backhurst	— — —	C S " " Ld B	If I my <i>Celia</i> eou'd perswade It is not, <i>Celia</i> , in our power Tell me no more you love, in vain, Many have been the vain attempts of Wit	51 56 57 61	59	177	[not included] [not included] [not included]	11
Sir Charles Sedley	Sr C S	—	C S	Fair <i>Amarillis</i> , on the Stage whil'st you	Pt 11 1	67	187	30	1 54
" "	" "	—	" "	Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid	1	189	189	17	1 45
" "	" "	—	" "	Fair <i>Ocellus</i> , you are much to blame,	3	71	201	25	1 54
The same Author	" "	—	" "	<i>Philis</i> this mighty zeal sawsage, When <i>Aurilia</i> first became	5 7	73 74	203 208	34 22	1 82 1 38
Sir Charles Sedley	" "	—	" "	<i>Cloris</i> , I cannot say your eyes	9	76	212	15	1 48
" "	" "	—	" "	<i>Aurelia</i> , art thou mad	12	77	214	54	1 6
The same Author	" "	—	" "	Love still has something of the Sea, Amidst, I am come alone,	14 16	79 82	216 219	46 40	1 96 1 58
[Not included]	" "	—	" "	Get you gone, you will undo me, <i>Philis</i> , you have enough enjoy'd	24 26	85 86	— —	38 48	1 60 1 57
—	" "	—	" "	Madam, for your commands to stay,	28	89	—	49	1 57
—	" "	—	" "	Awake my eyes, at night my thoughts pursue	29	90	—	49	1 57
—	" "	—	" "	<i>Philis</i> , let's shun the common Fate,	30	90	—	9	1 46
—	" "	—	" "	Although no Art the Fire of Love can tame,	32	92	—	[not included]	
—	" "	—	" "	The Painted Apples that adorn, Not <i>Celia</i> that I juster am,	32 34	92 94	— —	[not included] 11	49
—	" "	—	" "	<i>Aurilia</i> no more against my Flame advise,	36	95	—	12	1 50
—	" "	—	" "	I ask not my <i>Celia</i> would love me again,	39	97	—	53	1 65
—	" "	—	" "	Drunk about till the day find us, Walking among thick Shades alone,	41 43	98 99	— —	44 56	1 60 1 61
—	Ld Mulgrave	—	L. M						

Title + A2-A4, The Contents + B-Z, Aa-Ff3, the Poems + Ff3 v., Ff4, Some Books . . . Printed for B. Tooke, etc. :—  
*in eights.*

A re-issue with many additions, of Saunders's Collection. Contains the same versions of the same poems by or ascribed to Sedley.

This collection was reprinted without alteration for the same publishers in 1702 (8vo) and 1716 (12mo), Term Catalogues *s.d.* June 1701. (Term Catalogues ed. Arber, III. 259.)  
(Br. Mus 1077. l 13)

10. (Shadwell) *Epsom Wells*, 1673, 4to.

Epsom-Wells. / A / Comedy, / Acted at the / Duke's theatre,  
Written by / Tho. Shadwell / *μεγάλως απολιθαίνειν ἀμάρτημα*  
*εὐγενές.* / Licensed, Feb. 17. 1672/3 / Roger L'Estrange /  
London / Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman at the Sign  
of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange* /  
MDCLXXIII.

Title (Dramatis Personæ on verso) + A2, Dedication to Duke of Newcastle + A3, Prologue by Sir C S + A3 v. Prologue to the King and Queen + B-N, the Play + O Epilogue + O v. list of Errata — *in fours.*

The first prologue, almost certainly by Sedley, though not included in any collected edition of his works. In the Br Mus. copy of Shadwell's Collected Plays (1720, 8vo, Vol II. p 185) the initials "Sir C. S." are completed in MS. to "Sir C. Sedley."

Dryden insinuated that Sedley had a share in the authorship of the Play; see *MacFlecknoe*, ll. 154-5.

(Br. Mus. 644. i. 24)

11. (Etherege) *The Man of Mode*, 1676, 4to

The / Man of Mode, / or S<sup>r</sup> Fopling Flutter / A / Comedy. /  
Acted at the *Duke's Theatre.* / By George Etherege Esq. /  
Licensed, / June 3 / 1676 / Roger L'Estrange. / London, / Printed  
by J. Macock, For Henry Herringman, at the Sign of / the *Blew Anchor*  
in the Lower Walk of the / *New Exchange*, 1676.

Title + A2, A3, Dedication to HH the Duchess + A3 v. A4, Prologue by Sir Car Scroope + A4 v. Dramatis Personæ + B-N, The Play + N v. the Epilogue by Mr Dryden :— *in fours.*

Etherege's well-known comedy. Song in Act V. sc. 2 (p. 86), sung by Busy, the waiting-woman ("As Amoret with Phillis sat"), is stated in a marginal note to be "by Sir C. S." See Preface, Vol I, p. xiv.

(Br. Mus. 644. h. 35.)

12a. *Antony and Cleopatra*, 1677, Q1.

Antony / And Cleopatra / A / Tragedy. / As it is Acted at the  
*Duke's Theatre.* / Written by the Honourable / Sir Charles  
Sedley, Baronet. / Licensed Apr. 24. 1677. Roger Lestrange. /

*London.* / Printed for Richard Tonson at his Shop under /  
*Graves-Inne-Gate* next *Graves Inne Lane.* / MDCLXXVII.

Title + leaf with prologue (Dramatis Personæ with names of Actors, Errata, advt. of "The Songs in Circe" on verso) + B-13 v. the Play + I4, Epilogue and advt. of "The Art of Making Love" + I4 v list of books late published by R. Tonson, etc :—*in fours*.

Incorrectly said by Sir A. W Ward in D N.B., *s a*. "Sir Charles Sedley," to be identical with "Beauty the Conquerour or the Death of Marc Antony" printed in A.

Term Catalogues, *s d*. 28 May, 1677, where the price is given as "sticht 1s." (Arber, Term Catalogues, I 273.). Entered in Stationers' Register, 4 May, 1677, as follows :

Master	Entred	under the hands of Master
Richard Tonson	Roger L'Estrange and Master Warden	Clark a book or copy entituled <i>Antony and Cleopatra</i> Written by the Hon <sup>ble</sup> S <sup>r</sup> Charles Sidley Bar <sup>tt</sup> , a Tragoedy (No sum stated)

(A Transcript of the Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1640-1708, Privately Printed, 1914, III. 34)

The British Museum contains another copy of this edition (11777 c 93) which until 1926 was incorrectly dated 1690 in the General Catalogue

(Br. Mus 644. 1. 1.)

12b. *Antony and Cleopatra*, 1696, Q2.

Antony / And Cleopatra / A / Tragedy / As it is Acted at the Duke's Theatre / Written by the Honourable / Sir Charles Sedley, Baronet / London, / Printed for R Bentley in Covent Garden, J Tonson in Fleet / street J Knapton in S Pau's Churchyard, and S. Manship / in Cornhill. MDCXCVI

Title-page + leaf with prologue (Dramatis Personæ on verso) + B-13 v. the Play + I4 Epilogue (Books . . . Printed etc. for R. Bentley on verso.—*in fours*)

A page-for-page reprint of the foregoing.

(Br. Mus. 11778. g. 39.)

13. *Tunbridge Wells*, 1678, 4to.

Tunbridge-Wells / or a / Days Courtship / A Comedy, / As it is Acted at the / Dukes) theatre, / Written by a Person of Quality. / Licensed, Roger Lestrange. / London printed and are to be sold by Henry Rog / -ers at the Crown in Westminster- / Hall, 1678.

Engraved frontispiece facing the title + Title + Leaf with prologue (Actors' Names on verso) + B-H1 v. the Play + Leaf with Epilogue (Books printed for H. Rogers, etc. on Verso) + extra leaves :—*in fours*.



Anthony à Wood includes this play in his list of Sedley's works, adding the following note: "Sir Ch. Sedley's name is not set to it in the title, only said to be written by a person of quality and then reputed to be written by him."

(Br. Mus. 643. d 64.)

14. *Collection of Letters*, 1681, fol.

The Second Part / of the / Collection / of / Letters / and other / Writings, / relating to / The Horrid Popish Plott : / Printed from the Originals in the Hands / of / Sir George Treby, Kt. / (Recorder of the City of London) Chairman of the Committee of *Secrecy* / of the Honourable / House of Commons. / Published by Order of that House / London / Printed for Samuel Heyrick at Grays-Inn Gate in Holborn, Thomas / Dring at the Harrow, and John Wickins at the *White Hart* / in Fleet Street MDCLXXXI.

Title page + B-H1, Letters + H-K1 v. Keys, etc. :—*in twos*.

Letter from Coleman to the Internuntio at Brussels translated by Sir Charles Sedley, pp 11 and 12 (reprinted in Appendix I of "Sir Charles Sedley," pp. 310, 311).

(Br. Mus. 807. g 4)

15. *Wit and Drollery*, 1682, 8vo.

Wit / and / Drollery / Jovial Poems / Corrected and Amended, with New / Additions / *Ut nector Ingenium*. / London / Printed for Obadiah Blagrove, at the Bear in / St Pauls Church-Yard, 1682.

Title + one leaf with Preface + two leaves with list of Books sold for O. Blagrove, &c. + A-Y Poems.—*in eights*.

p. 313. "Ah *Cloris* that I now could sit."

(Br. Mus. 1078 c. 2)

16a. *Dryden's Miscellany*, 1684, 8vo.

Miscellany Poems / Containing a New / Translation / of Virgills Eclogues, Ovid's Love Elegies, / Odes of Horace and other Authors / with several Original Poems / By the most Eminent Hands. / Et Vos, O Lauri, carpam, & Te, proxima myrte. / Sic positae quoniam suavis miscetis odores / Virg. Ecl. 2. / London Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-head in / Chancery-Lane near Fleet Street, 1684.

Title + three unsigned leaves containing Table of Contents + B-Y, A-F5, Poems and Translations + F6, Catalogue of Books printed for J. Tonson, etc.—*in eights*.

Contains three translations from Ovid's *Amores* by Sir Charles Sedley, viz.—

p. 116. Book I Elegy the eighth. *He curses a Bawd, for going about to debauch his Mistress*. Englished By Sir Ch. Sidly. Begins, "There is a Bawd renown'd in *Venus Wars*" (No. XCI of this edition).

p. 122. Book II Elegy the fifth. To his false Mistress. Englished by Sir Ch. Sidly. Begins, "Cupid begon who wou'd on thee rely" (No. XCII of this edition).

p. 144. Book III Elegy the fourth. To a Man that lockt up his Wife. Englished by Sir Ch. Sedley. Begins, "Vex not thyself and her vain man since all" (No. XCIII of this edition).

These translations were not reprinted in any collected edition of Sedley's works. They appear again in the second edition of this collection (8vo, 1692), but are omitted from the third (8vo, 1702), which however, contains a prologue by Sedley. (Br. Mus. 995. b. 23)

16b. *Dryden's Miscellany*, 1702, 8vo.

Miscellany Poems. / The First Part. / Containing Variety of New Translations / of the / Ancient Poets. / Together with Several / Original Poems, / By the Most Eminent Hands. Publish'd by Mr. Dryden. / *Et vos, O Lauri, carpam & Te, Proxima Myrte* / *Sic possitae quoniam suaveris miscetis odores.* Virg. Ecl. 2. The Third Edition. / London, / Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn / Gate next Grays-Inn Lane, 1702.

Engraved Frontispiece + Title + A2-A4 v. Table + B-Z, Aa-Dd4 Poems:—*in eights*.

p. 254. A Prologue by Sir Charles Sedley beginning "Envy and Faction rule the Grumbling Age." (B3 f. 1)

This edition of Dryden's (or Tonson's) *Miscellany* omits the translations of Ovid's *Elegies* by Sedley included in the first and second editions and inserts this prologue, which had already appeared in Higden's "The Wary Widdow" (No. 25 of this *Bibliography*).

(Br. Mus. 1077. l 34)

17. *Academy of Complements*, 1684, 12mo.

The / Academy / of Complements / With many New Additions / of / Songs and Catches *A la mode*. / Stored / with Variety of Complemental and / Elegant Expressions of Love and / Courtship. / Also witty and Ingenious Dialogues / and Discourses, / Amorous and Jovial : / with Significant Letters / upon Several Occasions. / Composed for the use of Ladies and / Gentlemen / By the most refined Wits of this Age / London : Printed for P. Parker, at the / Leg and Star in Cornhil, 1684.

Title + B-16, "Compliments" etc. + K-R12. New Songs *A la Mode* Both Amorous and Jovial. By the Wits of this Age (drop title).—*in twelves*.

(L3 and L4 misprinted B3 and B4.)

p. 315. "Ah *Cloris* that I now could sit."

"*Phyllis* though your powerful charms"

p. 350. "Tell me prethee faithless swain."

p. 371. "*Phyllis* lets shun the common fate."

No authors' names.

(Collection of G. Thorn Drury, Esq., K.C.)

18. *Stephens' Miscellany*, 1685, 8vo.

*Miscellany* / Poems / and / Translations / by Oxford . . . ands. /  
—*Si Quis tamen haec quoque, si Quis / Captus amore legat*—Virg.  
Ec. / London. / Printed for *Anthony Stephens*, Book-seller near /  
the Theatre in Oxford, 1685.

Title + A2, The Publisher to the Reader + A3, A4, The  
Contents + B-Z, Aa-Dd3, Poems and Translations + Dd4,  
Catalogues of Books Printed for, and sold by *Anthony Stephens*,  
etc. :—*in fours*.

Contains, p 165, "Upon the Slighting of his Friend's Love.  
by Mr. C. S. of Wadham" (title in Contents). Begins,

"Love guides my hand and shews me what to write,"

signed at the end C. S.

(Br. Mus. 11641 bbb. 38)

19. *Bellamira*, 1687, 4to.

*Bellamira*, / Or The / Mistress, / A Comedy : / As it is Acted by  
Their Majesties Servants / Written by the Honourable / Sir  
*Charles Sedley* Baronet. / Licensed, May 24 1687. / *Rog*  
*L'Estrange*. / London : / Printed by *D. Mallet*, for *L. C.* and  
*Timothy Goodwin*, at the / Maiden-Head over against St  
*Dunstons Church* / in *Fleet-Street*. 1687.

Title + A2, Preface to the Reader + A3, Prologue + A3 v.  
Dramatis Personæ + A4, Advertisement of Mixt Essays, etc.  
by *Saint Evremont*, Printed for *T. Goodwin*, etc. + B-14, the  
Play + 14 v. Epilogue :—*in fours*.

Term Catalogues s.d. June, 1687. (Term Catalogues, ed.  
*Arber*, II, 200)

Entered in Stationers' Register, 17 June, 1687, as follows :

[Page 248]

*Tymothy Goodwin*  
and *Langley*  
*Curtis*

Entered . . . booke or copy entituled  
*Bellamira or the Mistress* a comedy as  
it was acted by their Majesties Servants  
written by the honourable S<sup>r</sup> *Charles*  
*Sedley*, Barronet, Lycenced by S<sup>r</sup>  
*Roger Lestrange* 24 May, 1687.  
Entred under the hand of Master  
Warden *Clavell*.

(A Transcript of the Registers of the Stationers' Company,  
III. 321.) (Br. Mus. 641. h. 34.)

20. *Theatre of Complements*, 1688, 12mo.

The Theatre of Complements : / Or, a Compleat / New  
Academy. / containing, viz. / First, Elegant Expressions of Love /  
and Friendship, with variety of Courtly and / Civil Comple-

ments in the whole Art of / Wooing; Fitted to the Humours of / both Sexes. Secondly, Letters both moral and amorous; with their several Answers. / Thirdly, an Exact and Compleat Collection of all the Best New Songs and / Catches, used both at the Court and / Theatres. / Composed by the most Refined Wits of the Age. / Licensed Aug. 7. 1688. / London, Printed for *Abel Roper* at the *Bell* over against / (page clipped).

Title + B-P5, "Elegant Expressions," Poems, etc. + ? P6 Blank :—*in twelves*.

(K3 misprinted I3; on E6, p. 83, "Part III. An Exact Collection of all the choise new Songs by the most refin'd Wits of the Age.")

p. 19. "As *Amoret* with *Phyllis* sat."

p. 186. "As in those Nations where they yet adore."

p. 203. "*Phyllis* though your powerful charms."

p. 220. "Ah *Cloris* that I now could sit."

(Collection of Mr G. Thorn Drury)

21. *Poetical Recreations*, 1688, 12mo

Poetical / Recreations / Consisting of / Original Poems, / Songs, Odes, &c. / with several / New Translations / in Two Parts / Part I. / Occasionally Written by Mrs. Jane Barker / Part II. / By several Gentlemen of the Universities, / and Others. / . . . *pulcherrima Virgo / Incedit magna Juvenum stipante catervâ / Virg.* / London, / Printed for *Benjamin Crayle*, at the *Peacock* / and *Bible*, at the West end of *St. Pauls*. / 1688.

Frontispiece (Publishers' Sign of Peacock and Bible with "Licensed and Entred according to Order") + Title + A3, A4, The Publisher to the Reader + A5-A10, Commendatory Verses to Mrs. Jane Barker + A11, A12, Table of Poems in the First Part + A12 v. List of Errata + B-H8, Miscellanea Poems Part I (by Mrs Barker) + Title Page of "Miscellanea or the Second Part of Poetical Recreations Compos'd by Several Authors" + Aa2-Aa4 v. Table + Bb-Tt8, The Poems + Tt8 v. Books Lately Printed for Benj. Crayle, etc. :—*in twelves*.

Contains the following poems printed as Sedley's in the editions of 1722 and its successors.

Pt. II. p. 114. "The Lover's Will" begins, "Let me not sigh my last, before I breathe" (actually by Donne, see Preface, Vol. I, p. xvi.).

p. 122. "Upon a Gentlewoman's Refusal of a love letter from one she was engag'd to, by Sir C. S.," begins, "Not hear my *Message* but the *Bearer* shun!" (No. XCVII of this edition).

p. 137. "An Ode," begins, "O Ye blest *Potwrs*, propitious be" (here assigned to "Mr. R. D. of Cambridge").

p. 138. "An Ode of Anacreon's Paraphras'd,"

- begins, "I wonder why Dame *Nature* thus" (actually by Alexander Brome: see Preface, Vol. I, p. xvi).
- p. 149. "The Young Lover," begins, "Tush, never tell me I'm too" (here ascribed to "Mr. Wright," actually by A. Brome: see Preface, Vol. I, p. xvi).
- p. 150. "Song. The Prodigal's Resolution," begins, "I am a lusty lively Lad," (No. XCVIII of this edition).
- p. 151. "Song. The *Doubtful Lover* Resolv'd," begins, "Fain wou'd I *Love*, but that I fear."
- p. 153. "Song. The Cavalier's Catch," begins, "Did you see this *Cup of Liquor*," (No. XCIX of this edition).
- p. 159. "To my Much-esteemed Friend Mr. J. N. on his reading the First line of Pindar" begins, "Hold, there's enough, nay 'tis o'er mickle," (here assigned to "Mr. Whitehall"). See Preface, Vol. I, p. xvi.
- p. 231. "Song" begins, "*Damon* to *Sylvia*, when alone" (here assigned to "Mr Hovenden Walker"). See Preface, Vol. I, p. xvi.
- p. 245. "Song," begins, "*Evadne*, I must tell you so" (No. CI of this edition).
- p. 246. "The Same Inverted," begins, "*Evadne*, I must let you know" (here attributed to Mr. Walker). See Preface, Vol I, p. xvi.

(Br. Mus. 994. g. 3)

22a. *Reflections upon our Late and Present Proceedings*, 1689.

Reflections / upon / Our Late and Present / Proceedings / in / England. / (Publishers' Device) / London: Printed in the Year 1689.

A1, Title Page + A2-B4, Reflections, etc. Included in B3, B4 and B5.

(Br. Mus. T. 1675 (15).)

22b. *Reflections upon Our Late and Present Proceedings in England.* / (Publisher's Device) / *Edinburgh*, Re-printed in the Year 1689.

A1, Title Page + A2-A4 v. Reflections, etc.

Reprint of the above.

This tract is reprinted in the Somers Collection of Tracts ed. by Sir Walter Scott. London, 1813, 4to. Vol. X, p. 178, and also in B3, B4 and B5.

(Br. Mus. 8138. bb. 20.)

23. *Speech*, 1691.

The / Speech of Sir Charles Sidley / in the House of Commons /  
(the Speech follows here) / London Printed for L.C. near  
Fleet-bridge, 1691.

Single Sheet. Broadside.

This Speech is reprinted in all the collected editions of  
Sedley's Works and also in The Somers Tracts, ed. Sir Walter  
Scott, 1813, 4to, Vol. X. p. 331

(Br. Mus. 816. m. 3. 98.)

24. *The Gentleman's Journal*, 1691/2-1694, 4to.24a. The / Gentleman's Journal · / or, the Monthly Miscellany. / By  
Way of / Letter / to a / Gentleman in the Country. / Con-  
sisting of / *News, History, Philosophy, Poetry, Music, Trans-*  
*lations, &c* / March 1691-2 / *Multa Poetarum veniat Manus,*  
*auxilio quae / Sit mihi- / satis est Equitem mihi plaudere.* Hor. /  
Licensed, March 9th, 1691. R Midgley. / London · Printed  
for Rich. Parker; And are to be sold by Rich. Baldwin. / near  
the Oxford-Arms in Warwick Lane. 1692.

Title (contents on verso) + A2, A3, Dedication to Rt. Hon.  
William Earl of Devonshire + A4-E, text —in *fours*.

p. 8 Sedley's Song—"Phyllis, then say that all my vows."

This version has an extra stanza which appears in B3 (I. 4) but  
not in A (p. 106).

24b. The Gentleman's Journal: / or the Monthly Miscellany. /  
. . . May 1692 . . .

Title (Contents on Verso) + B-E, Text: —in *fours*.

p. 1. Sedley's "Anniversary Ode, sung before her Majesty,"  
beginning, "Love's Goddess sure was blind this Day."

24c. The Gentleman's Journal: / or the Monthly Miscellany. /  
. . . August 1692 / . . .

Title (Contents on verso) + A2-F, text —in *fours*.

p. 14 Sedley's "Nuptial Song" beginning, "See Hymen  
comes, how his Torch blazes."

24d. The Gentleman's Journal: / or the Monthly Miscellany. /  
. . . October 1692. /

Title (Contents on verso) + B-F, text: —in *fours*.

p. 1. Sedley's translation of Martial, Bk. II. Ep. 72,  
beginning, "O Times! O Manners! Cicero cry'd out."

p. 15. Sedley's lines "To a Devout young Lady," beginning,  
"Phyllis, this mighty zeal assuage,"

24e. The / Gentleman's Journal. / or the / Monthly / Miscellany. /  
. . . November 1692. / . . .

Title (Contents on verso) + B-F, text: —in *fours*.

p. 1. Sedley's epigram, beginning, "How shall we please  
this Age? if in a Song."

- 24f. The / Gentleman's Journal : / or the New Monthly Miscellany /  
 . . . January 1692-3. / . . .  
 Title (Contents on verso) + A2, Dedication to Rt. Hon.  
 Charles Montague *s.d.* Peter Motteux + A2-E2, F-F4, text :—  
*in fours.*  
 p. 21. Sedley's Epigram "On a Cock at Rochester,"  
 beginning, "*Thou cursed Cock, with thy perpetual noise.*"
- 24g. The Gentleman's Journal : / Or the New Monthly Mis-  
 cellany. / . . . February 1692-3. / . . .  
 Title (Contents on verso) + G-K, F-F4, text :—*in fours.*  
 p. 61. Sedley's Prologue to "The Wary Widdow," beginning,  
 "*Envy and Faction rule the Grumbling Age.*"
- 24b. The / Gentleman's Journal / Or the Monthly Miscellany. /  
 . . . August, 1693. / . . .  
 Title (Contents on verso) + Oo-Qq, Ss-s, (repeated)-Ss4,  
 text :—*in fours.*  
 p. 258. Lines "To the Old Beaux" beginning, "*Scrape no  
 more your harmless chins*" here ascribed to "A Person of  
 Quality."
- 24i. The / Gentleman's Journal : / Or the Monthly Miscellany /  
 . . . September, 1693 . . .  
 Title (Contents on verso) + Tt-Zz, text —*in fours*  
 p. 297. Sedley's translation of Martial, Bk II Ep 41,  
 beginning "*Ovid, who bid the ladies laugh.*"
- 24j. The / Gentleman's Journal . / Or the Monthly / Miscellany. /  
 . . . November, 1693. / . . .  
 Title (Contents on verso) + Ff-Kk, text :—*in fours.*  
 pp. 365-6. Sedley's epigram "To Cloe" beginning,  
 "*Leave off thy Paint, Perfumes and Youthful Dress.*"
- 24k. The / Gentleman's Journal : / Or the Monthly / Miscellany. /  
 . . . January and February, 1694. / . . .  
 Title (Contents on verso) + leaf with dedication to Rt. Hon.  
 Charles, Earl of Shrewsbury + B-E, text :—*in fours.*  
 p. 12. Sedley's translation of Martial, Bk II. Ep. 12,  
 beginning, "*Tho thou dost Cashou breathe, and  
 foreign Gums.*"
- 24l. The / Gentleman's Journal.—/ Or the Monthly Miscellany  
 . . . August and September, 1694.  
 Title (Contents on verso) + Cc-Mm4, text :—*in fours.*  
 p. 233. "*Phillis Knotting; a Song by Sir Ch. Sedley,*  
 beginning, '*Hears not my Phillis how the Birds.*'"
25. (*Higden*) *The Wary Widdow*, 1693, 4to.  
 The / Wary / Widdow : / or Sir Noisy Parrat, / A Comedy. /  
 As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal. / By their Majesties  
 Servants. / Written by Henry Higden Esq. / *Lectori Credere*

*mallem / Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre Superbi.* / London, / Printed for *Abell Roper*, at the *Mitre* near *Temple-Bar* / and *Tho. Rassing*, Bookseller in *Doncaster*. / M. DC. XCIII.

Title (Dramatis Personæ on verso) + A2, Dedication to the Earl of Dorset + A3, A4, Preface + 2 leaves inserted (first signed "a"), complimentary verses by Caryl Worsley and others + verso of second inserted leaf, the Prologue by Sir Charles Sydley + B-H2 v. the Play + H3, H4, Songs + H4 v. Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Lassells:—*in fours*.

The Prologue is ascribed here to Sedley and reprinted as his in B3 and its successors.

(Br. Mus. 644. h. 41.)

26 (D'Urfey) *The Intrigues at Versailles*, 1697, 4to.

The / Intrigues / At / Versailles · / or / A Jilt in all Humours / A / Comedy / acted by / His / Majesty's Servants, / at the / Theatre in *Lincoln-Inn-Fields* / Written by Mr. D'Urfey. / *Wit will be wit tho' slighted by the Clown / As Roses sweet tho' Ases tread 'em down.* / London, / Printed for *F. Saunders* in the *New Exchange*, *P. Buck* in *Fleet Street*, / *R. Parker* at the *Royal Exchange*, and *H. Newman* in the *Poult-ry*. 1697

Title + A2-A3 v. Dedication to Sir Charles Sedley, and . . . his son + A4, Prologue + A4 v. Dramatis Personæ and advertisement of books "Lately Publisht" + B-I1 v. The Play + I2, I2 v The Epilogue:—*in fours*.

Contains in the Epistle Dedicatory Sedley's Poem "The Young Lady's Advice to the Old *Beaux*" beginning, "Scrape, scrape no more your Bearded chins."

(Br. Mus 644. h 24.)

27. *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1698, 8vo.

Poems / on / Affairs of State / from / Oliver Cromwell, / To this Present time. / Written by the / greatest Wits of the Age, *Viz* , /

Lord Rochester,  
Lord D—t,  
Lord C—s,  
Duke of Buckingham,  
Dr. K.  
Dr. Wild,  
Sir Charles S—dly,  
Sir Fleetwood S—d

Mr. Dryden,  
Mr. Prior,  
Charles Blount, Esq.,  
Mr. Wicherley,  
Mr. Shadwell,  
Mr. Tho. Brown,  
Capt. Ayloffe,  
Mr H—bt,

Part III / With other Miscellany Poems; / And a new Session of the present / *Poets*. The whole never before / Printed. / Printed in the Year 1698.

A1 blank leaf before title + A2, Title + A3-A5, Contents (verso of A5 blank) + A6-A8, To all the Lovers of Wit and Poetry + B (p. 1), B8 leaves, C4 leaves, D-X8 (p. 312), Miscellany Poems (head title):—*in eights*.



(p. 204 misprinted 304, p. 284 misprinted 684; pagination otherwise regular.)

Contains on p. 161 "Prologue to the Stroulers by Sir Ch—Sidley."

28. *Commendatory Verses*, 1700, fol

Commendatory Verses, / on the / Author of The Two  
Arthurs, / and the / Satyr against Wit; / By some of his par-  
ticular Friends / *Insanit Scaevola factus Eques. / Innocuas per-*  
*mitte Sales; Cur ludere nobis / Non liceat, licuit si jugulare tibi?* /  
Mart. / [Publisher's Device] / London : / Printed in the Year  
MDCC

Title + A2, Epistle Dedicatory, sd O S + B-H2, Poems. —  
in twos.

Lines beginning, "A Grave Physician, us'd to write for  
Fees," in p. 2, assigned to Sedley in a pencil note in Br. Mus.  
copy and also included with slight variations in all collected  
editions.

(Br. Mus. 163. n 12)

29. *Gildon's New Miscellany*, 1701, 8vo

A / New / Miscellany / of / Original Poems, / on several  
Occasions / Written by the /

E of D

Sir Charles Sidley

Sir Fleetw. Shepheard

Mr Wolsely,

Mr Granvill,

Mr Dryden,

Mr Stepney.

Mr Rowe

And several other Eminent Hands, / Never before Printed. /  
London, Printed for *Peter Buck* at / the Sign of the *Temple* in  
*Fleet-Street* *George Strahan* at the *Golden-Ball*, over against the  
*Royal-Exchange* in *Cornhil*. 1701

Title + A2-A5, Dedication to the Hon Benedict Leonard  
Calvert Esq signed Charles Gildon + A6-A8, The Contents +  
A8 v. Errata + B-Z3, the Poems + Z4, Books Printed and  
Sold by Geo. Strahan, etc. —in eights.

Some copies lack Charles Gildon's signature to the Dedi-  
cation. Contains the following poems ascribed to "Sir  
Charles Sedley" in the Table:

p. 88. A Song on the King's Birthday, begins, "Behold the  
Happy Day again."

p. 90. A Translation from Horace, Ode 8, 1. 2, begins,  
"Did any Punishment attend."

Also (no author's name in Table) two poems, which had  
already appeared in Kemp's, Collins's and Saunders's Collections  
and which are ascribed to Sedley in the Table of the last.

To *Caelia*, against Honour, begins, "You tell me *Caelia* you  
approve," p. 258 (incorrectly in Table, p. 262).

The answer begins, "Thirsis I wish as well as you," p. 260.  
(Br. Mus. 1077. l. 12.)

30. *Miscellaneous Works*, 1702, 8vo.

The / *Miscellaneous Works* / Of the Honourable / Sir Charles Sedley, Bart containing /

Satyræ,  
Epigrams,  
Court-Char-  
acters,

Translations,  
Essays, and  
Speeches in Par-  
liament.

Collected into one Volume / To which is added, / *The Death of Marc Antony*. / A Tragedy never before Printed. / *Published from the Original Manuscripts by Capt. Ayloffe* / London. / Printed, and sold by J. Nutt, near Stationers / Hall. 1702.

Half-title "The Works of Sir Charles Sedley, Bart" + Title + A3-A8, Preface to the Reader signed W. Ayloffe + B-P3, Poems and Verse Translations + Title of "Speeches in the House of Commons, Letters and Essays" (there are actually no letters in text) + P4-Q8, Speeches and Essay on Entertainments + Title of *Beauty the Conquerour or the Death of Marc Antony* etc. Never before Printed Printed etc for J. Nutt. London 1702 + Verso of Title Dramatis Personæ + Aa2-Dd8 v *Beauty the Conquerour:—in eight.*

(Collection of the Editor. no copy in Br. Mus. or Bodleian.)

31a. *The Happy Pair*, 1702, F 1

The / *Happy Pair*. / or, a / Poem / on Matrimony / By the Honourable / Sir Charles Sidley, Baronet / London / Printed for John Nutt, near Stationers-Hall, / MDCCII.

Title + A2-D2 v the Poem + extra blank leaves —in twos.  
(Br. Mus. 1347. m. 30)

31b. *The Happy Pair*, 1705, F 2.

I have never seen a copy of this book. Mr. Thorn Drury gives me the following note "Title as in F1 to 'Baronet.' Then, 'The Second Edition corrected. London, printed for John Chantry without Temple-bar, and sold by Benj. Brag in Avermary Lane, 1705. Price 6d.' [7th Oct., 1704. N. L.] fol. 6 leaves." "N. L." stands for Narcissus Luttrell, who noted the date of publication on his copy.

32 (*Buckingham*) *Miscellaneous Works*, 1704, 8vo.

*Miscellaneous Works*, / Written by His Grace, / George, Late. Duke of Buckingham. / *Collected in One Volume from the Original Papers.* / Containing /

Poems on several Subjects.  
Epistles.

And the Farce Upon Seg-  
moor Fight.

Characters.  
Pindarics.

With Letters, by and to the  
Duke of *Buckingham*, by

The Militant Couple, a Dialogue. Persons of Quality.

Also *State Poems* on the Late Times, by

Mr *Dryden*,

Earl of D—

Sir *George Etherege*,

Mr. *Congreve*,

Sir Fleetwood Sheppard,  
Mr. Butler, Author of *Hu-*  
*dibras*,  
Mr. Otway,  
Mr. Brown,  
Capt. Ayloffe, &c.

Never Before Printed.

With the late Duke of *Buckingham's* Speeches in the / House  
of Lords, upon Conference with the *Commons* / To which is  
added, / *A Collection of Choice Remarkable Speeches, that were*  
*spoken in / both Houses of Parliament, by several Noblemen, and*  
*Commoners / in relation to the Government and Liberty of the*  
*Subject / In the Reigns of*

*K Charles I*

*K Charles II.*

The Usurpation of the *Rump*,

and

and *Oliver Cromwell.*

*K. William III &c.*

London · Printed for and Sold by *J Nutt* / near *Stationers-hall*,  
1704

Frontispiece + Title + A2-A5 v The Preface + A6-A8,  
The Contents + B1-O3, A Collection of State Poems and  
Satyrs etc. + New title-page, etc + Aa1-Mm8 v Speeches  
in the House of Lords, etc., etc —in eights

p. 86 The Royal Knotter, by Sir Charles Sedley.

p 117. *Advice to Lovers*, by Sir Charles Sedley.

p 118 The Petition by the same Hand.

(Br. Mus. 1085. k. 28)

33. *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1704, 8vo.

Poems / on / Affairs of State, / From 1640. to this present /  
Year 1704 / *Written by the Greatest Wits of the Age, / Viz.*

The late Duke of *Bucking-*  
*ham*,

Col M—d—t,

Mr St J—ns,

Duke of *D—re*,

Mr Hamlden,

Late E. of *Rochester*

Sir *Fleet-Shepherd*,

Earl of *D—t*,

Mr *Dryden*

Lord *J—rys*,

Mr *St—y*

Lord *Hal—x*,

Mr *Pr—r*

*Andrew Marvel*, Esq.;

Dr *G—th*, &c. /

*Most of which were never before publish'd* / Vol. III. / Printed  
in the Year 1704.

Title + A2-A6, The Index + A6 v. Errata + B-Z, Aa-Hh2 v.  
The Poems —in eights.

On p. 438 occurs a very garbled form of Sedley's Song, "Not  
*Celia* that I juster am" (here "Not, *Celia*, that I am more  
just,") See note to Poem No. III.

34. *The Diverting Post*, 1704.

The Diverting Post, / For the Entertainment / of / Town and  
Country / Vol. I. For the Year 1705. / . . . *Dulces ante omnia*  
*Musae, / Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit Utile dulci* . / London. /  
Printed for H. Playford. And sold for him by *John Nutt*, near

Stationer's Hall and at most Booksellers Shops in *London* and *Westminster*, 1706. Price stitched 3s. / Where the First packet of *Diverting Posts*, for January, is to be had for 6d each Month, or Subscribe at 3s the Year, and to any Person or Coffee House the 7 sub *Gratis*, and what County in *England*, They which take Seven, / or a greater Number, shall have them sent every Month to them without any Charge.

34a *The Diverting Post*, Numb. 4.

From *Saturday* Nov. 11. to *Saturday* Nov. 18. 1704 (Half-title)  
Single Sheet printed on both sides.

On verso, "*Thirsis to Celia*" beginning, "Tell me no more you love; in vain."

This is reprinted from Kemp's Collection, p. 57, Pt I (see Table, pp. 240, 241), where it is ascribed to Sedley by the annotator of Sir C. H. Firth's copy.

Also "*Celia's Answer*," beginning, "*Thirsis* I wish as well as you," an exact reprint of Sedley's "*Her Answer*" (No. XII of this edition).

34b. *The Diverting Post*. / From *Saturday*. June 13 to *Saturday* Jan. 20. 1704.

Single Sheet printed on both sides.

On recto, lines "By Sir Charles *Sidley*, Written Extempore," beginning, "The Noble Man, why he's a thing."

These lines are not printed elsewhere.

35. *Poems Relating to State Affairs*, 1705, 8vo.

A New / Collection / of / Poems / Relating to / State Affairs, / from Oliver Cromwel / To this present Time : / By the Greatest / Wits of the Age : / Wherein, not only those that are Contain'd in / the Three Volumes already Published are / incerted, but also large Additions of chiefest / Note, never before Published. / The whole from their respective Originals, / without Castration. / London, / Printed in the Year, MDCCV.

Title + A2, A3 recto, The Preface + A4-A8, The Contents + B-Z, Aa-Pp, Poems on State Affairs :—*in eight*.

p. 264. *On the Infanta of Portugal*, begins, "How Cruel was *Alonzo's* Fate," a version of Sedley's poem "On Don Alonzo, who was cut in pieces for making Love to the Infanta of Portugal," printed in Ayloffe's ed., p. 104. (No. XLVIII in this edition : see note, Vol. I. p. 284.)

p. 381. *A Fable*, beginning, "In *Aesop's* Tales an honest Wretch we find," printed as Sedley's in Briscoe's ed. of 1722 (III. 4, 5) and its successors.

(Collection of the Editor.)

36. *The Poetical Works*, 1707, 8vo.

The / Poetical Works / of the Honourable / Sir *Charles Sedley* Baronet, / and his Speeches in Parliament, / With / Large

*Additions never before made Publick.* / Published from the Original MS. by Capt. Ayloffe, / a near Relation of the Authors. / With a New Miscelany of Poems by several / of the most *Eminent Hands*. / And a Compleat Collection of all the Remarkable / Speeches in both *Houses of Parliament*: Discovering the Principles / of all *Parties and Factions*; the Conduct of our *Chief Ministers*, the Management of Publick Affairs, and the / Maxims of the Government, from the year 1641 to the / Happy Union of *Great Britain*: By several Lords and Commoners. /

Viz.

The Duke of <i>Albemarle</i> ,	<i>Algernon Sidney</i> , Esq.
Earl of <i>Clarendon</i> ,	Mr <i>Waller</i> ,
Earl of <i>Bristol</i> ,	Sir <i>Francis Seymour</i> ,
Lord <i>Wharton</i> ,	Mr <i>Pym</i> ,
Earl of <i>Pembroke</i> ,	<i>Richard Cromwell</i> ,
Lord <i>Hollis</i> ,	Mr <i>Strode</i> ,
Lord <i>Brook</i> ,	Sir <i>William Parkins</i> ,
Earl of <i>Argyle</i> ,	Sir <i>William Stroggs</i> ,
Lord <i>Melvil</i> ,	Sir J— P—
Lord <i>Haversham</i> ,	And several other Lords and
Lord <i>Belhaven</i> , &c.	Commoners.

London, Printed for Sam. Briscoe, and Sold by *B Bragg*, / at the *Raven* in Pater-noster-Row, 1707.

Title + A2-A4 v. Preface to the Reader + A5-A8, The Contents + B-O8 v. Poems by Sedley and others + P1 -P8 v. Sedley's Speeches + New Title Page (A Compleat Collection of all the Remarkable Speeches in Both Houses of Parliament . . . By several Lords and Commoners . . .) + Aaz-Mm4, Speeches by various hands + Mm4 v. New Books . . . Printed for Sam. Briscoe . . . —in eights.

This is the first of Briscoe's editions. Ayloffe had nothing to do with it, having died in 1706. See Preface, Vol I, pp. xix, xx. It is entered in Term Catalogues, *s d* May and June, 1708. (Term Catalogues, ed. Arber, III 599.)

(Br. Mus. 11623 e. 11.)

37. *The Poetical Works*, 1710, 8vo.

The / Poetical Works / Of the Honourable / Sir Charles Sedley Bar. / and his / Speeches in Parliament, / with / *Large Additions never before made Publick*. Published from the original MS. by Capt. Ayloffe. / To which is prefixed, / The Earl of Rochester's *Mountebank Speech*, on *Tower-Hill*. / With a New *Miscelany* of Poems by several of the / most *Eminent Hands*. / As also a Compleat Collection of all the Remarkable / Speeches in both *Houses of Parliament*: From the Year / 1641, to the Happy Union of *Great Britain*. / By several Lords and Commoners, / Viz. /

The Duke of *Albemarle*,  
 Earl of *Clarendon*,  
 Earl of *Bristol*,  
 Lord *Wharton*,  
 Earl of *Pembroke*,  
 Lord *Hollis*,  
 Lord *Brook*,  
 Earl of *Essex*,  
 Earl of *Argyle*,  
 Lord *Melvil*,  
 Lord *Haversham*,

Lord *Belhaven* &c.  
*Algernoon Sidney*, Esq ;  
 Mr. *Waller*,  
 Sir *Francis Seymour*,  
 Mr *Pym*,  
*Richard Cromwell*,  
 Mr *Strode*,  
 Sir *William Parkins*,  
 Sir *William Scroggs*,  
 Sir J— P—,

The Second Edition / To which is Added, / The State of a  
*Secretaries Place*, and the Dangers Incident / to it *Written* by  
 Robert Cecil *Earl of Salisbury*. / Never Printed before. / *London*,  
 Printed for Sam. *Briscoe*, and Sold by *James Woodward* in St.  
*Christophers Church-yard*, near the *Royal Exchange*, and *John*  
*Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1710.

(Collection of Mr G Thorn Drury)

Title + A2-A4 v. Preface to the Reader, + A5-A8 v. Con-  
 tents—d1 (unsigned), d2, d3 (unsigned), d4 (unsigned), The  
 Earl of *Rochester's* Mountebank Speech + B1-L1 v. Poems  
 by Sedley and Others + P1-P8 v. Sedley's Speeches and Essay  
 on Entertainments + Aa-Nn v. A Compleat Collection of  
 Speeches, etc. (not by Sedley), + Nn v Advt. of Books Just  
 Published for Sam *Briscoe*—in eights

This edition was advertised in the "Tatler" for January  
 10-12, 1709, as "Just Published The 2d Edition of the Poetical  
 Works of the Honourable Sir Charles Sedley" (full title  
 follows)

(No copy in Br Mus or Bodleian.)

38. (*Buckingham*) *Works*, 1715, 8vo (Second Volume).

The Dramatick / Works / Of his Grace / George Villiers, / Late  
 Duke of *Buckingham*. / Vol II. / Viz.

A Key to the Rehearsal : Or / a critical View of the Au- / thors exposed in that Play. / The Rehearsal : A Comedy / Acted at the <i>Theatre Royal</i> , / By her Majesty's Servants. / The Chances : A Comedy.	Acted by Her Majesty's Ser / vants, at the <i>Theatre-          Royal</i> . / A Conference on the Doc- / trine of <i>Transubstantion</i> , / between the Duke and an / <i>Irish Priest</i> .
---	---

With His / Miscellaneous Poems, / Essays and Letters. /  
*Adorn'd with Cuts*. / *London* : Printed for Sam. *Briscoe*. *Rsch*.  
*Wellington*, / *George Strahan*, *Ralph Smith* and *Jonas Brown*,  
 1715.

Title + A2, A3, Contents + engraved frontispiece + title  
 page of Key to the Rehearsal + A2-A7, The Publisher to the

Reader + A8 Plays named in the Key + B-Z, Aa-Bb6 v.  
Text :—*in eightis*.

pp. 307-314. A Speech in Parliament by Sir Charles Sedley, On the Bill for disbanding the Army, Anno 1699.  
(Br. Mus. 12271 c. 33.)

39a. *Wit and Mirth*, 1719, Vol. V. 12mo.

Wit and Mirth : / or / Pills / to Purge / *Melancholy* ; / being / a  
Collection of the best Merry Ballads / and Songs, / Old and  
New / Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper tune for  
either Voice, or Instrument : / Most of the Songs being new  
Set. / Vol. V / (Device of Shakespeare's Head) / London /  
Printed by W. Pearson, for J. Tonson, at Shakespear's Head,  
over-against / *Catherine Street* in the Strand, 1719.

Title + A2-A4 Alphabetical Table + B-Q8 Poems :—*in  
Twelves*.

Sedley's Song "Hears not my Phillis now the Birds" is  
printed on pp 148-9, with a musical setting by Henry Purcell  
It is here called "The Knotting song." *The Words by Sir  
Charles Sidney (sic)*.

(Br Mus. G. 18347.)

39b. *Wit and Mirth*, 1719, Vol. II. 12mo.

Title as foregoing except Vol. VI for Vol. V. Title + A3-A6,  
Alphabetical Table + B-R6 v. Poems :—*in Twelves*.

p. 308. Sedley's Song from Bellamira III. i. (slightly  
different version) beginning here "When first I lay'd  
Siege to my *Chloris*," see note to Song in Bellamira  
III. 1.

40. *The Works*, 1722, 2 vols in 12mo.

The / Works / of the Honourable Sir / Charles Sedley, Bart /  
In Two Volumes. / Containing his / *Poems, Plays, &c* / with  
/ Memoirs of the Author's Life, / by an Eminent Hand. / and /  
His Picture curiously engrav'd from / an Original Painting. /  
Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art / That can with a  
reusless Charm impart / The Loosest Wishes to the Chastest  
Heart ; / Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire, / Betwixt  
declining Virtue and Desire, / Till the poor vanquish'd Maid  
dissolves away / In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all  
Day. / Rochester. / London, / Printed for S Briscoe, at the  
*Belle-Savage* on / *Ludgate-hill*, and sold by T. Bickerton in  
*Pater-noster* / Row. MDCCXXII.

Vol I :

Frontispiece (Portrait of Sir Charles Sedley engraved by  
Van der Gucht) + Title as above + second title indicating  
contents + A2-A6, Dedication to the Duke of Chandos, signed  
Sam. Briscoe + A2-A6, Some Account of the Life of Sir

Charles Sedley + a-a5, Contents of the First Volume + B-K2, Poems and Translations + K3, Title-page of Antony and Cleopatra, a Tragedy printed in the year 1617 [*sic*] + K4 Prologue-K4 v. "Persons" (Dramatis Personæ) with names of actors as in 4tos + K5-Q2, Antony and Cleopatra + Q2 v. Epilogue + R-R6 and two other leaves (first signed R+), Reflections upon, our Late Proceedings in England (Prose) + S-T1 v. Sir Charles Sedley's Speeches + T1 v-T2 v. An Essay on Entertainments + T2 v.-U4 the Earl of Pembroke's Speech, etc + U4-U6, The Last Will and Testament of the Earl of Pembroke + U6, U6 v Codicil + X1 (unsigned) Title-page of the Oration of Cicero for M. Marcellus Done into English by Sir Charles Sidley, London. Printed in the year 1719 + X2-Y6, the Oration (concludes with "The End of the First Volume") + New Title (signed X), "The Pastorals of Virgil by Sir Charles Sidley Bart London, Printed in the year 1719" + X2, X2 v Preface + X3-Z, Aa-Bb5, The Pastorals, + Bb6, Bb6 v. New Books printed for Sam. Briscoe etc. :—*in twelves*.

Vol. II :

Title of the Second Volume + A2-A5, Ayloff's Preface as in 1702 edition + A5 v. A6, the Contents + A-B Poems + Aa Title "The Mulberry Garden a Comedy, London, Printed in the year 1722" + Aa2, Aa2 v Dedication to the Dutchess of Richmond and Lenox—Aa3, "Dramatis Person" + Aa3 v. Prologue + Aa4, Bb-Hh1 v. The Mulberry Garden + Hh2, Epilogue + Hh3, Title-page of Bellamira or the Mistris + Hh4, Prologue + Hh4 v Dramatis Personæ + Hh5-Qq1 v. Bellamira Or the Mistris + Qq2, the Epiloque + Title of the Grumbler a Comedy, London printed in the Year 1719 (Dramatis Personæ on verso) + A2-A4 v. Rr-XX4, the Grumbler + Xx5-Yy2 v. Venus or Adonis or the Amour of Venus (a poem) + Yy3, Title-page of the Tyrant King of Crete a Tragedy, London Printed in the Year 1722 + Yy3 v. "Drammatis Personæ" + Yy4-Zz, Aaa-Ddd, The Tyrant King of Crete :—*in twelves*.

For an account of this book see Vol. I, pp xx-xxv. It contains much that was never previously assigned to Sedley and is the origin of all subsequent editions of the eighteenth century.

(Br. Mus. 644. a. 33.)

41. *The Works*, 1776, 2 vols. in 8vo

The / Works / Of the Honourable / Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. / In Prose and Verse. / in Two Volumes. / Containing / The Translations of Virgil's Pastorals, the / Battle and Government of Bees, &c. / with his / Speeches, Political Pieces, Songs and Plays, / The greatest Part never printed before, *viz.*



The Happy Pair,	Bellamira, or, the Mistress,
Antony and Cleopatra, a	a Comedy.
Tragedy,	The Grumbler, a Comedy.
The Mulberry Garden, a	The Tyrant King of Crete,
Comedy,	a Tragedy
Venus and Adonis,	

With / Memoirs of the Author's Life, / Written by an Eminent Hand. / Vol. I. / London / Printed for T. Davies, Russell Street, Covent Garden. / MDCCLXXVI.

Vol. I. Title + A2-A5, Briscoe's Dedication + A6-A9, Life of Sedley as in 1722 ed. + A10-A12 Contents + B-P12 text (P12 v. blank) :—*in eights*.

Vol. II. Title + A2-A5 Ayloffe's Preface as in 1722 ed. + A6, Contents + B-P1 text (P1 v. blank) —*in eights*.

(Br. Mus. 12268. aaaa. 6.)

42. *The Works*, 1778, 2 vols. in 12mo.

The / Works / of the Honourable / Sir Charles Sedley, Bart / In Prose and Verse. / in Two Volumes. / containing / The Translations of Virgil's Pastorals, the / Battle and Government of Bees, &c. / with his / Speeches, Political Pieces, / Poems, Songs, and Plays, / the greatest Part never printed before, viz.

The Happy Pair	Bellamira, or, the Mistress,
Antony and Cleopatra, a	a Comedy.
Tragedy	The Grumbler, a Comedy.
The Mulberry Garden, a	The Tyrant King of Crete,
Comedy	a Tragedy.
Venus and Adonis.	

With / Memoirs of the Author's Life, / Written by an Eminent Hand. / Vol. I. / London / Printed for J. Ireland, No 95, the Corner / of Beaufort Buildings, Strand / MDCCLXXVIII.

Vol. I. Title + A2-A5, Briscoe's Dedication + A6-A9, Life of Sedley as in 1722 ed + A10-A12, Contents of First Volume + B-P Text. —*in twelves*.

Vol. II. Title + A2-A5 v Preface to the Reader by W. Ayloffe + A6. The Contents of the Second Volume + B-P1, text + P1 v-P2, Advt. of Books published for T. Davies :—*in twelves*.

(Bodl. Douce S. 742.)

43. *Musa Proterva*, 1889, 8vo.

MUSA PROTHERVA : / Love-Poems of the / Restoration. / edited by A. H. Bullen. / LONDON : / Privately Printed. / 1889.

2 Title pages + pp v.-x. v. Preface + pp. 1-128 Poems :—*in eights*.

Contains the following poems by Sedley :—  
p. 66. Ah, Chloris, that I now could sit.

- p. 68. Phillis, men say that all my vows.
- 69. Aurelia, art thou mad.
- 70. Celinda, think not by disdain.
- 71. Phillis, let's shun the common fate.
- 72. Chloris, I cannot say your eyes.
- 73. Not, Celia, that I juster am.
- 74. Phillis, this early zeal assuage.
- 75. Love still has something of the sea.
- 76. Amintas, I am come alone
- 79. Smooth was the water, calm the air.
- 80. Phillis is my only joy.
- 81. Damon, if thou wilt believe me.
- 82. Young Corydon and Phillis.
- 84. When first I made love to my Chloris.
- 85. Love when 'tis true needs not the aid.

44. *Lyrics (Suckling, Sedley, and Rochester)*, 1906

The Pembroke Booklets / (First Series) / IV / Sir John Suckling / Ballads and other Poems / Sir Charles Sedley / Lyrics / John Wilmot / (Earl of Rochester) / Poems and Songs / (Device) / J. R. Tutin / Hull / 1906 / Large Paper Edition Limited to 250 copies.

Frontispiece (Portrait of Suckling) + Title (quotations on verso) + pp. 3, 4, Contents + pp. 5-10, Preface (signed William G. Hutchinson) + pp. 11-41, Lyrics by Suckling + pp. 42-49, Lyrics by Sedley + pp. 50-64, Lyrics by Rochester.

Contains eight lyrics from one of the eighteenth-century editions of the Works, viz —

Phillis, this early zeal assuage.  
 I am a lusty lively lad  
 Tush ! never tell me I'm too young.  
 Ah Cloris ! that I now could sit.  
 Love still has something of the Sea.  
 Fair Aminta, art thou mad.  
 Scrape no more your harmless Chins.  
 Not, Celia, that I juster am

Texts are those of the 1722 edition of the Works.



## FIRST LINE INDEX TO POEMS

	PAGE
Ah happy People ye must thrive . . . . .	148
Although no Art the Fire of Love can tame, . . . . .	142
As <i>Chloe</i> o'er the Meadow past, . . . . .	192
 Blest Shade ! where I securely stay, . . . . .	190
 <i>Celinda</i> , think not by Disdain, . . . . .	153
 <i>Damon</i> , if thou wilt believe me, . . . . .	148
<i>Daphnis</i> by Chance his Seat reposing took . . . . .	177
Did you see this <i>Cup</i> of <i>Liquor</i> , . . . . .	147
Dust from my earthy Surface fell, . . . . .	194
 <i>Evadne</i> , I must tell you so, . . . . .	147
 Fain wou'd I <i>Love</i> , but that I fear, . . . . .	146
 Happy our Race ; and blessed all Mankind, . . . . .	152
 I am a lusty lively Lad, . . . . .	145
In Aesop's Tales an honest Wretch we find, . . . . .	151
In <i>Ida's</i> Grove a secret Place there lies, . . . . .	198
<i>Is it not strange to see in such an Age</i> . . . . .	7
 Let's Tope and be Merry, . . . . .	197
<i>Like a young Wench that cou'd not well forbear,</i> . . . . .	97
Love guides my hand, and shews me what to write, . . . . .	142
Love, How unequal are thy Laws, . . . . .	149
 My lovely Charmer, will you Dance . . . . .	197
My Muse first sported with <i>Sicilian</i> Strains, . . . . .	174
 None but a Muse in Love can tell . . . . .	152
Not hear my <i>Message</i> , but the <i>Bearer</i> shun ! . . . . .	144

# First Line Index to Poems

264

	PAGE
Oh <i>Arethusa</i> ! this my last Work aid, . . . . .	187
Oh <i>Lycidas</i> , why thus alone . . . . .	150
Oh <i>Mopsus</i> ! since thus luckily we meet, . . . . .	170
 Prithee tell me, faithless Swain, . . . . .	 153
 Sad <i>Damon</i> 's and <i>Alph(e)siboeus</i> Muse, . . . . .	 180
Satisfy yourself, fond Youth, . . . . .	194
<i>Sicilian</i> Muses ! yet a higher Strain, . . . . .	167
Since Wine, Love, Musick present are, . . . . .	196
Since you no longer will be kind, . . . . .	193
 Tell me, <i>Dametas</i> ' whose'n Sheep these are : . . . . .	 161
The fair <i>Alexis</i> was his Master's Joy, . . . . .	159
The Noble Man, why he's a thung . . . . .	150
The painted Apples that adorn . . . . .	142
<i>Thyrsis</i> unjustly you Complain, . . . . .	45
 Unveil, divinely Fair, your eyes, . . . . .	 195
 Welcome, thrice welcome to my frozen Heart, . . . . .	 154
<i>When first I made Love to my Cloris</i> , . . . . .	39
Whither away, my friend ! ho ! <i>Mærus</i> ' ho ! . . . . .	184
Why flies <i>Clarissa</i> from her Swain, . . . . .	196
With decent Carriage, and an artful Stile, . . . . .	195
 You <i>T(ityr)us</i> ! in the cool refreshing Shade . . . . .	 156
Young <i>Corydon</i> and <i>Phyllis</i> , . . . . .	151
Young <i>Strephon</i> , who thro' ev'ry Grove, . . . . .	196

